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MUSIC COMES TO AMERICA

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ON the last day of August, 1872, Anton Rubinstein boarded the steamship *Cuba* at Liverpool. Ten days of misery lay ahead, days of racking illness for a man who was not used to illness. Rubinstein was in his cabin before the ship left the docks and stayed there until the sheltering arm of Sandy Hook shut out the terrible blue rollers, the bang and slide and bump that destroyed a man's sight, hearing, soul, and digestion. Worse even than the ship's motion was the throb of the screw, insistent, unremitting. Before Anton's head was safely on the pillow the engines announced their theme:—

*Amor das verliebte Kind,
Lud nur blind, lud nur blind . . .*

Over and over the rhythm repeated itself, the same words, the same even, maddening four-four time. Moaning in his bunk, Anton told himself he would go crazy before the ship docked, and then what of his contract with Maurice Grau? What of William Steinway awaiting him in New York City?

He had braved this voyage for several reasons. First of all, he needed money. Anton was forty-two; since he was six he

had been making money on the concert stage—not little money, but huge sums—and had been spending it royally after the Russian manner that entertains its friends at dinner by dozens and gives gladly into any outstretched, needy palm. Anton had not saved a cent. Regularly he sent money to his old mother in Odessa; he had two young children to educate, and for the past six years he had had a wife at home who was anything but thrifty. Vera Rubinstein, *née* the Princess Chekuanov, had come to her husband with more name than dowry; settling quickly into the pose of the *mondaine* who had sacrificed a worldly career to marry an artist, she chose to play her rôle from a background of solid comfort. On his return from a European tour, Anton invariably found bills that ate up every franc, every thaler, he brought home. Last year, for instance, Vera had announced that she could not live in St. Petersburg; Anton must buy her a villa in the country, at Kamenni Island or Peterhof, where the fashionable world was found.

Anton needed money, and money was to be garnered in the New World. With Jacob Grau in Vienna he had signed a

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contract to appear 200 times in America for \$200 a concert. William Steinway had advanced the sum, and Grau's nephew Maurice, who was only twenty-one and whose experience in managing artists had so far been limited to the management of the Aimée Comic Opera Troupe, was to plan the itinerary. Anton was not undertaking the tour alone. Henri Wieniawski was to share the platform; he too came over on the *Cuba*, vainly endeavoring to practise his violin against the pitching and plunging, vainly endeavoring to rally his old friend Anton with champagne brought from Paris.

Both artists were prepared for strange experiences in the New World. Although Petersburg knew better, the rest of Russia still was convinced that the tiger, the crocodile, and the Red Indian infested the very doorways of American houses. Two Massachusetts Yankees wrote home from Moscow about the old Prince who refused point-blank to believe they were Americans. He took them to the theatre and pointed to one of the orchestra fiddlers, a coal-black Alabama dinky. 'That is an American!' said the Prince.

Except for Galitzin and one other, no Russian musician had as yet ventured to North America — the term 'United States' was seldom used. Thalberg had been across in 1865, and his stories of the New World still circulated about Vienna. But old Henri Herz in Paris, owner of the Salle Herz and the piano factory, was the one from whom to learn about Americans. He had come over in 1845 and toured for six years, ravishing both Americas with his rapid-fire finger technique. The first necessity for such a tour, said Herz, was an American manager. Ullmann had directed every detail of the Herz tours, and Ullmann knew how to fill a theatre. In Philadelphia, for instance, he had advertised a concert hall illuminated by a thousand candles, and when a member of the audience had protested that there were eight candles

too few, Ullmann commanded Herz to send eight candles to the complainant. Barnum himself urged Herz to play upon a platform on which Jenny Lind was to appear suddenly, floating downstage as an angel from heaven. . . .

Anton Rubinstein had laughed at these tales, but somehow he had been touched by them. These Americans were only children, eager, unsophisticated. It was a shame to exploit them; they needed to be taught, to be treated with honesty, to have good music introduced to them simply, with no trickery. Surely good music was its own advertisement! From the outset of his career, Rubinstein had scorned advertisement. In Paris, for instance, he had broken all the rules by announcing his *début* in small letters on the billboards. And he had succeeded; after one concert the Parisians had flocked to hear him play.

Here in America, Anton told his manager, he would submit to no tricks; moreover, he would not play down to his audience. He would fulfill every term of the contract; sick or well he would be on hand for each of those two hundred performances. But he would make his own programs. He would play Beethoven and Mozart and Schumann and Liszt, and he would play composers from the eighteenth century that America had never heard of. Maurice Grau replied gloomily that, except for New York and Boston, America had not heard of Liszt and Chopin, let alone Couperin and Friedemann Bach. What America really liked, Grau knew, was spectacles — monster concerts with sixteen people playing eight pianos, monster choruses singing with two orchestras combined. America thought of music in connection with State Fairs, when a man brought his family in from the farm along with his prize cattle, and wandered from giant cabbages to the hall where foreign *artistes* were assembled.

Maurice Grau was afraid to tell this to Anton Rubinstein. Seasick or no, Anton would have turned around and gone

home on the same boat. Grau told neither his fears nor his hopes to this wild Russian genius he had captured to bring home to William Steinway. America had never seen or heard a man like this. Anton Rubinstein could play like the Angel Gabriel. He took the abstraction out of classical music and made it into something a man could understand, something instantly familiar. Anton Rubinstein made Beethoven sound like something any American had heard before he was born, music that had rocked him to sleep in the cradle, music to which he had marched to Appomattox and back again, music to which he had buried his mother.

Rubinstein could play like that, and moreover he looked the part — looked like the common man's dream of a musician, with his mane of hair, his great heavy shoulders, his falling-down socks and his wild string tie. . . .

II

The chances of success, Grau told himself, were a good seventy to thirty. But he had to tell himself this very often. In 1872 the United States was incredibly naïve concerning the arts. Only twenty-two years had passed since Jenny Lind, escorted from her ship by seven hundred red-shirted, trumpet-blowing firemen, had made her Castle Garden début under the illuminated inscription, 'Welcome, Sweet Warbler.' New York had enjoyed this whole-heartedly, but had been forced to pay for it by severe ribbings from across the water. A Monsieur Tajan-Roget, filling Clinton Hall for two monster lectures on *Les Beaux-Arts*, told the citizens they had no taste. New York required its artists to be pretty and virtuous. America, which called itself a New World, was already ruined artistically by its love for *le soft*. How, for instance, had the city received Rachel, the great tragedian, last winter? The public had refused to see her act, had called her immoral when her

only fault was that she was old and wrinkled. . . .

What Monsieur Tajan-Roget, and his *confrères* who came to excoriate the Americans in lucrative lectures, did not realize was the background that caused America to long for *le soft*. It was a background harsher than anything in the experience of the lecturing gentlemen. Foreign visitors, driving up New York's elegant street called Broadway, could not see the forest west of the city gates. There was good reason for the ungodly reputation art bore in this New World. Outside the walls of one's house were a hundred enemies: rain and cold, drought and heat, trees to be felled — more trees and more. For hundreds of miles west of the Alleghenies, the forest was still an enemy to be conquered. What time had man or woman for those things called Art and Music? No wonder they were condemned as immoral, to be indulged in only by the lazy and the wicked.

What deceived foreigners was the amazing material luxury of New York and Philadelphia. As early as the 1840's, Henri Herz had marveled at the '*consommation d'eau qui se fait en Amérique*,' where each house was provided with its bathroom and where, every Saturday, Philadelphia's servants washed the façades of the houses with pumps, 'as if they were afraid of fire.' His ship had scarcely been tied to the docks when reporters from Mr. Greeley's and Mr. Bennett's newspapers rushed up and asked him how he liked New York. '*Attendez au moins que je débarque*,' said Monsieur Herz, antedating the reply of a whole century of visiting artists.

One-man concerts being as yet unheard of, Herz was supported, on the platform, by a whole bevy of assisting 'artists' whose turn ranged from sleight of hand to patriotic addresses by 'female orators.' Women's rights, temperance, bloomerism, Fourierism: music had many competitors. No wonder Herz and his successors had recourse to ingenuity to

fill their halls! Volovski, the Pole, advertised that he could play four hundred notes in one measure. Ole Bull came down from Norway with a bow arm as long as Paganini's and played miraculous double stops on a flattened fiddle bridge, charming America to the very edge of the Oregon forests. Whole families drove into town by oxcart the day his concert was advertised. Leopold Meyer played the piano with his fists and his elbows, sometimes with his cane. He made the piano ring bells, he invented thunderclaps in the bass, he waved at the ladies with his right hand while his left executed roulades. Then he went home to Europe — and returned to America ten years later to garner some more easy money. He was surprised to be received with coldness, even hisses.

'This is a marvelous player,' wrote a New York critic, 'if only he would play good music.'

Ten years had worked wonders. Chicago was very far west, yet as early as 1835 the town had its Old Settlers Harmonic Union, where men could sing songs to such instruments as its members brought in their pockets. Chicago, with its mud and its fierce lake winds and its cattle, had a Sacred Music Society in 1842, a Choral Union in '46, a Mozart Society in '49, and a *Männergesangsverein* in '52. America, groping for music, had been rewarded with foreign pianists who played with their elbows. Disgusted, America began to make music for itself. Louis Gottschalk appeared upon the platform in 1852 — the first native American pianist of real ability and education. In Russia a Grand Duchess asked him if Barnum was not one of America's greatest statesmen. Gottschalk toured all during the Civil War and his countrymen came to hear him, marveling that a man could speak American and wear his hair short and yet play the piano. One autumn day of 1865, traveling from Erie to Lockport, his train went off the tracks.

'The first time in six months,' said the conductor proudly.

'For me, the forty-eighth time in three months,' amended Gottschalk wearily in his diary.

Up in Boston, Lowell Mason told the city fathers that if America desired music America must teach its children to sing; and the fathers heard him, and from east to west public-school children were taught to read music. Mason's son William went down to New York and began to work with Theodore Thomas, who had enterprise enough for ten ordinary men. Programs of serious chamber music were introduced, and, more daring still, Thomas interlarded the 'serious' programs with Strauss waltzes and told his audience that good music need not always be dull.

America still believed that pleasant-sounding music was either 'low,' in the class with blackface comedians, or dangerous, savoring of Latin decadence, of Paris gentlemen who wore gloves on their hands and lived upon the sweat of other men's brows. Folk music already had a place in America, but art music had no part in the republican movement — the movement against kings and titles and all that went on in palaces where dukes had kept musicians like slaves to do their bidding, and ladies made beauty and immorality synonymous terms. The notion that 'classical music' could be not only pleasing but inspiring was foreign to any but a few eastern-seaboard cities.

The year before Rubinstein sailed for New York (1871) a young man named Henry Finck, ambitious for an education at Harvard College, bounded the new east-bound train at San Francisco. 'In our Oregon home,' wrote this boy who was later to be one of America's greatest music critics, 'Liszt was unknown — we did not have the right kind of piano or necessary technique for his pieces. What is stranger, we did not know Chopin.' All the way east to Pittsburgh, whistles blew frantically to get the

buffalo off the track; Indians crowded the stations, and one night young Henry was wakened by hands fumbling over his body, searching for his money belt. Arrived in Boston, he strolled into Dittmar's Music Store and saw a collection of 'Nocturnes' printed between bright red covers, signed by one F. Chopin. Finck carried the new red book into a basement room at college and played the Nocturnes to himself, weeping, trembling, wondering if god or devil had written this rich, wild music. . . .

It was fortunate for America when Anton Rubinstein accepted Mr. Grau's offer in Vienna for that winter of 1872. Already New York knew his orchestral music, — as composer, the name of Rubinstein was classed with Brahms and Raff, — music not quite so disagreeable as Brahms's and not quite so pleasing as Raff's. Nothing like this advent had happened to the New World: the Marios, Grisis, Jenny Linds, Ole Bulls, were miracles, marvels. But Rubinstein was not a miracle. He was a hard-boiled, cultivated musician of the first water, Director of a great Conservatory, a man on familiar terms with czars, queens, and operatic tenors. Anton Rubinstein believed in music and believed in America.

III

The *Cuba* landed in New York on the morning of September 10. Rubinstein, morose, shabby, shattered by ten days of seasickness, was led from the docks by Wieniawski, fiddle case in hand. Wieniawski never looked shattered; he was as *soigné* as Anton was careless. With his dark moustache and imperial, his dark clothes and the ribbon in his buttonhole, Henri Wieniawski appeared every inch the artist, but every inch the man of the world.

In a haze of mid-September heat, the two drove to the Clarendon Hotel on Fourth Avenue at Seventeenth Street and left their baggage, then went at noon to call upon their sponsor, William

Steinway, returning immediately to their hotel to practise. The first concert was scheduled for September 23.

A day passed, two days, and in the evening, trying to practise with his windows open on the noisy street, hot gas-light pouring on his damp face, his coat off, his collar open, Rubinstein, pausing for a cigarette, heard below his window, against the roar of wheels and the sharp sound of horses' hoofs, another sound. Music! Why, they were playing Meyerbeer's 'Torch Dance'!

Rubinstein and Wieniawski, hurrying to the window, saw in the street below a whole orchestra playing away for dear life, and playing very well, like a professional symphonic ensemble. It was Carl Bergmann, leading the Philharmonic in a serenade. Only one other visiting artist had received this honor — the Sweet Warbler herself, Jenny Lind. The street was crowded with listeners almost to Union Square. They played the *Rienzi* Overture — how could America know that Rubinstein hated Wagner? Wieniawski grinned sardonically, then was silent as the orchestra swung softly into the Andante from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

Anton was touched. He desired to thank the musicians. After the serenade some of them came to his room, and Rubinstein, in default of words, sat down to his piano and played the music he loved best — Chopin, Beethoven's March from the 'Ruins of Athens,' Liszt's magnificent transcription of the 'Erlking.' Young Maurice Grau, who was present, had never heard music like this. Moreover, he had never met a man like this.

'Rubinstein sat, genial yet grave. . . . I never saw anyone with such magnetism. He had a perfectly enchanting smile. When he was pleased his rugged Tartar face would become quite sunny and fascinating.'

Monday evening, September 23, was as hot as New York can be in September. Steinway Hall was packed to

the doors. People stood on the stairs, overflowed down the steps into the street. From all over the country, artists had come to hear Rubinstein and Wieniawski. Carl Bergmann conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra, and various singers were included on the program. When Rubinstein, raising his hands, crashed down upon the opening chords of his D Minor Concerto, the audience, according to eyewitnesses, went suddenly quite crazy. They stood up and began to shout. . . . And, indeed, more than one tough-minded critic has borne witness to the amazing magic of Rubinstein's attack. If Leopold Auer and Sir George Grove were struck dumb by it, what of America that had known only the Messieurs Herz, Thalberg, Jaell, and Wallace?

That night, besides his own D Minor Concerto, Rubinstein played Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, and for encore his own 'Melody in F,' 'Valse Caprice,' and his enchanting 'Barcarolle in G.' But when, at the close, he was recalled again and again, Anton's bows were remote, he gazed stonily over the heads of a howling, frenzied audience. Obviously, this was not a man to cajole the groundlings. He had come to play the piano. He had played it, and now his evening, quite evidently, was finished. Flowers were presented, masses of roses; someone mounted the stage to offer a silver wreath on a white satin cushion. Anton looked at it and shook his head, unsmiling.

Maurice Grau, in the wings, knew what was the matter. So did William Steinway. In the very middle of the D Minor Concerto, while Rubinstein was trying to play *pianissimo*, a terrible howl had arisen from under the open windows on the east side of Steinway Hall, while on the west side was heard a fearful pounding. Anton had turned to the wings and thrown at Steinway a beseeching glance, and the latter had rushed out and bribed two colored gentlemen to cease their employment: one

was splitting kindling, the other was training his dog to jump rope.

Next day Anton called upon Mr. Steinway, in his arms a large canvas bag filled with gold and silver. They had told him in Europe, explained Anton, that most Americans were rascals, their paper currency quite worthless since the War of the Rebellion. His contract had arranged, therefore, that he should be paid semimonthly, in advance — and all in specie.

'What,' said Anton helplessly, 'shall I do with all this money?'

Gravely Mr. Steinway suggested that the Bank of the Metropolis would exchange these coins with no loss to the owner. Anton returned to Seventeenth Street much cheered.

Five times Rubinstein and Wieniawski played in New York, always with success, then prepared to go on tour. It was to be an ordeal and Rubinstein knew it. His contract called for no less than seven concerts a week. Daily, before his departure, Anton stopped at Steinway Hall, hoping for Russian mail, and the afternoon before he was to leave for Boston — October the tenth — a bulky registered letter was handed to him. It contained letters from his wife and children and a batch of new photographs of the family. With tears in his eyes, 'Friend Steinway,' said Anton, 'I am so happy that I must play for you.' The doors were closed; Anton sat at the piano until midnight.

'We were spellbound,' wrote Steinway. 'Such heavenly playing I had never heard before. At the risk of being called sentimental, I must say that on that memorable night, while Rubinstein played the "Erlking," it appeared to us as if we heard the voice of the little child, the clattering of the horses' hoofs, the wild entreaties of the Erlking, as plainly as if we had witnessed it all ourselves. As I went home that night I thought truly that was a day that could never be repeated in all the course of my life.'

IV

And now the Rubinstein Troupe, as it was called, started off for Boston. There were the singers, Liebhart and Ormeny, and various instrumental players — one of these was Wulf Fries, the cellist, whose place in the Boston Theatre Orchestra was taken by young Henry Finck during the tour. Boston led America in what was frankly called 'culture,' and Boston had a right to lead. Long-fellow, Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, flourished; William Dean Howells had just taken over the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The new president of Harvard College was a fiery young man called Charles Eliot, who actually believed in the arts as education and said so, hurling into the news such pronouncements as 'Music, rightly taught, is the best mind-trainer on the list. We should have more of the practical subjects like music and drawing and less grammar and arithmetic.'

Rubinstein stayed at the Tremont House, practising vigorously in his room, besieged by would-be pupils. He was extraordinarily generous with these. One girl especially he taught every day, pacing the room while she played, running his hands through his hair, often impatient, often angry. At such times his eyes darkened, changed color completely; he would push his pupil from the piano stool and, sitting down, play himself, breathing heavily, his eyes half closed, and always, when he rose, dissatisfied with his performance.

Boston gathered to watch 'this Russian genius' come down the steps of the Tremont House; Boston wrote descriptions in the paper, mentioning his seedy clothes, his string tie hanging down over his coat, his untied shoelaces, his socks that fell over his shoes. Anton's impatience grew daily. 'Damn many concerts!' he wrote William Steinway in German on October 14, the day of his first Boston appearance.

After Boston, the tour began in

earnest. Every night Rubinstein played in a different town, frequently boarding the train immediately after his concert — Buffalo, Toronto, Montreal, Detroit, Cleveland. In Chicago the drinking water was so muddy the citizens laughed and said it was nourishing as food. There was cholera in the States that year. 'Slowly and steadily,' said the *Boston Globe*, 'the disease is moving along our great arteries of travel from South to North.'

Asiatic cholera was no new thing to Anton Rubinstein. He feared it less than he feared the sheer weight of business that pressed upon him, the greedy, ever-present audience that waited, night after night, demanding his best, demanding music and more music. A kind of horror descended upon him.

'Each day I feel unhappier,' he wrote William Steinway from Cincinnati. 'I think often of breaking my contract. The tour makes no end and becomes daily more difficult, more unbearable. We play so often in the same town that now I even have reached the end of my repertoire and must study and memorize new pieces. I cannot give the public always the same.'

Anton Rubinstein, with the longest repertory in Europe, learned new pieces for the citizens of Detroit — and Maurice Grau, his manager, watched and marveled.

'The moment he arrived in his hotel room,' wrote Grau, 'Rubinstein would begin to practise. He never slighted a single audience, no matter how small, by neglect or carelessness. He studied and worked, studied and worked continuously. How his constitution stood the immense strain is remarkable. Yet his was the most lovable disposition imaginable.'

Over in Rome, Franz Liszt, hearing about the tour, called it a 'steeplechase *de concerts*.' But if Rubinstein did not complain to his manager of hard work, he complained of other things. He resented fiercely the personal publicity of

an American tour, resented the sight of his photograph in shop windows and on wall boards, and was pacified only when in a far-western town he and Grau came upon the portrait of the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher plastered from end to end of the city. It was an awful portrait; it made Mr. Beecher look like a murderer.

'Is it a priest, then, who will lecture?' asked Anton in wonderment. 'His face looks even more dreadful than mine. It must be that such portrait advertisement is not so insulting as I had thought.'

Absurd things happened, wild things that could never have occurred in Europe. There was the evening — recounted afterward by Anton himself at a dinner party at Madame Clara Schumann's — when Rubinstein, resting in a little room backstage, looked up to see a head thrust in the door.

'Don't you think, Boss,' said a good-natured voice, 'that it's about time to have your face blacked for the show?'

Poor, bewildered Madame Schumann gasped when she heard this story. 'And did you do it?' she asked. 'Did you paint your face black?'

It was a far cry from Madame Schumann's dinner table to Memphis, Tennessee. Anton would bear anything so long as he heard occasionally from home.

'My mother in Odessa has written that she received the last money I sent her — but there is no letter from my wife. Who knows what goes on at home — sickness, accident? All kinds of thoughts go through my head.' So wrote Anton to William Steinway as the troupe went southward. New Orleans seemed actually civilized; one spoke French there, gentlemen bowed when they were introduced, colored servants fetched one's hat, smiling, not addressing one by the friendly title of 'Boss,' 'Pardner,' or 'Professor.'

Baltimore, Philadelphia . . . Anton was tired. His musical memory began to fail. Once, playing his D Minor Con-

certo that he knew better than his name, he forgot in the middle; but shaking his locks, as the newspapers reported, 'he wove appropriate harmonies and sequences with his great paws, and, like a true lion, kept on to the end.' Over and over, in city after city, Anton played his encores, played them in a kind of rage, as though the audience were his enemy and he must battle or perish. His own 'Valse Caprice' was a favorite everywhere; when he jumped his left wrist over his right to reach the E flats, lifting his hand high, the audience waited breathlessly to see if he would strike the proper black keys. Frequently he missed them, but nobody minded. In Philadelphia's Academy of Music, when Anton finished playing the 'Appassionata,' a habitually staid audience rose to its feet shouting '*Bravo! Bravissimo!*' — strange foreign words that came suddenly from the heart, uncalled, like a child's cry of delight. Backstage, dripping with sweat, his shoulders sagging, Anton told his manager he would give no more encores that night. 'I have played enough.'

Maurice Grau shook his head. 'These people have paid to hear you, Mr. Rubinstein.' Anton 'catapulted on to the stage,' says a contemporary report, 'as if shot from a cannon, and roared into the Chopin "*Berceuse*," playing it very fast, beating the bass hand as in a wild barbaric dance. He was in a frenzy.'

Anton was tired. He began to quarrel with Wieniawski. Rumor has it the two artists never spoke to each other except during rehearsal, although on the stage they played together divinely, as if cast in one mould. They played the 'Kreutzer Sonata' without notes, with a fire and a fury that electrified America. Wieniawski performed many of his own compositions, and always he played like the Slav he was, sliding and swooping, adding fireworks to every cadenza. Musically, Anton was outspokenly his champion, declaring that no violinist but Paganini had ever equaled him. This was high praise in a violinistic era that

enjoyed such stars as Joachim, Ernst, Ole Bull, de Bériot, Spohr, Sivori, Lipinski, David, Léonard, Alard, and Sarasate.

Wieniawski was jealous: Anton received more applause and more money. The violinist began complaining to the newspapers. Anton, as always, kept his personal grievances to himself; he hated American reporters because they asked intimate questions. Moreover, it was the fault of the newspapers, he said, that the American people looked too lightly upon the serious art of music. It was their fault that the Rubinstein concerts were discussed in print under the heading of 'Amusements'; it was they who had permitted the publication of letters demanding the inclusion of popular music in the Rubinstein programs. Openly, Rubinstein told the gentlemen of the press that he liked neither their tactics nor their ideas. The young people of America, quite obviously, considered music a mere accomplishment or adornment, 'as important as fine or fashionable dress,' said Anton indignantly, 'but not more important.' It was the duty of musical critics to change such an attitude, not to foster it. . . .

This was a musician who looked seriously upon his chosen profession. 'Sturdy-minded,' Maurice Grau called him, and, above all men, Grau had reason to know. Manager and artist had frequent battles concerning program making. It was nothing short of suicidal, said Grau, to play all-classical evenings. But, as the tour progressed, Grau noticed with surprise that the more severe Rubinstein made his program, the higher rose the gate receipts. Anton desired to give a *matinée* by himself, without orchestra, without singers, without Wieniawski's violin. A 'recital,' he called it — the word was as yet new to America. For a long time Grau dissuaded him, declaring that America was not ripe for one-man concerts, that it would be too severe fare for even New York to digest.

In January 1873, two concerts were

advertised to be held in New York's Academy of Music, on Irving Place: —

THE GREAT COMBINATION
OF THE
THEODORE THOMAS
CONCERT COMPANIES
AND POSITIVELY THE LAST JOINT APPEARANCE
OF
RUBINSTEIN WIENIAWSKI
AND
THEODORE THOMAS
WITH HIS
UNRIVALLED ORCHESTRA

So far, so good. This was the kind of announcement America was used to; often it included the words 'colossal, stupendous, magnificent.' But this time, underneath the first announcement appeared another: —

RUBINSTEIN'S
MATINÉE D'ADIEU
AT STEINWAY HALL,
MONDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 13, 1873,
AT TWO O'CLOCK

Maurice Grau read the words and trembled.

The grand ensemble concerts went off very well, both in Brooklyn and in New York. Grau had expected that. But what was Grau's amazement when the Monday *Matinée d'Adieu* gathered in the largest gate receipt of the entire tour to date — \$3100. Rubinstein was jubilant. Now he could dispense with orchestras and singers, dispense with Wieniawski too, if that gentleman agreed. He could play Beethoven and Chopin and Liszt to his heart's content; he could cease amazing the public and begin to teach it. Suddenly pleased with the New World, Anton sat down and wrote a set of variations on 'Yankee Doodle,' dedicating them to his American friend, William Mason.

Mason accepted the 'Yankee Doodle' fantasia gravely. He spent much time with Anton in New York, listening sympathetically to the bewildered questions of the Russian. Anton became very angry when people said to him, as they

often did, 'You, of course, do not need to practise, being a born genius who gets everything by nature.'

'How can they say this to me,' cried Anton, 'after I have worked so hard?'

The dumb piano on a Rhenish steamer long ago, the big square piano at home in Moscow, with *Maman* standing, ruler in hand. . . . Pianos in hotel rooms in Paris, London, Amsterdam. Pianos begged from dealers in Vienna by a boy of sixteen: 'Sir, may I use your instrument in the early mornings, before customers arrive at the shop?' Pianos in dingy boardinghouses, broken ivories, broken pedals, pianos out of tune and jangling. . . . Czerny, Diabelli, Clementi, scales, exercises, *Gradus ad Parnasum*! . . . Pianos in gaslit American rooms — hot, steamy rooms filled with flies. A man's shoulders aching, eyes aching, a man wet with sweat from scalp to ankle. . . . 'You, Mr. Rubinstein, of course do not need to practise . . .'

V

Anton was tired. January weather was bad that year, the streets heavy with melted snow, but all the world ploughed through it to hear Rubinstein play. Hitherto, Boston had never given the Rubinstein Troupe a gate of over a thousand dollars, but when, after the New York *Matinée*, Rubinstein repeated the one-man program in Boston, he took in \$2600. Never before had America so much as intimated that it would like to hear a one-man recital. Grau wrote down to William Steinway excitedly, but Rubinstein shrugged his shoulders. 'You have underestimated the power of good music,' he told his manager.

In April, Anton conducted, in New York, his 'Ocean Symphony' with Theodore Thomas's Orchestra. They played all six movements; the performance required a full hour and the audience loved it, applauding wildly after each movement. That same night Wieniawski played the Bach 'Chaconne' — a severe

piece, rough, rhythmic, but austere. America was being educated — and America liked it and said so with loud, heart-warming applause.

Up and down the eastern seaboard traveled Anton Rubinstein, playing, practising, memorizing. In spite of all success, it was, he declared, a nightmare existence. 'God preserve the artist from falling into such slavery,' he wrote, 'and from being at the entire disposition of an impresario. It is all over with art then; only the shop remains. One becomes an automaton, and the dignity of the artist is lost.'

May arrived, and, with it, sight of the end. Anton was to sail for home on May 24. Suddenly new life poured into him. Before he left New York City, he would show America what real piano music meant! Calmly he informed Maurice Grau that he desired to give, not one farewell New York recital, but seven. He handed the programs to his manager, and his manager, blanching, ran his eye down the list and found not one relief. Not one Spanish dance with castanets clicking, not one rollicking folk tune, even! Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, Mozart, for the first recital. And for the second, nothing at all but Beethoven Sonatas! Six of them in a row, with their *opus* numbers staring up. . . .

'Do they accept this kind of program in Europe?' Grau inquired desperately. Rubinstein replied that they were beginning to. Bülow played all-Beethoven recitals, Madame Schumann all-Schumann programs. For himself, he had only recently been converted to such programs, but he believed in them from the historical-musical point of view, and he felt sure it would do New York good to undertake such an afternoon.

'Undertake,' thought Maurice Grau, was exactly the word. He began to feel slightly sick at his stomach, but there was no gainsaying a Rubinstein who had made up his mind. Subscribers received an advance brochure; in its proud superlatives is something touching. Evidently

Grau burned the gaslight late the night he wrote this notice:—

Before giving the several programs of these seven recitals, it is impossible to refrain from calling attention to the vast knowledge, herculean power, and unmatched skill they require in their execution, and to hazard the doubt that any other executant than Anton Rubinstein would venture on their consecutive presentation.

On the afternoons of May 12, 14, 16, 17, 19, and 20, Rubinstein played at Steinway Hall to an audience that grew daily more fervent and respectful. Immediately after the sixth recital, Anton went up to Boston for his last appearance there. He played, bowed his adieux — and was swamped by a sudden rush to the platform. People tore at his clothes, desiring a handkerchief, a button, for souvenir. Women embraced him, weeping, and the theatre rocked to shouts of 'Come back soon, Rubinstein! Come back again to us!'

Dazed, but pleased in spite of himself, Anton took the night train for New York, and next evening met for the last time his American public in a whole program of his own compositions, ending with the brand-new 'Yankee Doodle' variations. Then he came down from the platform, wiped his brow with a large, torn handkerchief, and told a lady reporter from the *Tribune* that he was through forever with being a pianist. He was going home to Petersburg to write sacred operas. Perhaps America would produce them — America that had no established religion to combat and no politico-religious censorship. Warming to his theme, Rubinstein told the lady reporter he would like his children to be American citizens. 'America,' said he, 'is the land for those who love liberty.'

On May 24, Rubinstein sailed for home, taking with him sixty thousand well-earned dollars and the good will of a continent. Long after he was gone, America talked about him. G. W. Bagby, famous dialect humorist of the Bill Nye

school, wrote a monologue called 'How Ruby Played,' and from Boston to New Orleans young lady elocutionists seized upon it as the perfect recitation for church socials. Old ladies may be found to this day who can 'recite' it, word for word, and it may be purchased in a brisk, yellow-backed booklet entitled *One Hundred Choice Selections*. From Texas, Joe Brownin comes to New York, hears Rubinstein play, and tells about it in the vernacular of his day.

The piece is valuable because it describes a quality of Rubinstein's playing that was peculiar to him and that affected not only simple persons of the Joe Brownin type, but listeners of the most worldly and intellectual kind. While Rubinstein played, Joe Brownin saw pictures — actual faces floated before him, the figures of men and angels. And so did William Steinway see pictures, and Sir George Grove saw them, and that hard-boiled critic, James Huneker. Moreover, in his description of Rubinstein's violent physical motions at the piano, his indifference to the audience, Brownin did not exaggerate one item.

'Well, sir,' says Joe, 'Rubin had the blamedest, biggest, catty-corneredest pianner you ever laid eyes on: somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. . . . When he first sit down, Rubin 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leeded a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the bass — just foolin' and boxin' the things' jaws for bein' in his way. . . .

'I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that kind of foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked

up in the orchard. People begun to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. . . . Next thing it was broad day and the whole world as bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

'And I says to my neighbor: "That's music, that is."

'Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of grey mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. . . . The moonlight came, and splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did. . . .

'All of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped spang onto my seat, and jest hollered: "*Go it, my Rubel!*"

'Then he changed his tune again. . . . I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one. . . . I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin, he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn' interrupt me."

'He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapped her face,

he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose. . . . He knockt her down and he stampt on her shameful. . . . She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor came up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt —

'Bang! He lifted himself bodily into the a'r and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quivers, and I know'd no mo'.

Anton Rubinstein would have liked Joe Brownin; he would have desired, moreover, to teach Joe to play the piano. When Anton played in public, he gave his best, whether it was for Joe Brownin or for Leopold Damrosch and Theodore Thomas. He was in America nearly nine months, playing for thousands of people who did not know music, talking eagerly with music's leaders, urging them to organize efforts in the cause of musical education. Every American musician whose orbit touched his went away disturbed, inspired. In Central Park Garden, Theodore Thomas soared off with his orchestra to programs no impresario would have dared before the Rubinstein concerts paved the way. As to Anton's 'Ocean Symphony,' New York cried for it. Every Thursday night Thomas played it, raising the admission price to pay the extra players required in an orchestration as elaborate as Berlioz's. In spite of the higher price, Thursday audiences proved the largest of the week.

Always serious about music, always the crusader, Anton Rubinstein, the complete professional, knew what he was doing and did it. Whether he played Mendelssohn, Field, Moscheles, Scarlatti, or Beethoven, the New World heard him and wakened to things it had dreamed of but had never known.

HOW TO TELL A COMMUNIST

And How to Beat Him

BY WILLIAM F. RUSSELL

I

I AM a professor, but I am not here to give you 'book learning.' I am here to set before you, the American Legion,¹ a problem which concerns all of us who love democracy and the ideal of liberty for which it stands. The problem is 'How to check Communism.'

When I talk about Communism, I know what I am saying. I have had a lot of experience with this menace. I know where it is most likely to appear, where it is most likely to take hold, and I think I know the best way to fight it.

It was before the American Legion was formed — in fact, it was in August 1918 — that I met my first Bolshevik. We didn't call them Communists in those days. There had been a big rain in Vladivostok, and across the street-car tracks on Bolshei Ulitza (Russian for 'big street' or Broadway) were tons of gravel and sand, a foot high, washed down from the steep unpaved streets that climbed the hill. I watched the Korean porters busily packing the débris in baskets, carrying it up, and patting it back into place to await the next rain. I climbed past them, on up to the great commercial school, where I was to lecture on American education to a great crowd of teachers, patrons, and parents, who were all school-board members.

¹Dean Russell's address was delivered at the New York Department Convention of the American Legion. — EDITOR

I started at five. My interpreter finished at seven. Late into the night the questions continued. These people had revolted with Kerensky. They had welcomed the Bolsheviks. But they appeared happy to have been conquered by the Czechoslovaks and glad at the moment to be under Interallied rule. I was curious about Bolshevism. What was the idea? What was it like? What did Lenin and Trotsky want? I was not long in suspense.

After the lecture a man stopped me at the door. 'Good evening,' he said. 'My name is Wax. I did a year of graduate work in the States. Until last month I was the Bolshevik Commissar here in Vladivostok.' You can imagine my surprise. I said, 'Come on home with me. What is Bolshevism?' And this is the tale he told to me.

Communism is not new. There have been forms of Communism since earliest times, even in America. Note the tribes on the Indian reservations. But Communism as we know it was formulated by Marx, Engels, and others less than a hundred years ago. They saw something wrong with the world. The few had too much, the many too little. As Wax said that night, 'Why should the rich have all the beautiful houses, pictures, rugs?' He even said 'wives.' Karl Marx saw that every few years there was a depression. Wars were almost constant. The doors of opportunity were shut. Op-

pressed peoples and races were practically slaves. The Communists thought that such conditions need not exist. There could be peace on earth, good will to men; the good things of life could be more evenly divided, if only men would apply their brains to the conduct of their lives.

This man Wax was making quite a sales talk. It sounded pretty attractive so far. 'How do you plan to do this?' I asked.

'Well,' he said, 'the trouble to-day is that men are divided into two classes — those who own and those who earn — capitalists and workers.'

'There is an inevitable war between the two. There can be no compromise, no truce, no armistice, no peace. It will be a battle to the death. Men are fools to love the Fatherland, *la Patrie*. The workers of one country should be better friends with the workers of other lands than with the capitalists of their own, who are their only enemy. "Workers of the world, unite!" read the *Communist Manifesto*. "You have nothing to lose but your chains."

'Part of the trouble,' continued Wax, 'is in the churches. Men go to church, and what do they learn? To be humble — to be patient and forgiving — to look to the future life. All this is grand for the capitalist. So down with religion, shut the churches, banish the priests.'

This done, the Communists thought, and the decks would be cleared so that they could build a new world.

'And how are you going to defeat capital?' I asked Wax. 'How are you going to win for labor?'

'Very simple,' he replied. 'We will use the idea of the Soviet. First we organize all the workers into unions: unions of carpenters and masons, plumbers and railroad men, stenographers, cooks, librarians, teachers, nurses, professors, doctors, clerks — everybody, in fact, except the capitalists. Then each local sends its delegate to a larger council, and councils to the highest council. There is

no need for congress, legislatures, or elections. Everything can be accomplished by the unions. Lenin has organized a system by which the few can rule for the many. This is what we call "Dictatorship of the Proletariat." The Proletariat chooses its dictators. After that it is dictated to!'

'But what about the rich — the capitalists?' I asked. 'Where do they come in?'

'Oh,' said Wax, 'that is the cleverness of the idea. They have no unions, and if they formed them we wouldn't recognize them.'

II

Of course you and I remember how after this time the Kolchak government failed in Siberia, how the Bolsheviks took complete control. They never made any pretense of democracy. They seized the power. My friend Arthur Bullard, who was chief of the group with whom I served in Russia in 1918, said he was talking with Lenin in Switzerland in 1905. Lenin had outlined the whole Bolshevik ideal. Bullard said, 'How are the Russian people going to do this? They cannot do it for themselves, can they?' 'No,' replied Lenin, 'they are too ignorant to know what to do, too hungry to have the energy, too subservient to dare.' 'And surely the Czar won't!' said Bullard. 'No,' said Lenin. 'Then who will?' asked Bullard. 'I will,' said Lenin.

The method the Bolsheviks used to work their way to seizure of power was this: talk about peace, talk about social equality, especially among those most oppressed; talk about organization of labor, and penetrate into every labor union; talk on soap boxes; publish pamphlets and papers; orate and harangue; play on envy; arouse jealousy; separate class from class; try to break down the democratic processes from within; accustom the people to picketing, strikes, mass meetings; constantly attack the leaders in every way possible, so that the people will lose confidence;

then in time of national peril, during a war, on the occasion of a great disaster or a general strike, walk into the capital and seize the power. A well-organized minority can work wonders.

Now the Communist leaders have steadily insisted that Communism cannot live in just one country. Just as we fought to 'make the world safe for democracy,' so they are fighting to make the world safe for Communism. They are fighting this fight to-day, twenty years after my talk with Wax. Every country must become communistic, according to their idea. So they have sent out missionaries, well supplied with funds. These have won converts, who have been organized into little groups called 'cells,' each acting as a unit under the orders of a superior. It is almost a military organization.

They attack where there is unemployment. They stir up discontent among those oppressed, particularly among the Negroes and Jews. They work their way into the unions, where they form compact blocks. They publish and distribute papers and pamphlets. At the *New York Times* office the one they pass out is called *Better Times*. At the Presbyterian Hospital it is called *The Medical Worker*. At the College of the City of New York it is called *Professor, Worker, Student*. At Teachers College it is called *The Educational Vanguard*. These are scurrilous sheets. In one issue I noted twenty-nine errors of fact. After a recent address of mine they passed out a dodger attacking me, with a deliberate error of fact in each paragraph.

These pamphlets cost money, more than \$100 an issue. The idea is to try to entice into the Communists' web those generous and public-spirited teachers, preachers, social workers, and reformers who know distress and want to do something about it. These Communists know what they are doing. They follow their orders. Particularly they would like to dominate our newspapers, our colleges, and our schools. The campaign is much

alike all over the world. I have seen the same articles, almost the same pamphlets, in France and England as in the United States.

You see, when it comes to fighting Communists I am a battle-scarred veteran. But after twenty years I cannot tell one by looking at him. If only he were a tall dark man with bushy black whiskers, a bomb in his hand, a knife in his teeth, and a hand grenade in each pocket of his smock, I could recognize him. However, only the leaders proclaim their membership. The clever are silent, hidden, anonymous, boring from within. You can tell a Communist only by his ideas.

III

Now the American Legion loves loyalty. It upholds the American Way. It seeks to perpetuate democracy. As a patriotic power, alert to alien isms, it justly considers Communism subversive, and has taken up the fight. What tactics should we adopt? What plan of campaign should we map? The answer, as I see it, is to note the conditions under which Communism has come to flourish in foreign lands and then do our best to see to it that these conditions never obtain here.

And what were the conditions that gave Communism its chance in Russia? These were, I think, three. First, widespread misery, poverty, and distress; second, suppression of freedom of speech and the right of meeting and assembly; third, general ignorance.

These are the three conditions that give Communism a chance to flower and flourish.

When you have abject poverty widespread, when people are out of work, when houses are damp, dirty, cold, and crowded, when children cry for food, there you have a soil fertile for Communism. It is no accident that there are Communists in the suburbs of Paris and London, in Harlem, or along the waterfront in New York and San Francisco.

After a drudging day of despair, the family sick and cold, the doors of hope shut, you can't blame the unlucky for giving willing ear to the blandishments of the Communist propagandist, who says that Russia is a happy land with golden gates, flowing with milk and honey. When men are down they'll sell their birthright either for a mess of pottage or for a pot of message.

One way, then, to fight Communism is to go in to the root of poverty and distress. Whatever you may think of certain aspects of the work of the present administration, you must see that in the program of resettlement, in the WPA, in the CCC Camps, and in the National Youth Administration, President Roosevelt and his advisers have been helping the poor and distressed. Some think we can never pay for it. Some think that conditions will be worse in the long run. We must admit, however, that what they have done for the poor has been the most powerful blow against Communism. No matter what the national government does, whether you agree with this program or not, the good American who wishes to fight Communism must lend every effort to clean up the slums, to assist the unlucky, to cure the sick, to care for the widow and the orphan.

It is at this point that I wish to point out to you a misunderstanding, a mistake, that many loyal citizens commonly make. There are among us a good many people who by training, taste, inclination, or vocation see much of the poor, the underprivileged, and the sick. These are ministers and priests, social workers, Y.M.C.A. leaders, doctors, nurses, teachers, and professors. They see the effect of the slum. They know what the sweatshop does to body and soul. Their wrath and indignation rise at the practices of some of the worst of us.

Then these men and women who know the seamy side of life — from the pulpit, in the press, from the lecture platform, in the college and university class — point out these evils and struggle to find

some way of improving these conditions. Some are wise and advocate gentle and gradual improvement. Some are in a hurry and urge quick reform. You and I are likely to think that they are Communists, that their ideas are subversive. We may call them 'red.' But whenever we do this we had better back up and think. *They* are not the Communists.

The Communists get a lot of pleasure out of our mistake. The Communists are glad to see us attack these men and women, to quiz them, to hamper them, to persecute them. Because in a way these zealots are the worst enemies of Communism. If we could clear up the worst of the slums and give help to that part of the population that is in genuine distress, which is what these zealots want, we should in one step have removed the most likely converts from the contamination of Communism.

You have a second condition favorable to Communism when people dare not speak their minds. Let the right of assembly become abridged and sympathy follows the supposedly injured party. If an idea is so subversive that it cannot be talked about openly, how alluring it is likely to be when it is heard in a whisper! When you cannot speak on the public square, you gossip down the alley. When you cannot meet in the open, you conspire in the cellar. Then you hear only one side. Then you think you are a martyr, and you may be willing to die for a belief which, because it has never been effectively opposed, may be half-formed and ill-considered. Ideas expressed openly are, of course, subject to the law of treason, slander, or morality.

The people of the United States would not approve the Constitution until it was explicitly stated that the rights of 'freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble' should not be abridged; and so far as fighting Communism is concerned, I think they were right. Nothing pleases

the Communists more, nothing advertises them more, nothing wins them more converts, than violation of these rights.

IV

But what the Communist is most afraid of is education. I do not mean *any* kind of education, because you will naturally think at once of this Communist who is a college graduate, that Communist who is a Doctor of Philosophy, groups of college students who support and uphold Communism. Conversely, you can recall at once many an unschooled illiterate who holds to the American Way. There will always be impractical intellectuals who look to the speedometer, not to the brakes. But Communism cannot flourish where all, or almost all, the people know a good deal about history, political science, and sociology.

Communists advance their ideas as if they were new. They try to make people think that their plans are practical and workable. They don the sheep's clothing of democracy, trying to deceive the ignorant, when they have not the slightest belief in democracy at all. The person who knows history will know better. The fallacy in Communism is not in the ultimate goals the Communists borrow, — like peace, prosperity, social justice, and human brotherhood, — but in their practical plans for realizing these goals. The person who knows history and political science and economics knows that these plans have been tried repeatedly, and repeatedly have failed.

The same plans, and much the same tactics, failed in France in 1789. They failed again in 1848. They failed in Germany since the war, they failed in Hungary, they failed in Spain, they failed in Russia itself. They sought peace; they got war. They sought fraternity; they divided brother from brother. They sought social justice; they achieved more poverty, more misery, more distress. As one learned Frenchman said, 'Com-

munism can destroy capitalism, but cannot replace it.'

The person who is educated in the manner I describe learns to take a long look at the world. He sees the age-old aspirations of man for prosperity and well-being, for liberty of conscience, speech, property, freedom to earn and to spend, for equality before the law, and an equal opportunity for youth. He has watched the gradual development of these ideals, now advancing, now retreating, now advancing again. He knows how the Fathers of our Country caught a new vision, how by compromise and adjustment they devised a new form of government and a new form of relationship between man and man. Of course it was not perfect. The idea was to build a little at a time in the hope that what they had done would persist.

The educated person knows that social changes come very slowly. If you are in a hurry, as in Germany from 1919 to 1933, or in Spain, there is revolution, reaction. If you try dictatorship, as in Nazi Germany or Italy or Soviet Russia, everybody has work, but then you are only a serf. Up to now, the only ones who have been socially secure in this world have been the slaves. The educated man moves slowly. He is in no hurry. The educated man moves steadily and persistently. He will not be lulled to sleep.

So to hit Communism at its weakest point you must have education. You cannot fight an idea by banishing it. You cannot fight an idea by shooting it. Purges, 'red scares,' teachers' oaths, discharging professors, never stopped Communism. The only way you can fight an idea is by meeting it with another idea; and the only way you can meet it with another idea is by proper education.

It is fortunate for us that most of our children have a chance to go to school. It is fortunate for us that most of them can finish the high-school course. Let us make very sure that these boys and girls have a chance for a good education

for modern times, especially in the controversial and difficult fields of government and social life. It does not make much difference to me as an American what sort of Latin or spelling or algebra they study, but I do hope that they will learn what democracy is and why we have it; what life was like when our ancestors lived under tyranny, and what life must be like to-day in Russia and Germany, in Spain, Japan, and Italy; what these liberties are that we prize; what these rights are that we must maintain; and what our corresponding duties must be. Let these boys and girls hear of the theories of social improvement. Let them know what Communism and Fascism think they are. Let them go right down to the bottom. Knowledge is power.

De Witt Clinton, who built the school system of New York, had it right when he said that these schools were the 'Palladium of our freedom . . . the bulwark of our liberties.' Since his time these schools have grown in power and confidence. Every child has his chance. We have a grand force of teachers. Hold up their hands. Give them encouragement. Protect them from the narrow-minded zealot who would hamper them. That's the way to cut down the Communist.

V

There is, however, one additional consideration. Communism, I am convinced, can flourish only when the soul of a people is dead. The wisest men from the time of the Greeks have sensed that we really live in two worlds — the world of sticks and stones, and the world of the intellect, the world of the spirit.

When I was a boy I used to walk down the halls of Teachers College, and there on the wall was an old engraving of the New Jerusalem. There were high walls, closed gates; and up the steep sides, out of the mud and muck, crawled and climbed the poor mortals in search of heavenly bliss. When I see that picture

it makes me think of what education should do. There is one world, a dog's world — a world of bones and kennels and chains and muzzles, and hunts and fights; and there is a man's world — a world of ideas, of beauty, of thought. The one is base, the other good. In one, men are slaves; in the other, they are free. In one, there are oppressed and oppressors; in the other, all are equal. There is a land of the slave and there is a land of the free, and the passport to this happy land is a liberal education and a belief in power beyond one's self.

I hope for a world with bigger bones and better kennels, but I despair if that is all men want. Our people will perish unless we reincorporate in our life the statement made one hundred and fifty years ago in our Northwest Ordinance: 'Religion, morality, and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged.' This accomplished, in this spirit, by the schools and by all other means of education, — colleges, churches, clubs, organizations, museums, libraries, theatre, and the press, — we shall have a happy people. We shall never be Communists.

You of the Legion recognize the enemy. How shall we beat him? Relieve poverty and distress. Stand up for the rights of meeting and assembly and freedom of speech, particularly when you do not agree. Support the schools and foster in every way the study of history, government, and social life. Above all, support a liberal education, an education for men, not dogs, that we may enter and live in a world of ideas, of beauty, of thought. This should be the American program. It will cause the greatest discomfort to our enemies; it will do the most to perpetuate and preserve the form of government and the kind of life which the Fathers of our Country willed to us, and to which they were confident we would give our last full measure of devotion.

WASHINGTON THE BLEST

BY DAVID L. COHN

DEEP SNOW PLANTATION
IVANHOE, MISSISSIPPI
March 20, 1939

DEAR ELISAVETA ANDRIEVNA: —

Your letter saying you are going to Washington makes me homesick for the town. I'm glad you are going, because you will see with your own eyes how this city gives the lie to the foreign critic's libel that all our cities are as alike as packing-house hams. Actually Washington is *sui generis*, incomparable, and strangely blest.

Our national passion for uniformity has never been able to take hold of the town, and out of this failure arise the paradoxes that set Washington apart. For, from the day when it began to take Græco-Roman shape under the hands of the French architect L'Enfant until now, it has been anything but American in the sense of the vigor, color, and lustiness that the word implies. And a long line of frontiersmen from Andrew Jackson to Huey Long, aided by a host of loud-talking, cussing, whiskey-drinking, spittoon-filling Senators, failed dismally in their efforts to make it of a piece with the rest of the United States.

Look at it now. It is governed socially by a rigid, Graustarkian etiquette in a country of breezy, shirt-sleeve informality; its citizens depression-proof in a depression-ridden land; its workers economically secure in an era of economic insecurity; its sole business government among a people who have always held that the less government, the more business. There it stands, this unique

city: white, hermaphroditic, ceremonious, aloof from the roar of the market place; the capital of a colorful, vigorous, informal, slang-slinging, pugnaciously competitive people.

I had never been in Washington for more than a short stay until a few years ago when I joined a delegation that went up to dig — you actually had to dig in that unhappy time — some money out of Uncle Sam to keep the Mississippi away from our door. I remained then three months. Up to that time I had had about the usual contacts of the citizen with his Government. Once I had wired our Congressman please to cable our London Embassy to call on Aunt Nina, who was making the Grand Tour; she was visiting the Tower and had sprained her ankle in a false-alarm rush to see the Prince of Wales, who was supposed to be in the building. Once I shot a banded teal and sent the band to the Biological Survey, who wrote me such a flattering note of thanks I felt I was beginning where Audubon had left off.

On another occasion I received a note from the Bureau of Internal Revenue inquiring, with a display of etymological learning that would have delighted Dr. Johnson, into my private interpretation of the word 'miscellaneous,' which I had scattered with fine frenzy through my expense accounts. And from time to time some anonymous friend lost in the shadows of bureaucracy sends me booklets: *How to Destroy Field Mice; Legumes for Profits; How to Hang*

Wallpaper in Damp Climates. Good booklets they are, too.

Ours, in fact, is rather a nice and comfortable Government. It is much like a distant fourth cousin who keeps the family spirit alive by occasionally sending you a box of oranges from his Florida grove, or an announcement of the marriage of his (to you) vague daughter, Isabel; but who doesn't kill it by suddenly appearing at your door with Isabel in tow. Detached, dignified, but withal friendly.

Well, I didn't see much of the Government during my stay because we transacted most of our business at the Mayflower bar when we could push our way in through the lobbyists. But I did see something of Washington, and what I saw makes me long to return.

The city, as you know, is more than one city, although the division is not so simple as whether one lives on the right or the wrong side of the tracks. Ah, no.

There is, to begin, Old Washington. This is a colony of vintage Saint Anthonyms dwelling in a private desert, their eyes filled with lush visions invisible to the vulgar. They ruled Georgetown when George Washington played around as a boy across the river in Alexandria, and have remained to see the day when John L. Lewis plots God knows what in a colonial home of the same — but alas how changed — Alexandria. Their life work is keeping Tradition alive. The A & P, for example, found it couldn't sell a rutabaga to Old Washington until it had dressed up its store fronts in false Colonial whiskers.

In order to nestle among their anti-macassars you must have arrived in Washington not later than the days when President John Quincy Adams used to take his daily dip *tout nu* in the Potomac all alone save for God, the little wrens, and his valet doubling as watchman. Parvenus who came in Grant's entourage were put on probation in 1899, and, pending good behavior, may expect an invitation to tea when

the federal budget is balanced. Those who arrived with McKinley might as well be dead, and need not assume they are viable merely because an Ancient nods with distant courtesy amid the ladylike confusion of one of Mrs. Townsend's Morning Musicales. New Dealers, sprawling shoeless on sofas in rented Georgetown houses discussing economics half the night, might as well expect a Congressman to forgo franking and pay his own postage as for Old Washington even to admit their physical presence on earth.

Then there are the people who keep the Government going and, because they are merely useful, are unsung. They are clerks and bureau chiefs. Many of the bureau heads are uncommonly able men doing distinguished work for small salaries in a country that is pretty much unconscious of them, their work, or their worth. But what the country ignores corporations prize. They have lured some of these men away from their offices with high salaries; dozens of them are subjected to this temptation; but most of them remain and form the backbone of what must become an able and devoted civil service if our Government is to function efficiently.

Washington's myriad clerks lead lives as strange and mysterious as migratory eels. They come from all over the country because Congressmen come from all over the country, and the pathway to the heaven of federal security is through the pearly gates of patronage. Mostly they are women. A girl of twenty goes to work for the first time in the Department of Commerce on the morning Admiral Dewey returns from the Spanish War. Day after day she gathers the statistics of codfish. For forty years — 12,000 working days — she counts codfish dried, salted, shredded, smoked, consumed at home or shipped abroad, where caught and where sold. At the end of this period, now a woman of sixty with a pension and a few years of living before her, she is freed of codfish for the first

time in her adult life. But what else has she been doing in the long interval? How did she amuse herself? Why didn't she marry? How did she live? What is the effect on the mind of endless schools of codfish swimming through it, of seas of codfish weaving in and out of the meshes of a calculating machine? Nobody knows. Apparently nobody cares. More indeed is known about the love life of the codfish than about the life of this clerk. Yet our nosy anthropologists at this very moment are measuring the skulls of Andaman Islanders; studying the effects of limited diet on the bicuspid of the people of Tristan da Cunha.

Other women spend their days tabulating the statistics of tame hay in Delaware; angora hair in Texas; garnets for abrasive purposes; or the rate of mortality among delicatessen stores. Lost in the endless halls of cavernous buildings, wandering amid forests of files, bending over business machines, measuring earthly existence by the rigid rules of bureaucracy and the bimonthly pay check, so engrossed in their tiny tasks they don't know what the girl at the next desk is doing or how the parts fit into the whole, bereft of suitors because there are not enough men in town to go round, doubling up in kitchenette apartments with two or three other girls for economy and companionship, finding escape but rarely and then at the picture show or the annual State Society Ball, marrying sometimes but just as often plodding with leaden feet into spinsterhood, thousands of clerks pass their lives. Of their bones is Government made.

There is still another city within a city: here-today-and-gone-tomorrow Washington. At its head are the President, the Cabinet, and the Congress; at its foot are the camp followers of politics snatching crumbs fallen from the tables of the mighty, or forever running along the road to a Susa which they never reach; in between is a diverse

group of persons who have been, who may be, or hope to be, useful to the Administration in power. The official lives of all these, and their hopes, hang upon the turn of the political dice.

Now I come to a group who are really important in Washington life—the lobbyists. You must not fail to see something of them while you are in town, else you will depart knowing no more of the essential Washington than you would know of Paris if you spent your mornings there waiting for mail at the American Express and your evenings at Harry's Bar. I was so enchanted by the lobbyists when I was in Washington that I spent as much time with them as they would give me out of their busy lives, and afterwards wrote a little piece by way of celebrating these lusty frontiersmen. Maybe it will be helpful to you—it certainly will be to me because I'll get to bed earlier—if I quote a bit of it.

'What the gondoliers are to Venice, the beggars to Peking, the Negroes to Memphis, and the fleas to Amecameca, the lobbyist is to Washington. He is a characteristic and unfailing feature of the scene. He is everywhere and with everybody. He gives the best dinners in town, serves the best liquor, tells the most amusing stories, and is the most jovial host. Sometimes he goes in disguise and sometimes shining plain. Presidents die or fail of reelection. Sessions of the Congress come and go. Senators are retired to the obscurity from which they emerged, and other Senators emerge from obscurity. The major political parties succeed one another in control of the government. Panic and prosperity alternate with the years. But in Washington the lobbyist goes on forever. Whenever you come back to the nation's capital, and however long you may have been away, you are sure to find two things serene, intact, and immortal: the lobbyist and the great monument.'

There is a general impression among

our people that all lobbyists are harmful; that lobbying is inimical to the American way. This, I think, is a mistake. All lobbyists are not harmful any more than all mosquitoes are harmful. Many of them are merely pests with whited souls fighting in the American way for characteristically American causes such as the compulsory planting of japonica bushes along federal highways, the compulsory serving of raw carrots on dining cars in interstate commerce, or — and this is fantastic — the payment of bonds repudiated by American states and now held by guileless foreigners. These advocates represent a distorted expression of a force which has always run deep in the current of our being and which has been so fruitful of both good and evil in our national life: evangelism. There are, however, other lobbyists in Washington who are less of a pest, — many of them, indeed, are of the utmost charm, — but who are also less innocuous than the Crusaders for Good.

These are the boys (and girls) whose business it is to persuade legislators — who shall say by what means? — to See Things in the Right Light. And you'd be amazed to know how often the scales have fallen from the eyes of some of our lawmakers beneath the skilled ministrations of these extralegal physicians.

Who are they? Many are ex-Congressmen and Senators. Large numbers of them are lawyers. It is a paradox of American life that in a country where the farmer is still regarded as a Cincinnati in mail-order overalls, ever ready to leave the plough and repel the foreign invader, a majority of the farmer's Congressional lawmakers are lawyers. These men, having once tasted the excitement of political life in Washington, had their magisterial locks shorn free of charge in the Senate barber shop, franked their speeches on the nobility of womanhood and the sanctity of the home, lunched with the President, junketed to the Philippines, and been

interviewed by the metropolitan press, cannot when defeated at the polls bear the agony of returning to the Boggs Bluffs of the land and spending the remainder of their days bringing replevin actions to recover stolen cows.

Their wives, too, prefer Washington to the Bluff, for all that it is the town of 'Live Folks under the Live Oaks.' In the Capital your nostrils are titillated by the pungent perfumes that emanate from the great and the famous; you go places; you see, even if you don't know, People Who Do Things. Almost any day Alice Longworth might be getting a permanent in the cubicle next to yours; or your operator who served her yesterday tells you what she said, and that night you sweep the dinner boards by repeating the devastating things Alice told you but once removed. You drop cards at the White House; give your hand to be kissed by the Second Secretary of the Bulgarian Legation; play bridge with Senators' wives. When friends from the Bluff come to town you entertain them with folksy hominess spiced with the most delicate touch of official *hauteur*. And, if you are lucky, you even attend one of Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean's exclusive and intimate New Year's parties at which sparkle the Hope Diamond and a thousand distinguished guests. Trade all this for the old home town? Never.

The ex-legislator and his family remain in Washington. As Congressman he had got to know a great many men who could now be useful to him, and the country is filled with corporations and individuals hankering for the services of lawyers bearing rods that make sweet waters gush in the desert of officialdom. So the pride of the Bluff puts out his shingle in the Fidelity Building, hangs an autographed photograph of Senator Vandenberg keeping attackers of the Constitution at bay, and sits down to wait for clients. Soon they appear. But they are not looking for a lawyer to draw documents filled with circumloc-

utury whereas and the party of the first part; nor do they want one to address 'this intelligent jury of freeborn men.' One client, The Eternal Triangle Diaper Company, is seeking discreet counsel who can head off Senator Doubledecker in his fight to put diapers on the tariff Free List for the sake of the country's true ruler, the American Baby. Another has the best post-office site in Mahalyville, Missouri, and is willing to let it go cheap just because it's the Government, if only the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General could be brought around to the proper view; and a third would like a federal loan to enlarge his bird-cage factory and put more men to work — that's what America needs. Always there is someone who wants . . . or doesn't want . . .

Fees roll in. Junior enters Georgetown University; Betty Lou takes creative art at the Cathedral School; Mama rides in Rock Creek Park. Papa, in great demand as a speaker, lectures as far away as Wheeling, West Virginia, on the subject, 'Democracy: What Is It?'

Thus Washington grows as the ex-Congressman and many more like him settle in the city; as the number of federal employees rises with prosperity's fall; as taxpayer-tourists pour in by thousands to see what they are getting for their money, and other thousands of prospectors arrive to stake out claims on ore land that makes the Mother Lode look like an abandoned coal pit. And as the population increases, the Capital spills over into Virginia and Maryland; a Washington newspaper leads all others in the country in volume of retail display advertising; and Washington's merchants become the envy of their lean brethren struggling elsewhere.

Maybe you can stand a few figures that point the moral? Last year about 140,000 federal workers in Washington — a group nearly three times larger than Mississippi's largest city — drew \$300,000,000 from the Treasury. Private payrolls, born of the public payroll, were

about \$200,000,000 — a total of almost half a billion dollars turned loose in one year in a town that isn't much bigger than this plantation. And Washington — Democratic administration or not — subsists on anything but hog and hominy. Far from it. Last year, it is estimated, District of Columbia families had an effective buying income of \$3782, contrasted with the national average of \$2000. The Capital, in fact, is now living on the scale of that much-discussed future period when the national income shall be 80 or 100 billions, and, as an admirable example of a forward-looking American city, is well worth the price we pay for it.

Social Washington lives on a diet of white calling cards. You spend your days dropping or retrieving them. At dawn you begin the rounds by leaving cards anywhere and everywhere: at the White House, the homes of Senators, Cabinet members, Supreme Court Justices, the Bureau of Lighthouses, Goldenberg's Department Store, and the Nicaraguan Legation. It doesn't matter where you drop them, because Washingtonians think it bad luck not to pick up a card wherever they find one, and consequently you are certain to be invited to something by somebody. Soon you automatically shed a card whenever you pass a silver bowl, and are thus identified as one of the initiate.

After a card-dropping morning you come home for lunch and brace yourself for an afternoon of rousing fun at one of the 'At Homes' that star every day except Saturday and Sunday in the Washington week. These are run on schedule: Mondays, Supreme Court Justices; Tuesdays, Representatives; Wednesdays, the Cabinet; Thursdays, Senators; Fridays, diplomats; week-ends, getting ready for the At Homes of the next week. At these gatherings your name is announced by a Negro butler, and the same butler wherever and whenever you go, because he is the only person in town who knows

everybody. Then, having edged your way in to the arm of a chair, you drink tea, munch cookies, cast a whilom pearl, and, the ordered ten minutes having elapsed, go out into the air.

At night there are dinners. Ah, the bravura dinners of Washington! As a guest, yours is not to reason why, but as a host you wrestle with the fiend of rank. Back home in Minnesota everybody (practically) was as good as everybody else, provided a man didn't beat his wife or violate the most elementary rules of personal sanitation, and the host had only to avoid the taboo of seating husband and wife next to one another. But not in Washington. There rank comes first, and the lower end of the table takes the hindmost. Thus, in the absence of the President, the Vice President leads all the rest, and that is easy enough to remember. When Mr. Farley appears, however, he sits nearer the salt than Mr. Swanson; Mr. Morgenthau nearer than these gentlemen; and Madame Secretary of Labor, although a lady, goes to the foot of the class. On the other hand, the Cabinet must give way to Mr. Justice Black, the Chilean Ambassador, or the Minister of Siam.

The Navy gets more money from Congress than the Army, but by way of compensation the Army — officers being of equal rank — gets a better place at table than the Navy. This seemingly unfair discrimination arises from the fact that we had a Continental Army at Valley Forge but only a French Navy off Yorktown, and you had better know your history when you ask the military to dine. If you invite two Senators to dinner, the one who began to hold office in 1896 precedes the one who came in 1904, and it is the host's business to know when his guests took the oath. But suppose you ask at the same time the Senator from Virginia and the Senator from Utah, and both were sworn in on March 4, 1896? In this case the Virginian precedes the Utah Senator because Virginia came first into the

Union — a fact of importance in Washington life.

There is one question of etiquette, however, that nobody has been able to solve, and Washington, with characteristic lack of dash and verve in the presence of a tough one, shies away from it as though it were a cottonmouth moccasin. It is this. What to do if by an evil chance Mr. Chief Justice Hughes and, say, Sir Ronald Lindsay, His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador, should turn up at the same dinner. Who should precede whom? Does an Ambassador outrank the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court? Down here and all over the country the people would answer without hesitation: Hell, no. But the people's representatives in Washington are timid about it, and won't even put the case to the test. The mere thought of such a nightmare causes Anne Squire, the *Emily Post* of the Capital, to flutter in genteel alarm. 'This is a question of real magnitude,' she cries *de profundis*, 'and not a social molehill to be lightly surmounted.'

But enough of this. I ask you only to remember, as you see shirt-sleeve Americans treading the mazes of unaccustomed ritual, that not so long ago Washington was but the simple capital of a nation of frontiersmen. In 1851, President Fillmore installed the first running-water bathtub in the White House and was soundly trounced by our vigilant newspapers for 'importing a monarchical innovation unbecoming the President of a democratic country.'

Government clerks, admirals, generals, lobbyists, and tourists, are not the only persons who give Washington its strange flavor. There is another group twittery as the starlings who nest in the eaves of the Treasury, omnipresent as tourists at the Monument. These are widow ladies — all on diets; all rich. As I have told you before, it is the rare American who survives his wife, and the rarer they become as the income-tax

bracket ascends. These relicts in their forties to sixties, with ferocious energies untouched by living in the Reedsburgs of the land, hop a train for Washington as soon as Papa has been put away in Pleasant View, and the inheritance salted down in Government 2's. Determined to make one more kill in the last moments of their hunting season, they rush on arrival to buy equipment from that veteran safari supplier, Elizabeth Arden, and then are off to the chase. Most of them want an antlered, shaggy specimen of Senator, and occasionally one is bagged. But Senators are rare game. Some, therefore, will take a well-fleshed Member of the House, a Governor of Puerto Rico, or even, if the going is hard, an Interstate Commerce Commissioner. No amount of desperation, however, will drive a hunter into bringing home a Bureau Chief. I don't know the reason, but there seems to be something definitely anaphrodisiac about a Chief Entomologist, a Geodetic Surveyor, or a Printer and Engraver.

Marriage failing, the ladies stay in town just the same. They take up and put down Causes, give and go to dinners and teas, attend lectures, debates, musicales, exhibits of peasant arts, and, in general, lead genteel tax-exempt lives. Finally, after a number of hopefully probationary years of living in hotels, they buy homes on Massachusetts Avenue, put Papa's photograph on the piano as symbol of devotion and surrender, go off their diets joyously, and at long last invite their grandchildren to come and play in their gardens.

Please, my dear friend, go to the White House. It is, to my mind, America at its best, and I would have you see the best of America. It is almost starkly simple, as befits the official residence of the President of a republic. It

is friendly, unostentatious, and utterly lacking in the pomp, the gold braid, the guardian soldiers, of the residences of European heads of nations. It is the symbol of the American dream, and Americans, I assure you, for all their hard-boiled attitudes, do not live by bread alone. And you — or anybody else — may enter without let or hindrance.

Now, in closing, 'I want to leave this thought with you,' as the President of the Tri-State Bottlers said at their convention near here last week. Washington, it seems to me, is the least typical and the most typical of all our cities — least typical in the aspects I have mentioned, most typical in that it represents the national passion for specialization in its thousands of workers and miles of buildings. What other people in the world give over a whole city to the business of government alone? In London, Paris, Athens, La Paz, you aren't conscious of government unless you trip over it. In Washington you can't avoid it, because there's nothing else. And this is American to the core. It is the ultimate extension of the principle of specializing that runs through our national life — the principle that finds its complete expression in medicine, where the doctor who looks up your nose doesn't know how to look down your eye.

I haven't the remotest notion whether the theory of extreme specialization is sound or faulty, but it makes Washington a fascinating city for that rare person, like you, who visits it with open eyes and alert ears, for no reason at all. Isn't it Petrarch who is said to have been the first civilized man because he was the first to toil up a mountain solely for the sake of the view?

Affectionately,

DAVID

POPE PIUS XI

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

I

WHEN I first saw the Pope, he was already in the Sedia Gestatoria. For three hours, on February 12, 1922, we had been waiting in St. Peter's, so crowded that there was hardly room to move an arm amongst those 80,000 people. And then a brilliant procession had begun to move up the length of the basilica. After the clergy, the Swiss guard, the noble guard, and the Pontifical Guard came many heads in plain white mitres; and then again a flash of color, and a burst of music. It was the choir of the Sistine Chapel, singing the great anthem *Tu es Petrus*: 'Thou art the rock, and on this rock I will found my Church.' One's mind was filled with this great conception — that amidst all the changes and chances of the world, amidst the vicissitudes of opinion, the wars of religions, and the strife of sects, in the seething seas of these interminable uncertainties, the Almighty had set up as a rock one man to bear witness to the truth that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the Living God. Satan had desired the disciples, but Christ had prayed for Peter that his faith should not fail.

This conception — of a man chosen and confirmed by God to assert that the Church was Christ's, and Christ was God — was that with which the music greeted the man we saw far down the basilica borne high above us on a moving throne. For such is the Sedia Gestatoria. And then the melody of human voices ceased, and another music filled the mighty temple. It was the majestic

cadences of the Papal March played with the penetrating resonance of the silver trumpets. What music had one ever heard so kingly, or so touching? As that resonance swelled through the hearts of the tens of thousands of people, they burst into shouts: '*Viva il Papal*' '*Viva il Vicario di Gesù Cristo!*'

All the while, amid the surge of music, the stately throne passed slowly on, bearing one who looked more like an image than a man as he sat above the great ostrich-feather fans; but at last, when his train filled the temple, we saw him move his hands in blessing, and at last we saw his face. It was that of a benignant and scholarly man, greatly moved. It was not a markedly Italian face; his complexion was not dark, and his features had an almost English look, the type that one associates with a Victorian bishop. His figure looked robust, his skin clear.

This was the man, Achille Ratti, who had been born at Desio, near Milan, in 1857, the son of a Lombardy weaver; he had grown up in Milan, become noted as a scholar, lived for years as an administrator of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, till, as he was nearing sixty, he had come to succeed the noted German scholar Ehrle as Prefect of the Vatican Library. There Pope Benedict XV had seen in him a remarkable cosmopolitan gift. As Mr. Laurence Binyon once said to me, a man in a great museum or a great library is not working as a recluse; he is in one of the meeting places

of distinguished men, in one of those avenues where the great come, and linger, and pass on. Such had been, through the long years, the life of Achille Ratti. At last in 1918, when Poland was constituted a State, the Pope sent him, at the age of sixty-one, from the Library into Diplomacy. He entrusted him with the difficult Polish legateship, and in 1919 made him Papal Nuncio at Warsaw. There he had to organize the relations of Church and State in a Court whose boundaries were still subjects of dispute; where millions had lived under Germany and Austria as well as under Russia; where millions of Catholics worshiped in the Greek rite; and where on all alike pressed the menace of a Bolshevistic invasion which approached the very precincts of Warsaw.

Once, lunching with Sir Horace Rumbold when he was British Ambassador in Madrid, I heard something of Monsignor Ratti's work in Poland. 'There are not many people who can say they have dined with the Pope,' said the Ambassador, 'but I am one of them.' 'And what is he like?' I asked. 'He is a splendid man; he stayed there till the very end and showed the greatest resource and courage.'

Resource and courage! They are the gifts of the mountaineer. During the winter evenings he looks long at his maps; he makes his plans, he measures his powers, he trains his muscles, and in the summer he goes amidst the rocks and snow to ride their dangers. Such, summer after summer, had been the sport of Achille Ratti. He loved the Alpine heights, the air that comes cool down one's throat, the rocks that give forth streams of living water welcome to thirsty lips, the tenacity and endurance which carry skill and muscle along the ledges and up the mountain face, the views down over gorge and forest to the far sparkle of the stream. So, with the training and discipline of the mountains, Achille Ratti had added pleasure to his acquaintance with men, to his

study of the documents of learning, to his administration of the venerable libraries.

In 1921 the Pope brought him back to Milan as Archbishop. He had by long experience learned the life of the great city where his brother had risen to some eminence as an engineer. He reigned on the seat made glorious by Saint Ambrose and Saint Charles Borromeo. But his family motto was *Raptem transit*. He is carried swiftly on. And when Cardinal Mercier came to Milan on his way to Rome after the death of Benedict XV on January 22, 1922, he found that Archbishop Ratti had already left Milan. Cardinal Mercier had an exhilarating presentiment that he would never return. '*Raptem transit*,' said Cardinal Mercier; 'he must now proceed to the highest office of all' — and Cardinal Mercier was right.

At that time there was no cardinal in the world who had a more glorious fame than Désiré Mercier. His philosophic enterprise, his spirituality, his leadership of the Belgian nation after it had been deprived of its government; his combination of diplomacy with daring and of both with holiness; the graciousness, the distinction, the heroic charity which made his tall figure like a column of light, suggested to many that he should be the Pope. But he knew that at that moment one must have in the central office a more neutral figure. His choice was Cardinal Ratti, and in the succeeding years there was no one whose voice carried more weight in the Vatican than that of Cardinal Mercier.

II

Apart from the question of neutrality, it was absolutely essential at that moment that the Pope should be an Italian. The time had come to solve what was called the Roman Question: to adjust relations between the Vatican and the Kingdom of Italy. Of course, when the Italians took the Papal States by force in

1870, they despoiled the Church, arrogating to themselves its resources and its possessions; the King took for himself the very palace of the Quirinal in which the reigning Pope had been elected; and in return for all this they proposed to make the Pope their pensioner at the rate of £130,000 a year. Now it would never do for the Pope to be the pensioner of any single State, let alone a State pulsating with heady nationalism, a State which before long was to produce such an uncompromising imperialist as Benito Mussolini. No, the proposed arrangement must be rejected. The spoliation must be denounced for what it was.

But, as the years went on, the Holy See saw that if it had lost something by being robbed, it had on the other hand gained much. The administration of Rome and the Papal States had become an embarrassment. The Vatican had been freed for better things. But on one point it was, of course, absolutely clear: that it must be independent of the Italian State, and that this independence must manifestly appear as such. At the same time, it must try to sanctify the Italian State. The Church was established and maintained in Italy, but the Quirinal had no direct relations with the Holy See.

Already, at Milan, Achille Ratti had spoken of the Papacy as Italy's greatest glory; he had made it clear that he cherished Italy's future. He was prepared to take a lead in moves of conciliation, which were very generally desired. So, as soon as he was elected Pope, he went straight to the balcony above St. Peter's and gave the ancient blessing of the Popes, to the City and to the World — the blessing that had not been given since the seizure of Rome. Some people thought of this as a sign of a mind which made swift decisions; but, as a matter of fact, it had been generally agreed upon before the Conclave began.

Events rapidly assisted the Vatican's will for conciliation. The Pope was

crowned on February 12, 1922. In November of that year, Mussolini, after marching on Rome, became the Prime Minister of Italy, and immediately redintegrated religion in the life of the Italian State. He recognized papal titles and the degrees of the Catholic University; he put back the crucifix in the schools and arranged for priests to teach in them; he ordered officials to take part in religious processions, and he gave every facility for the functions of the Holy Year in 1925. But it was not until January 1929 that he arrived at the final arrangements for a Concordat, and the Treaty of the Lateran was finally signed on February 11, the seventh year after the Pope's coronation.

Perhaps I may be permitted to recall what I wrote about that event in the *Atlantic* for June of that year. The Treaty recognized the absolute independence of the Vatican to the extent of about a square mile of territory including St. Peter's, the Apostolic Palaces, and the Pope's Garden. It guaranteed to give the Pope a special railway station, should he require it for ceremonial visits. It recognized the full sovereign rights of the Papacy as an international power, while the Pope agreed not to enter international congresses, or become a party in international disputes. Finally, it gave financial restitution. Italy made a money payment of 750,000,000 lire, and gave 5 per cent bonds for a further 1,000,000,000 lire. By this means the Vatican was assured an income of something like two million dollars. Yet the total sum given did not reach the amount which Italy would have paid had she been asked to live up to the stipend of 500,000 dollars which she originally offered in 1870. Of course, in a practical sense, this money arrangement has bound up the resources of the Holy See with the fortunes of the Italian State; but not in principle. So far the arrangement has worked. Time will show the final result.

The other part of the Lateran agree-

ment was a concordat. By this arrangement the Italian State recognized the Canon Law, gave the Pope the free appointment of dignitaries in the Italian Church, and exchanged a Nuncio from the Pope for an Ambassador to him. The Italian Government promised, furthermore, to prevent in Rome anything which could impair the sacred character of the city, while the Church promised to make its dioceses march with those of the provinces of the Kingdom of Italy. The Bishops were to swear fealty to the head of the State. The State accepted 'instruction in Christian doctrine according to the traditional Catholic forms' as the foundation and the culmination of its teaching in schools and universities. Finally it recognized the organizations as 'Catholic Action' in so far as they confined themselves, under the Bishops, to the diffusion and development of Catholic principles.

Such was the Treaty of the Lateran; and it is that for which Italians honor Pius XI as the Pope of Conciliation. They put him with Mussolini as the man who enabled them to harmonize, and practically to identify, their religion with their patriotism, for which they are very grateful indeed. Of course the arrangement has not always worked quite smoothly, because from time to time the designs of Mussolini encroach. But when they do the Church protests, and after a time conciliation is again attained. That through the ages has been the history of the Church, and the history of Italy. In the very week of his death, the Pope was at issue with Mussolini over the question of racial marriages. But now for ten years the Treaty has been in force in Italy to the distinct advantage of both the Church and the State.

III

The Pope aimed at no other object so precise as this; but the great object of his reign was conciliation among the nations of Europe. In 1922, the results

of the war were bombarding Central Europe with the artillery of economic ruin. Austrian currency had collapsed in the preceding summer; Germany's was to follow in the autumn of 1922. In the spring of 1923, France invaded the Ruhr, and the Vatican protested, sending a special envoy to the invaded region. At that time the biggest battle of Pius XI was against the intransigence of France, and especially of its Royalist paper *Action Française*, which went so far as to tell him — in polite but vigorous terms — that he didn't know what he was talking about. Now, as the treatment of one nation by another is even more important than the treatment of one man by another, the Pope was being virtually told that, though he was called the Teacher and Father of Christians, he was incapable of guiding them. His answer was clear. He repudiated the *Action Française*; he placed it on the Index, and excommunicated its editors. Such a move was no less than necessary; otherwise the French would really have been without leadership from the head of their Church on a subject essential to the peace, and therefore also to the spiritual life, of Europe.

That struggle, in which he finally routed his enemies, was the culmination of the first five years of his Pontificate. Then followed seven years which centred on the economic crisis. In his last five years the Pope was constantly preoccupied with a still greater difficulty of aggressive nationalism — from the very Germany whom he had spent his first five years in defending. For, in spite of all his efforts, the French overreached themselves; the economic crisis provoked a final reaction in Central Europe, and the result was the victory of National Socialism.

At first it seemed possible that the Hitler Government, which recognized religion as a support against Communism, would come to an understanding with the Holy See. Hitler sent Herr von Papen to negotiate a concordat, in which

finally the Pope obtained practically all he considered necessary. The clergy were not to interfere with National Socialism, but neither was it to interfere with them. But it is one thing for Herr Hitler to sign an agreement, and another for him to keep it; and the latent conflict soon came to a head over education. The Hitler system aims at eliminating from a boy's mind every influence that conflicts with its own partisan view of history, its own national claims, its readiness for war. It presents a Christian leader with difficulties very similar to those presented by *Action Française*, but in even fiercer form. And the danger is the greater because this is not a party of a few brilliant intellectuals, but one that has control over the eighty millions of the armed German people. Furthermore in its racialism, its persecution of the Jews, its attacks on the religious orders, and the attitude of certain of its government newspapers towards the Jewish element in the Bible, it is as dangerous to the Christian tradition of culture as it is to the peace of Europe.

The conflict was inevitable, and the Pope could not have shown himself a greater friend to Germany than in warning Hitlerism against its errors. He pursued this course with that intrepid faith and that tenacity of purpose which were the outstanding features of his character. The consequence was that he gave the whole world a moral leadership which earned him the admiration of the Protestant countries, and which was nowhere more appreciated than by the German Christians, whether they were Catholic or Lutheran. In fact, this great international figure, the Pope of Rome, now became the chief bulwark of German Lutheranism. The freedom Hitler was compelled to give to the Catholic Church as an international force, particularly strong in Italy, he could not refuse to German Protestants. And, in defense of the Bible and its revelation, Catholics and Protestants acted together.

If the Pope was forced out of some of his strongholds of influence on Germany, he had one profound consolation: it was to see the people there crowding to Church as they had never done before. All over Germany there was a religious revival. 'For the first time in history,' the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne said to me, 'our great Cathedral is too small.' Nor can I forget what I heard from other priests. 'If the Hitler movement were to receive no check, it would soon bring us to greater disasters than 1914. We know well the nature of our task: it is not merely the Church we have to save, but Germany itself.' Such was the result of the leadership which Pius XI gave to German religion. It is a result only strengthened by the absorption of Austria and the Sudetenland, for they have made Germany a predominantly Catholic Reich.

The struggle is not over, but, as a famous German asked, 'Where Bismarck failed, can Hitler succeed?' As for Pius XI, he himself quoted the French proverb, *Qui mange du Pape en meurt*: 'Eat up the Pope if you like, but you will die of it in the end.' Herr von Papen himself said to me when I was lunching with him at the German Legation in Vienna: 'The political systems of the world all change; the Church survives. For the very reason of her struggles she survives. In the words which Macaulay adapted from Dryden: *Still doomed to death, the milk-white hind is still fated not to die.*'

IV

But there were times when Pope Pius XI felt those deep doubts of Europe which are so common in the United States. He saw it menaced with a war, and with a paganism, which he could not guarantee to prevent. In the days when he probed his heart with this deep questioning, he found a shining assurance in the very continents of Africa and Asia where there were fewest Christians. For in the Dark Continent there came a

wondrous dawning: thousands upon thousands were being born again by water and the Spirit, born to be partakers of the life of Christ, born to receive in Holy Communion the foretaste and the pledge of the infinite riches. This rapid success of missionary endeavor spread to India, Ceylon, and China. The Pope determined to make provision for it by removing these growing movements from dependence upon Europe, or from the venom of its appealing nationalisms. He consecrated for China alone no less than sixty bishops. In the Holy Year of 1925 he inaugurated a Missionary Exhibition which showed his men and women at work among the pagodas of China, among the African Hottentots, in the lands of the banana and the rice field, the mango and the palm. The British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, the year before, had given an impressive picture of the organization of material resources; the Pope showed his orders at work in the sacrifice of self, in the service and the healing of men benighted, in administering the mysteries of redemption and hallowing the name of the Heavenly Father, in spreading what Saint Paul had called 'the glorious gospel of the Blessed God.'

One of the Pope's remarkable innovations was to allow in China the veneration of Confucius. In the moral and philosophic teachings of that ancient guide he saw something akin to the work of Plato and Aristotle, whom Raphael had painted on the walls of the Vatican in the centre of Greek and Roman writers. For this great humanist Pope had not forgotten that the Church draws her wisdom from every source where wisdom can be found.

His relations with India were not confined to missionary work. It was one of his especial consolations to receive into union with the Holy See that ancient community, the Christians of Malabar, who claimed their origin from the Apostle Thomas and whose head was the Patriarch Mak Ivanios. This was one

fruit of a design which the Pope had very much at heart: the reconciliation of Christians, the unity of Christendom. In this he united with the generous lead given by Cardinal Mercier in response to the advances of Lord Halifax, the father of England's present Foreign Secretary. From his young manhood, Lord Halifax had centred his personal attraction, his brilliant gifts of brain and fortune, his beautiful character, on one dream — the reconciliation of the Anglican Church with the Holy See. Pope Pius XI gave his blessing to all that Cardinal Mercier and Lord Halifax did for this great end. And the Conversations of Malines remain as a signpost for a work to be resumed in drawing all Christians of the West together, that they may be one in the mystery of their Faith.

But not less — nay, even more — did the Pope commend this work of conciliation between Rome and the various national Churches of the East. Often his advances were uncompromisingly rejected; for, to tell the truth, 'No Popery!' is a much fiercer cry in Greece or Jerusalem than it is in Germany or Western Europe. But the Pope persevered, making the most of the fact that there were many millions in Rumania, in Poland, and in Armenia who worshiped with rites indistinguishable from those of peoples cut from unity with, and in fact militantly adverse to, the Holy See. His heart was especially tender with sympathy for Russia, where so many had suffered for their religion and so many were the victims of militant paganism. The hope he nourished was that as religion dawned once more upon those regions of steppes and cities, on those Russian territories so vast that they had been soberly computed to equal the surface of the moon, it would dawn not as the exclusive property of imperial nationalism, but as a radiance to share with other Christians, as an impulse of love that could add to the great wave of intercession which

poured towards himself, something that could take advantage of his solicitude, something that would find in the Holy See a focus for the irradiation of their unity with all the other Christians of the world. In their venerable liturgies, he said, were veins of gold, in their traditions and their saints a treasure of which the West hardly dreamed.

To assist in this work, the Pope encouraged the Benedictines to found in Belgium a priory for the study of Russia and its Christianity. These monks tended at times to take a greater interest in the Western world; for, to tell the truth, a Protestant who knows his Bible is a great deal closer to Roman Catholicism than the vague and uninstructed adherent of, let us say, the Church of Greece. But some narrow minds in England resented this generous movement, and protested so loudly that the Monks of Union were restrained from showing any interest in Western Europe.

Finally the Pope had to face the fact that, for the present at least, the move towards religious revival, or religious unity in Russia, must cede its place to a struggle against the aggressive side of Communism. Communism, as a force of militant atheism, not only continues to stifle religious instinct in Russia, but has recently menaced France and worked havoc in Spain. When the Spanish War began in 1936, the Republican Government was in full diplomatic relations with the Holy See; but later in the year, after a fierce scuffle in Spain's very Embassy to the Holy See, the Republicans were routed, and the emissaries of Franco installed themselves. They were formally recognized a few months later, and the Pope in one of his most beautiful allocutions spoke of the love he felt towards all his sons, even those who were responsible for insults to himself and for crimes. He advocated towards them patience and charity. These beautiful and generous words were afterwards echoed by the Spanish Bishops in their appeal for intercession and conciliation.

On the very day the Pope died he saw Franco's troops arriving at the French frontier of Catalonia; he had heard for a month of the joy with which they had been received by the people of Catalonia; and he died knowing that militant Communism had been defeated and discredited in Western Europe.

Exactly four weeks before, he had had another special consolation. It was to receive Mr. Chamberlain, and with him that Lord Halifax whose father had been so long known and esteemed at the Vatican. The Pope spoke of reactionary regions and of the duties of democracy, of racial persecution and the need of helping refugees. He spoke of the close attention with which he had watched British policy, of the pressing evils of the time, and of the confidence which, in spite of all, he felt in the future. Courage and readiness he felt sure would still live on among those that spoke the English language. 'You know better than I do,' he said finally, 'what is in the English race.'

V

For more than two years the Pope had been living as an invalid, his limbs having begun in the terrible extreme of his illness to suffer from the actual corruption of death. But the gallant old man, already eighty, recovered, and lived on for two years. Exhausted and fragile as he was, he did not live those two years in vain. Europe surmounted terrible dangers, but none of the sinister agencies working for war succeeded, and, even though at a high tension, peace was maintained.

In the middle of his reign Pius XI had to confront the breakdown of American business, and the consequences which shook the world as though by a universal earthquake and thus called forth the most noted and far-reaching of his pronouncements, the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*, which was followed shortly after by another beginning with the

touching words *Caritate Christi Compulsi* — 'Constrained by the Love of Christ.'

These both dealt with our modern citizenship, where politics and economics are so closely intermingled. The Pope sketched from precise experience the danger of materialistic sovietism, the danger of a State which claimed a hold over man's every freedom; and, with equal clearness, the danger of a financial system founded on stocks and shares, where a single group of men, responsible to no one, perhaps almost unknown, and even without a clear sense of their own aims, could sway and control the lives of millions. He also complained of excessive taxation, especially in the form of death duties, which can disturb the economic unity of a property, a business, or a family. He pointed to the need of corporations in which workmen could discuss with their directors and proprietors the due apportionment of profits, and where all could work together in harmony for the good of the State.

In fact, the Pope practically said that apart from the danger of excessive nationalism, militarism, and undue exaltation of the State, the system that Mussolini had inaugurated in Italy had much to recommend it: it avoided the dangers of a materialistic Communism and of irresponsible capital. It lodged power neither in trusts and combines nor in the system of a centralized bureaucracy

headed by a tyrant. These are subtle and illuminating documents which cast a light down the avenues we are treading. No thinker can afford to ignore them.

Such, then, were the contributions of Pius XI to the history of this age of tension, of restless diversion, of disturbing change, of trampling nations organized for campaigns more often unjust than just. They were the contributions of a trained mind and resolute character: a character confident, and at times almost stubborn, but also spiritual and sweet.

Once, welcoming a gathering of Italian youths in the Cortile of San Damaso, I heard him speak, in ringing tones, of Rome as 'sanctified even to-day by the presence of the Vicar of Christ on Earth.' He had that assurance, — not in himself, but in his office and in the promises of Christ, — and it added an unflinching force to his authority; but with it went also a love for natures which, like the crocus, lay their face to earth. And, in speaking of how some of these have been made the saints of to-day, I once heard him say of Divine Providence that it not only gives us all we need of food to eat and air to breathe, but gives with an exquisite, delicate intuition that surpasses the tenderest solicitude of human affection; it offers us at each particular moment those aids, those consolations, those loves, which best help to make us pure and holy, and lead us in themselves to everlasting joy.

OUR INSTITUTION IS BRICK

BY CHARLOTTE BOOTH

[CHARLOTTE BOOTH is now attending high school in Omaha, Nebraska. Her entertaining diary, which she illustrated with tiny and delightful drawings, was kept before her twelfth birthday and during a period when she and her two sisters were living in an institutional home. It was written without the assistance of anyone and was her way of sharing with her mother, a dietitian, the things that seemed to her interesting or unusual. Incidentally, the matron she mentions has now been replaced.

—THE EDITOR]

February 6. — Our institution is brick. It has four floors. We eat and hang our wraps in the basement there are five long tables and one for the matrons which has a table cloth. We are not allowed to talk at table or to make noise with our tin cups on first floor is matron's room and the boys playroom and the girls playroom. These have lockers around the edge and a table in the middle we sit on the lockers and matron hits the table when we talk or lines us up and whops us. It is best to be on the end of the line.

February 7. — Our yard is very hard and has no grass. There is a high fence around. Outside the fence I can reach weeds which are interesting. Some of them have little flowers. I like to put one foot in a hole of the fence and hang onto it above my head. It leaves marks on my forehead. I hate the gate and would like to hit it with all my might.

February 9. — The board met today. Everybody talks very much with their

eyebrows raised and smiles with their lips very thin together and says to each other behind their hands. They always notice how tall you've grown. Mr. Halm talks very much with his eyebrows and uses very big words and always folds his hands when he has said something. At table he choked on his coffee and covered his mouth with both of his hands and it ran down his sleeves and he got very red and looked around very quick and laughed kinda silly. Matron looked at me very stern.

February 13. — We played cops and robbers. Dorothy and I are robbers always. There are many big pipes and boxes and shoots and we hide in these. We like to climb on the water pipes. Cook says they will bust and much water will come out very fast and I hope this happens before I leave. We have wooden guns which we made of wood.

February 23. — Up stairs is the stock. It is a cupboard with many square holes and two big doors and many many clothes. We wear long underwear in winter and unbuttoned in summer. They have supporters on them. Supporters are very interesting. They fasten with little rubber doornobs which leave bumps on your stockings. Matrons supporters are on a wide rubber belt which she wears to push her stomach to somewhere else. It looks certainly to be too small. She also hangs her underwear on the line. It is like winter but she has cut the legs off just below the knees so it won't show on her ankles. Cooks under-

ware is dirty around the neck. We also have many red-checked ginam dresses. They have very high necks long sleeves and big buttons down the back. We also have many black sateen bloomers.

March 11. — At sabbeth school we learned a psalm. 'I lift up mine eyes unto the hills.'

March 27. — It was Maryalices birthday she is 12 years old.

April 7. — We played ship in the wash tubs. We are sitting in corners now.

April 15. — My girl friend is now adopted. She has been my best friend since I gave her my name for her cricket. My crickets name is Creecree. He has just one hopper on which I tie a string. He has a house of little stones which I made and he must like it very much as I have to take it apart to get him out. We tried to have a cricket race in the kitchen but they wouldnt go in a straight line and I got my dress dirty on the stove to get mine from behind and Dorothy broke a bole. Matron was very excited and screamed when she stepped on one and it was very funny and we were very naughty because she was very excited.

April 18. — We fight very much here but we are not allowed to hit each other. Maryalice always gets the worst end of a fight but we always help each other. I can take care of myself mostly and can win against anybody here.

April 26. — I accidentally scratched Helen and she was just waiting to get something on me so she told matron and matron made her scratch me back till I have a big raw place on my arm.

May 1. — Today we got to take off our long underwear. It feels very cool and free.

May 2. — We have a cat named Felix and when you swing him around by the tail he gets dizzy and knocks over the milk cans.

May 3. — In sabbeth school we learned a new song. 'Jesus wants me for a sunbeam to shine for Himeech day.'

May 6. — Today a few of us took a ride down the clothes shoot it was much fun but matron was at the bottom sorting clothes. We had to stand for fifteen minutes holding our hands above our head.

May 10. — Margaret helped me put my braids up today. She does not pull. My Hair is too short and they stand straight out.

May 13. — We learned a nice song in school.

'Upon a morning sunny
There sat a big brown bee
I'll show you lots of honey
If you'll just come with me
Buss, buss with me
Buss, buss with me.'

May 16. — Today we had our May dances and got very sunburned.

May 18. — Mama took us all to a mother and daughter banquet. We were all very sunburned but we had very pretty dresses on with ruffles. The dresses are our own.

May 25. — Martha used Alices belt for a dog harness. Alice and Martha are mad at each other. Alice said 'good nite everybody but Martha' and we all took sides. When we heard matron we pretended we were asleep. Matron said 'everybody that is snoring may come with me.' She had us stand in the basement for a long time. It was very dark and very cold and looked much different than daytime.

May 29. — The cherries are red and nice and warm but we are not supposed to eat them. Superintendent stood with her hands on her hips and scolded us very long and her feet were funny. She said we could not have any cherry pie. We told cook we hoped there were worms in them. We were set in corners. Every corner had someone in it and on the stairs and porches.

June 1. — Today we seeded many cherries. They were in the dishpan on the table and we all sat around. We each had a separate pan for seeds so matron could see how much we did. When we do

this kind of work we tell each other stories which we make as we go along.

June 3. — We have a new girl. Her name is Jean. She is very dumb. We tied her to a table and made her drink water a long time. She had a stomach ache all day. At night we woke each other up and took our sheets and were gosses and scared her. The next thing we told her she was dead and she believed it and cried.

June 5. — A bird composition I wrote was put in the paper. Matron said I would get a big head. A boy on our street has one. It is full of water. He is also very dumb.

June 7. — We went to sabbeth school. Sabbath school is where they tell you about people who go bearfoot and believe in angels and the men are fishers and the wemon are poor widows.

June 12. — Today was wash day and the machine got cloged up and matron said 'there is a pin in there and lots of lint' and cook stuck her finger down and said 'ouch' then they took a screw out and worked on it till the water came all a sudden and very fast. Matron was on her nees and couldn't get up and cook says 'the buckets getting full wheres the stopper' and they couldnt find it and they both got very excited and it was lots of fun.

June 15. — When we play store we scrap the white stuff between the bricks for powder and the bricks for rouge. Today a brick came out so we pretended we were wreckers and took out a lot of bricks.

June 16. — Today we are all sitting in corners again.

June 21. — We got a lot of baloons today and everybody is bloing up baloons. There is reading on them which looks like matron when you start and looks like cook when you finish. The house is full of them like gay bubbles and full of colors. Matron has a terrible time expecting another one to break all the time. It is fun from far off with a bean shooter.

June 24. 'Spring Song'

A birch tree scattered here and there
A quiet stillness in the air
A reddish glow in the western sky
A bird on the branch of a tree near by.
A little girl on her knees bent
Is watching the bird, well content.

July 1. — Today is my birthday. I am 11 years old. I got two presents. I got a pair of silk pants. I shall not wear them because they are pretty. I also got a silver pencil. When you break the lead you twist the top and more comes. Matron says soon it will not come any more but I do not believe her.

To celebrate I was allowed to sit at the big girls table.

July 5. — Mama promised to come to see us today. I waited and waited but she didnt. Matron said a watched pot never boils. She often gets off the track like that.

July 6. — There are cockroches in our kitchen and bathroom and at night when you turn on the light they run in every direction. Some of them look two inches long and you can catch them by their whiskers and they kick all their legs.

July 8. — Today we had our work changed. I am glad. I have dusted the stairs for two years. On Saturdays I took the little rubber things off and scrubed them also the one in the hall. We all wax together and take turns at dishes and scrubbing the kitchen. Once a week cook sweeps the dirt out from behind the stove. It made matron nervous for me to dust the stairs head first.

July 11. — I lost my hat today and matron said dont come back without it so I walked all over the clifs and cried all day but my girl friend brot me some bread and I began to enjoy myself and forgot to even hunt until one of our kids came told me it was found and I was sorry it was.

July 13. — We like to swing very high standing up and see who can jump the farthest. Matron says 'why arnt we scared' but why should we be. I am

not afraid of anything except grown people and kids who do not belong to us.

July 14. — We had locker inspection. I found a navy button, a red cross feather and many needles. Matron gathered up and burned our guns which she always does.

July 18. — Today was bath day again. They start with the young uns first and put them to bed right after. Matron washes the girls in one bathroom and supertendent washes the boys in the other. Second matron helps sup. and the girl helps matron you undress just before you are next and she hurries you in the tub while the water runs in. She uses very little water which does not even cover my legs. When she is finished she gives us to the girl who drys us very fast and is very rough. She also washes our face neck and ears in the sink. While everybody is too busy bathing to punish us we have very much fun. As we go barefoot we must wash our feet every night. We sit around the edge of the tub with water up to our knees and take about an hour. If you are not careful someone will push you in which is fun to see.

July 23. — We have a girl who came from the Child Saving Institute. Her name is Alice. She said a wild bull chased her but she caught it by the horns and it took her right where she was going. Now you know thats just pure brag.

July 24. — My work now is making the beds with May L. in the lower dormitory. We get one on each side. We changed our own blankets with some others' which were cleaner. We also put some pepper between the pillow slip and pillow on Alices bed who we dont like.

July 29. — Sometimes we all have to take our cups to matron and she puts epsim salts in them then we put water in and have to drink it It tastes *very* bad but if you let water run in a long time it hardly tastes atall.

August 2. — Today at church we saw the preachers new baby. A preacher is a very delicate person with the makins of an acter. They lean over and pat you on the head.

August 6. — Today we had cake and there were many little red ants in it. If nobody had paid any mind to them the cake would tast the same but matron said 'heat it and they will run out' but they didn't and it was strange eating them cooked. Ants wear their belts to tight and look like cook with her apron on.

August 10. — I got my dress very wet and was crying because matron would be very excited about it but cook said go swing awhile so I did and it was dry very soon.

August 13. — Matron says I must go to bed every night before supper for a week because I was impudent. Impudent is when you talk when your mad. Matron is often impudent. Matron and cook are impudent to each other. Matron says she is to gentel to quarrel Cook dont care about being genteel and dont like hipocrits. Cooks belly hangs over her belt and her uniform pulls between the buttons. She is always wiping her face on her apron and her shoes are very slanty. Matron is skinny and her neck hangs. She stands with her feet very out and talks to second matron about supertendent. Second matron dont like to be called second matron She also gets very excited when we go in the coal bin to play.

August 16. — There are wild berry bushes back of the garage we found these and they were very good. Matron would never have noticed if it hadn't been for our pockets.

August 19. — I like the mornings very much. We wake up when Felix wants in. He mews at the window and we let him in and play with him till we hear matron in the hall when we push him out and cover up quick. When it is very early there is streaks in the sky. Then the sun comes up like a red bright moon and is

much larger than at noontime. The wind rolls up the clouds like blankets and blows them away. Everything is very clean.

August 23. — Matron and second matron were arguing if 'when better fools were made the wemon will make them' ment the wemon will be the fools or make them out of the men and cook said a married woman would never wonder and May asked matron if she didnt get cold sleeping alone and matron said 'that will be enough out of you.'

September 2. — It has been raining much lately and school will soon start.

September 4. — I like rain very much. It dances in the streets and makes a happy sound and has little colors like jools and leaves everything clean and young looking. I also like sunbeams. They make everything they shine on very interesting.

September 10. — We started school. I am in 5th grade now. Next year I will go upstairs. I like music art and arithmetic. I do not like history or geography I am bad in spelling. I can ask matron how to spell words when I want them though. It would be alright if we wernt taught to spell with sounds.

September 21. — We are now well started in school and gee do I feel rottenner than heck.

September 23. — Our teacher this year is very strict rules but she dont make anybody obey them. She says 'do you want to leave the room' then later 'Im going to send you right out' later 'somebody is going out in the hall purty soon' and so on.

September 25. — We learned a dance in school today. I love to dance but we have to take off our shoes and when I have holes in my sox it makes me funny.

October 3. — Matrons father died and she is mad because now she hasnt anywhere to store her things.

October 6. — Everyone with bad colds is kept home from school. Every morning every body must line up and take a

spoonful of medicine. There is a certain spoon which is washed at the end of the giving and is laid by the bottle. This medicine tastes very good but gives you a very bad stomach ache. It is called cas cara. If we cough we can stay home. We take scouring powder to bed with us which makes us sneeze.

October 9. — Somebody sent us a lot of gum and we all are chewing gum. Cook slams down on hers like she was cracking nuts in her teeth and never misses a chew even when she talks. At supper we stuck it behind our ears where we could find it again. I forgot mine was in my mouth and I dont know where it went. Matron took most of it to her nephew. May got hers in her hair in the night.

October 11. — I caught a fly and put him in a powder box but he died. I like to catch flies right out of the air because it surprises every body and makes their eyes pop out. Flies wash their face like a cat then they clap their hands.

October 13. — Ruth wanted a tin can to play with and I wanted it and she pulled and I pulled and it cut my hands so I let go and it hit her in the face and she sat down hard. I was sent to bed and everyone went on a picnic. The house is very quiet and empty except for cook who is singing and ratteling down stairs.

October 15. — Some men came out to fix some wires. They have spurs on their shoes so they can climb just like monkeys. They left much melted metal and wire and tar. I made a nigger baby out of this and put it on the window sill and it melted and matron was very concerned.

October 17. — We found some good tin cans to put on our shoes. If you put them on right they will stay and will make a lovely clang clang when you walk. Almost all of us have them on today so the yard is full of this sound.

October 21. — Worms were found in our cornmeal. Matron wanted cook to

sift them out but cook said she wouldnt and there was a big argument and they forgot about worms and argued about each other. I, for one, do not want cornmeal with worms sifted out.

October 23. — We saw a soldier today. The navy suits are cuter. They are dark blue with squar collars and stripes between the elbow and wrist of the sleeves to keep the sailors from wiping their nose on the sleeve.

October 25. — Mama took us for a walk and when we got back in sight of the institution Frances sat down on the sidewalk and would not move and screemed and mama picked her up and took her pants down and spanked her good and a lady came along and said she must be murdering the child and she must quit but mama said shut up and spanked Frances some more.

October 27. — Matron was hunting for something and tooke everything out of her purse. I dont think she can ever get it all back tho her purse is very big and looks like a young suitcase. She encouraged herself the whole time.

November 1. — I have a new coat. It has a very wide and very thick hem and the pockets are on it. There is fur on the collar which stinks when it rains.

November 6. — Today they washed the clothes. The machine sings a little song which is alwys in time with the one you are singing. You can make it change it to. Cooks hangs them up and shakes them. When water is let out it makes a crooked river and flotes things down and runs over stones and around little hills.

November 8. — We found some kittens in the snow. They were in a cardbord box which was turned on its side. There was four babies and a mother cat. Three of them had their eyes shut and every-one of them was very bloody and crying. We wanted to bring them in but matron said no. They all died in the night and we buried them all in a row.

November 14. — We like to play in bed we are not alowed to talk so we just act. Your bed is your house and you can arrange your covers and pillows. Sometimes we play show. We use lipstick from matrons room and wipe it off on the covers when we hear someone. We use the covers for clothes and a flashlight for a spotlight. Matron says it has very poor batterys it hangs on a nail in the stairway.

November 18. — We have a new girl. We like her very much therefore we showed her how to open the store room padlock with a pin and good places in the house to hide her things.

November 22. — The windows are icy and have pictures of tropical forests and fairys and anything you want. Sometimes they steam but if you draw on them matron surprises you by taking hold of your ear.

November 23. — The snow has been piled by the curbing and is froze so we walk on it and are mountain climers all the way to school. Nobody has been going to school with us this fall.

November 26. — We have another new girl. We told her matron was Miss Spinster and cooks name is Miss Arbuckel. We keep around so we can hear when she will call them.

November 29. — It snowed some very soft snow which looks like silk cotton. We lay down in it and move our arms up and down which makes an angel in the snow when you get up.

December 1. — Matron says 'Ill tell you a riddle' to second matron 'I am swift I am useful what am I.' Second matron said 'a lier' cook laughed very hard till she looked at matron. She stopped very sudden.

December 3. — Today a man came to see supertendent who matron was telling cook about and cook tried hard to see him and matron didn't think he was much because he looked too poor and my god was he homly.

December 5. — We are having much

snow and it is quite cool. One might say even cold.

December 7. — It was very funny when the preacher lost his place in the Bible and had to hunt the scripture lesson. Matron leaned over and said 'Ill take care of you when we get home young lady,' and she did.

December 9. — We always wax on Wednesdays. When matron keeps going around to see another room waxed we run and slide on our polish clothes. We also sit on them and push each other around. It is more polished down the middle.

December 11. — We wear our over-shoes fastened till we get to the top of the hill because matron wants them fastened we unfasten them then and let them flap because we girls are wearing them that way now.

December 14. — Virginia was scratching her head and everybody was scratching their head and matron said come here to me and she looked, then she looked at some others then she looked at second matron and they groaned. So now we get our heads warshed with something like cholorform and they comb us with a comb with teeth on both sides and very fine.

December 17. — The snow is very beautiful now. It shines in the sun like many little pin points and has blue and red in tiny spots which keep changing. It is very thick on top of the branches. It is also very crisp and makes a happy sound when you walk on it. Some places it will hold you without breaking. Walking on top is like being invisible.

December 19. — There are people our

age who write letters and want to carry on a corespondence with some of us but nobody so far has answered any of them.

December 24. — Tomorrow is Crist-mas. The Jews spell it Xmas. We have the house decorated with bells and red and green paper and some santy clauses which we made. The house looks very gay and expecting but red and green look rotten together. Some of us have already hung our stockings on our beds as after our prayers we cannot talk or play as we must 'ponder' them which we dont.

December 25. — Today is Cristmas. We all woke up very early. We are not allowed to get up before seven o'clock but we always talk and have a very good noisy time. We all had a handkerchief and an orange in our stocking. This afternoon some men came out and the one that was Santy Clause had us close our eyes and put a doll in arms. We each also get a pair of beads, a doll-sewing kit, a bottle of perfume and candy. Matron took a box and gathered up all the candy. We had a swell diner. We had turkey, mashpotatos, cramberys, gravy, and pudding and were allowed to have as much of each as we wanted and two glasses of milk apeace.

December 28. — The barber college came to cut our hair. One asked me if I liked it here and they all laughed when I said no. They also made much fun of the government to each other. One of them said it has made it out of fashion to make pockets. The gov. is very rich cause it can borrow and very poor cause it cant pay back.

YOUR GENERAL DOES NOT SLEEP

BY EMILIO LUSSU

I

OUR new Divisional Commander, Lieutenant General Leone, was introduced to us in dispatches by our Army Corps Commander as 'a soldier of proved courage and determination.'

I came across him for the first time at Mount Spill, near battalion headquarters.

Standing at attention, I gave him the latest information concerning our battalion.

'At ease,' said the General curtly. 'Where have you been fighting up to now?'

'With my brigade, on the Carso, sir.'

'Have you been wounded?'

'No, sir.'

'What! You've been at the front since the beginning of the war and have never been wounded? Not even once?'

'No, sir, except for a few slight wounds that did not necessitate leaving the battalion.'

'But I mean serious wounds.'

'I haven't had any, sir.'

'Were you present at all the fighting in which your brigade has taken part?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Most extraordinary. Are you by any chance lacking in courage?'

I said to myself, 'No one except an army corps commander can effectively deal with a man like this.'

Since I did not answer at once, the General repeated his question.

'I think not,' I replied.

'Do you merely think not, or are you sure?'

'In war one can be sure of nothing, sir,' I answered gently, and in the hope of propitiating him I added with the merest suggestion of a smile: 'Not even of being sure.'

The General did not smile. I do not think he was capable of smiling. His steel helmet, with the chin strap fixed, gave him a metallic look. His mouth was invisible, and but for his moustache one might almost have thought he had none. His eyes were gray and hard.

He changed the subject.

'Do you like war?'

I hesitated. Ought I to answer the question? There were officers and men standing round us, listening to what was being said. I decided to answer as best I could.

'I was in favor of Italy's participation in the war, sir, and at my university I was the leader of the interventionist group.'

'That,' said the General with terrible calm, 'concerns the past. I'm asking you about the present.'

'War is a serious matter . . . and it would be hard to say whether . . . ' He was staring at me with evident dissatisfaction. I went on: 'At all events, I do my duty. In every way.'

'I did not ask you,' the General retorted, 'whether you did your duty or not. In war, everyone does his duty, because if he doesn't he risks being shot. I asked you whether you liked war.'

'Whether I like war?' I repeated despondently.

The General, inexorable, continued to glare at me. The pupils of his eyes seemed to have grown. They gave me the impression that they were revolving in their sockets.

'You can't answer?' he insisted.

'Well, it seems to me . . . I can say, at any rate, that I . . . ' I floundered in desperate search of a possible answer.

'Well?'

'That personally — that is, speaking for myself, in a general way — I can't really profess to have any particular *liking* for war.'

'Attention!' snapped the General.

I was already standing at attention.

'Then you are in favor of peace?'

His voice bristled with surprise and contempt.

'So, you are for peace,' he continued, 'like a silly woman who sees nothing beyond her home and all its comforts! Is that it?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, then, what kind of peace do you want?'

'A peace . . . ' A sudden inspiration came to my rescue. 'A victorious peace.'

The General seemed reassured and asked me to accompany him to the front line.

II

Our trench was solidly built of stones and earth. The men could walk along it upright without being seen by the enemy. Our snipers kept a good lookout, firing through loopholes, from under cover.

The General peered through the loopholes, but this did not satisfy him. He had stones heaped in such a way that he could stand on them and look over the parapet through his field glasses. His head and shoulders were thus fully exposed.

'Sir,' I said, 'the Austrians are remarkably good shots. It's dangerous to expose yourself in this way.'

The General took no notice, but con-

tinued looking through his glasses. Two reports rang out from the enemy's lines and the bullets whistled past him. Two more followed, still nearer. Only then did he get down, calm and unhurried. I looked at him closely. He had an air of arrogant indifference.

One of our sentries, a few paces off, was looking through his loophole and paying no attention to us. But a few men and a corporal of the 12th Company had gathered about us in a small group and were watching the General with more distrust than admiration. In the reckless demeanor of their divisional commander they evidently found some cause for apprehension concerning their own fate. He looked at them with satisfaction.

'If you are not afraid,' he said to the corporal, 'do what your General has just done.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the corporal, and, leaning his rifle against the side of the trench, he climbed on to the mound.

Instinctively I seized him by the arm and pulled him down.

'The Austrians are on the lookout now, sir,' I said; 'they won't miss again.'

The General, with a furious look, reminded me of the vast difference in rank between himself and me. I let go of the corporal's arm and said no more.

'It's all right, sir,' said the corporal, and climbed up again.

Hardly had his head appeared above the parapet when a volley rang out. The Austrians were evidently waiting with their rifles covering the spot. The corporal was not touched. He remained there leaning against the parapet, his whole chest exposed.

'Bravo!' said the General. 'Now you can get down.'

From the enemy trenches a single shot rang out. The corporal toppled backwards on to us. I bent over him. A bullet had gone clean through his chest, below the collarbone, and blood was trickling from his mouth. With

half-closed eyes, scarcely able to breathe, he murmured to me: 'It's nothing, sir.'

The men gazed at the General with hatred in their eyes.

'He's a hero — a true hero,' said the General, taking a silver lira piece from his pocket. 'Here,' he said, 'drink a glass of wine when you get the chance.'

The wounded man made a gesture of refusal with his head and hid his hands. The General stood with the coin between his fingers and, after a moment's hesitation, let it drop on to the corporal's body. No one picked it up.

Continuing his tour of inspection of the front line, the General reached the end of the section occupied by our battalion and dispensed with my services.

I went back to battalion headquarters. The front line was seething with indignation. The news of what had happened had spread throughout the sector, largely owing to the stretcher bearers, who, in carrying the corporal to the dressing station, had told everyone they met about the incident.

III

It was hardly to be expected that an officer as intrepid as General Leone would remain inactive for long. He wanted at all costs to capture Monte Fior. Every day he was up in the front line, calculating distances, scribbling on maps, making plans. Finally he worked out a scheme consisting of a surprise attack in full daylight, with bayonets, to be carried out by my battalion, which was considered the one most familiar with the terrain in question.

The attack was fixed for the twenty-sixth. However, on the twenty-fourth, the Austrians fell back, abandoning Monte Fior to us in much the same way that we had abandoned it to them. Their retirement, which must have taken some days to carry out, had been cleverly concealed from us. When we discovered it, we promptly advanced, and had only

a few encounters with scattered patrols that had been left in the front line.

The General was even bolder, when it came to a war of movement, than he had been in trench warfare. He gave orders that our troops were never, by day or night, to lose contact with the enemy, and insisted on our brigade commander's remaining in person with our vanguard. Our brigadier, in spite of his advanced age, put himself at the head of the 1st Company and was killed in a skirmish with enemy patrols. It was a great grief to the entire brigade, for the men were much attached to him.

When General Leone heard of his death his determination was redoubled.

'He must be avenged!' he announced. 'Avenged at once!'

His thirst for revenge was somewhat slaked by the tactics of the enemy. Their machine-gun detachments were fighting with dogged persistence, ready to sacrifice their own lives if by so doing they could check our advance. The General cast off his habitual calm. Climbing a tree, he took up his position at the top of it, like the captain of a ship at the masthead.

'Forward, men!' he shouted. 'You must avenge your brigadier!'

'If we were to avenge our brigadier in good earnest,' growled Captain Canevacci to me, 'we'd have two generals dead to-day. Our revenge would leave the post of divisional commander vacant once more.'

Towards evening, enemy resistance weakened. The General had come down from his tree and was marching on foot between the 2nd Battalion and ours, followed by an orderly leading his mule. From in front of us a voice suddenly cried: —

'Halt! Ground your packs!'

'Who was that?' asked the General in a burst of anger.

It was a private of the 7th Company of the 2nd Battalion, on liaison duty, who, having come to a point where the path forked, had warned the men behind

him to stop, so that the scouts might have time to find out which was the right track to follow. One of them had been killed only a moment before, and it was clearly unwise to continue the advance without reconnoitring the terrain. He was only obeying orders, as Captain Zavattari, of the 6th, pointed out to the General.

'Have that man shot,' ordered the General.

Captain Zavattari was an officer of the reserve and the senior captain of our regiment. In civil life he was head of a bureau in the Ministry of Education. It seemed inconceivable to him that he could have one of his men shot. He explained this carefully to the General.

'Have him shot at once!' replied the General without a moment's hesitation.

Captain Zavattari went away, and, having questioned the scout, returned to the General, who immediately demanded, 'Have you had him shot?'

'No, sir. He was merely carrying out his orders. In calling out "Ground your packs," it never occurred to him that he might be exhibiting slackness or indiscipline. One of the scouts had just been killed, and a halt was necessary to reconnoitre the terrain.'

'Have him shot all the same,' replied the General in an icy tone. 'An example must be made.'

'How can I have a man shot when he's committed no crime?'

The General did not have Captain Zavattari's juridical turn of mind, and he flew into a rage.

'Give orders at once for a firing squad,' he shouted, 'and don't force me to have you shot too, by my own carabinieri.'

Captain Zavattari realized that there was nothing to be done unless he could find some expedient for saving the scout's life.

'Very well, sir,' he replied.

'Carry out the order and report to me at once.'

Captain Zavattari went forward again

to his company, which had halted to await orders. He ordered a firing squad to fire a volley at a tree trunk and made the stretcher bearers place the body of the scout who had just been killed on a stretcher. He then returned to the General, followed by the stretcher bearers and their burden. The men, who knew nothing of the reason for so macabre a stratagem, stared dumbfounded at one another.

'The man has been shot,' said Captain Zavattari.

Seeing the stretcher, the General stood at attention and saluted it proudly. He appeared deeply moved.

'Let us salute our country's martyrs! In war, discipline is a grievous necessity. Let us honor our dead!'

IV

A violent hailstorm had reduced the temperature to freezing point, and we were all drenched to the skin. We had a blanket each and a sailcloth cover, but we were still wearing our summer kit. The cold was unbearable. At midnight we were allowed to light fires, as the enemy was some way off and the wood hid us from sight.

We were sitting round the fires. The fir branches burned with a resinous smell. The men were discussing in whispers the events of the day. Suddenly a stentorian cry resounded through the wood.

'Keep a good lookout! Don't sleep! The enemy is not far off!'

Who could it be?

'Keep a lookout! Anyone who falls asleep is a dead man. Your General does not sleep. Be on your guard!'

It was General Leone.

The cavernous voice shattered the silence of the night. I had just left my place near one of the fires, where I had been sitting beside our battalion commander, and was standing near the men of the 12th Company, who were crouching in groups about the blazing branches.

They were quite unaware of my presence.

'Keep a lookout! Your General is here. Don't sleep!'

The voice was coming nearer and nearer. The General was walking through our battalion.

'The madman is awake,' whispered a private of the 12th.

'Generals are better dead than awake,' commented another.

'Is no one going to have a shot at that butcher?' whispered the first speaker.

'I'm going to. I'm going to have a shot at him.'

The speaker was an oldish man who until now had said nothing and who seemed exclusively intent on warming himself. He was sitting next to the sergeant.

The men were huddled so closely round the fire that the flames lit their faces, and I could recognize each one. The sergeant was kneeling motionless, his hands held out to the flames. He said nothing.

'If he shows himself, I'll shoot him,' repeated the same man. And I saw him take up his rifle and load it.

'Keep a lookout! Be on your guard!' thundered the General.

He suddenly became visible, between two of the fires, about fifty paces away. He was wearing his trench helmet and a long gray cloak. A thick scarf was wrapped round his neck and shoulders. He walked with measured step, shouting with both hands to his mouth. In the flickering light he looked like a phantom.

'Keep awake!'

'Curious, isn't it?' I said suddenly. 'The General doesn't seem to need any sleep.'

The soldier lowered his rifle. The sergeant sprang to his feet and offered me his place by the fire.

V

General Leone was directing all the preparations for the forthcoming attack in person. From early morning onwards he was always to be found in the front

line, accompanied by the regimental commander. The General liked to see to everything himself. His tenacity of purpose was even greater than his daring. This time he was determined to break through.

Rumors had spread during the night that a number of batteries of different calibre were to take part in the operations. So those accursed trenches and barbed-wire entanglements were going to be blown up for us at last by the artillery!

The field guns could not be said to be arriving en masse. However, General Leone was determined to produce one, at least, for our benefit. He had a 75 gun dragged up to the front by way of mule tracks and mountain paths. Where its companions were, none of us ever discovered. Probably they too had been sent like ambassadors extraordinary, to the various brigades scattered over the plateau. They must have remained silent, however, for we never heard their voices.

Artillerymen and infantry made a wide breach in our trench and ran the gun into it so that the wheels were outside and the carriage inside the trench. As soon as the Austrians saw it, they opened fire. The gun, with its armored shield, was not damaged by rifle fire, and the General ordered the lieutenant in command of the artillery to start firing.

The General, the Colonel, Captain Bravini, and I were standing near, under cover of the trench. After the first few rounds General Leone, his usual grim expression unchanged, began to rub his hands with satisfaction, looking round at the men as though to say: 'See what your General has brought you!' The men seemed indifferent, obviously unable to appreciate the importance of the gift.

As soon as the gun got into action, enemy machine-gun and rifle fire slackened and then stopped altogether, except for a single expert sniper who was posted directly opposite. Aiming with ever-

increasing skill and precision, he tried to pick off the gun layer by firing through the sighting aperture in the shield. The artilleryman increased the rate of fire, and the noise of the gun, together with that of its shells bursting on the enemy's trench, drowned the small, persistent crack of the rifle. The General was still rubbing his hands together.

'Well done!' he said to the artillery lieutenant. 'Well done!'

From Val d'Assa, not less than five miles away, a battery of 155's began to fire on us. In a few moments a veritable hail of shells was falling round the gun. The gunners took no notice, but stuck to their post. Some of the shells fell in front of our trenches and others on those of the enemy. Our gun had found a useful auxiliary. The General's enthusiasm increased.

'Bravo!' he said again to the artillery lieutenant. 'I'll get you a promotion for service in the field.'

The sniper's aim was becoming more and more accurate. He was firing methodically. A shot finally penetrated the aperture and smashed the gun layer's arm. Without a word, he showed it to the officer, who took his place at the gun. The sniper went on as before.

The battery of 155's ceased fire, apparently satisfied. Our gun continued firing, but its shells were falling now on the enemy's barbed wire, now on their trenches, without the slightest effect. It was clear that it could have gone on all day with the same result.

The Colonel, who up to now had been standing silently at the General's side, exclaimed, half to himself, 'All this is perfectly useless.'

The General did not appear annoyed. He turned to the Colonel and said, 'Do you really think so?'

'No use at all,' replied the Colonel, positively; 'absolutely none, sir.'

I looked at the Colonel in astonishment. It was the first time he had ever dared to disagree with an officer higher in rank than himself.

The General reflected for a moment. He stroked his chin and appeared to be deep in thought. He too could not fail to see that the little 75 was utterly impotent against such solid trenches and extensive barbed-wire entanglements. While he was considering the matter, the artillery lieutenant was also hit in the arm. A sergeant promptly replaced him.

As the lieutenant passed us, bandaging his arm, the General suddenly seemed to make up his mind. Clapping him on the shoulder, he ordered him to cease fire. Then, turning to the Colonel, he said, 'Now we'll try the Farina cuirasses.'

VI

Eighteen Farina cuirasses were thereupon brought into the trench. It was the first time I had seen them. They were of thick armor plating, made in two or three pieces, to cover the neck and shoulders and to protect the body almost as far as the knees. Each one could not have been less than a hundred pounds in weight. A helmet, also extremely heavy, went with each cuirass.

The General stood looking at them. With a scientific air he began:—

'These are the famous Farina cuirasses, which very few people know about. They admit of the most daring exploits in broad daylight. It's a pity there are so few of them—only eighteen in the whole army corps. But all those eighteen are ours!'

A group of men, standing a few yards away in the trench, heard him, and one of them remarked: 'I'd rather have a flask of decent brandy myself.'

'To us alone,' continued the General, 'has the privilege been given of possessing these cuirasses. The enemy have rifles, machine guns, and artillery; but with a Farina cuirass one can get through anywhere.'

'Anywhere—that is, relatively speaking,' commented the Colonel, who seemed in a heroic mood that day.

The General took no notice and

looked at the Colonel as though he had raised a purely technical objection. The Colonel was slow and passive by temperament, but once in a while he would allow himself to overstep the bounds imposed on others. He had the stature of a giant and a large family fortune, two qualities not without their effect.

'I have already come across Farina cuirasses,' he went on, 'and they didn't make a very good impression on me. But perhaps these are better.'

'Certainly they're better,' replied the General. 'With these one can go anywhere. The Austrians —'

He lowered his voice and glanced suspiciously at the enemy trenches, to make sure he could not be overheard.

'The Austrians have spent enormous sums,' he continued, 'have spent enormous sums in trying to steal from us the secret of how to make them. But they haven't succeeded. Colonel will you be so kind as to order out the work squad?'

The squad consisted entirely of volunteers, including the sergeant. They put on the cuirasses, the General himself giving a hand in tightening a buckle here and there. Each man had a pair of wire cutters.

'They look like mediæval warriors,' he remarked.

We were silent, and the volunteers did not smile. They got ready hurriedly, with a determined air. The other soldiers watched them anxiously. What, after all, could these men do, even if they succeeded in getting through the barbed wire and reaching the enemy line?

We made another breach in the wall of the trench. The sergeant saluted the General, who responded gravely, standing at attention, and then led his men out of the trench. They followed slowly owing to the weight of the steel, bent over in two in order to protect their faces, for the helmets covered only their heads, temples, and the napes of their necks.

The General remained standing at attention until the last of them had left the

trench. He then turned and said gravely to the Colonel, 'The Romans owed their victories to their cuirasses.'

An Austrian machine gun started to enfilade them from the right. Another immediately opened fire from the left. I looked at the men around me in the trench. Their faces were contracted with grief. They knew well what was happening. The Austrians were waiting at the gaps in the wire, and the sappers were under a cross fire from two machine guns.

'Forward!' shouted the sergeant to his men.

One after the other they fell, every one of them. Not a single man even got so far as the enemy's wire.

'Forward . . .' the sergeant repeated, over and over again, as he lay wounded in front of the barbed wire.

The General was silent. The men in the trench looked at one another aghast. What was going to happen to them now?

The Colonel went up to the General and said, 'Have we got to attack at nine, all the same?'

'Certainly,' replied the General, just as though he had foreseen that things would turn out precisely as they did. 'My division will attack along the whole of its front line at nine sharp.'

Captain Bravini took me by the arm and said, 'Our turn now!'

He removed the stopper from his flask and drank the whole of its contents.

At the end of that day there were no more than two hundred men left in my battalion, and we were reduced to three officers.

When we had finished bringing in the dead and wounded, which the Austrians allowed us to do without firing a shot from their trenches, I lay down and tried to sleep. My head seemed light as air, almost as though I were breathing with my brain. I was exhausted, yet I could not sleep.

VII

It was a bright sunny day. The entire front was quiet, except that, borne

by the wind, the sound of an occasional shot reached us from the Val d'Assa. A cheerful voice suddenly broke in upon our silence.

'Good morning!'

It was a young cavalry lieutenant. We shook hands and introduced ourselves to each other. It appeared that he belonged to the Royal Piedmont regiment, and was attached to Army Headquarters. This was the first time he had come up to the line; he had never before seen a trench. He was not on duty, but had come of his own initiative to have a look at the front line and see for himself how we lived there. He was impeccably dressed, with white gloves, crop, cavalry boots, and spurs, and was accompanied by an orderly.

'You'd better look out,' I warned him at once, 'for in that bright new uniform of yours you'll be a target for all the expert snipers in the enemy lines.'

He joked about these snipers. Even his accent amused me. He spoke gracefully, with a good deal of affectation, pronouncing his *r*'s more or less in the French manner.

My appearance was so disreputable that I almost felt as if I were in the presence of someone of higher rank. Little by little, however, I managed to overcome the feeling of inferiority that a man who is filthy feels in the presence of one who is clean. In a very few minutes we were on excellent terms.

I led the way and we went into the front-line trench. He had no fear and was determined to show us that he had none, which is always very dangerous in the line. I kept on saying to him, 'Do as I do,' 'Bend down here,' 'Touch the ground with your hands, here,' 'Stop here'; but he did not bend down, touch the ground, or stop. He wanted to look at everything, through the loopholes and over the parapet. I made endless efforts to persuade him to be more prudent.

We stopped in a traverse, to take

advantage of the shade. He said to me, 'I think you infantrymen are too cautious. Caution never won a war.'

It was a peculiarly unfortunate remark, an affront both to me and to my *esprit de corps*.

'That is because we have only our legs to count on,' I retorted. 'In a ticklish moment, if an infantryman finds his knees shaking, he can't move a step forward. You are more fortunate. You may be dying of fear, but the legs of your horses will carry you all the same.'

Only later did I repent of having spoken like this; for the moment I was satisfied with my answer, thinking that the cavalryman had been put in his place. He made no reply.

We had now reached loophole No. 14.

'This,' I explained to him, 'is the best loophole in our sector, but it can be used only at night, when the Austrians are sending up rockets. During the day it's forbidden to look through it. The enemy have got it covered with a fixed rifle and there's always someone there to fire it. Several of our officers and men have been killed or wounded in that way. The men amuse themselves by holding up bits of wood or paper, or coins attached to a small stick, and the bullets never miss the loophole and always strike the target.'

We both examined the aperture. It was no longer merely a hole made in the wall of the trench and closed with a stone. The men had fixed up an armored loophole which had been found in the ruins of Asiago. It was a heavy steel plate, with an opening for observation which could be closed with a shutter, also made of steel. Keeping under cover, I raised the shutter, and waited for the bullet. But the enemy did not fire.

'The sentry's asleep,' said the lieutenant.

I let the shutter fall back into its place and then opened it once more. The sun shone through the aperture as if through a lens. There was a whistling

noise, accompanied by the sound of a shot. The bullet had passed through the opening.

My cavalry friend thought he would like to try this himself. He lifted the shutter and held the end of his crop in the opening. Another shot rang out and the crop was broken. He seized a piece of wood, fixed a coin to it, and repeated the experiment, saying that he would have something to talk about at Army Headquarters that night. The coin, struck in the centre, flew off the piece of wood, with a hissing sound. I went on up the trench to show him the next loophole.

'From this one,' I explained, 'you can see another section of the line, which is of less importance. There's no danger here. Over there you can see a heap that looks like a sack of coal. It's used to mask a machine-gun emplacement. We spotted it a few nights ago, when it was firing after an alarm. We've already informed the regimental commander, so that if there is an attack it can be knocked out with a mountain gun.'

'So you've got some guns?'

'A few are beginning to reach us. Look over there, more to the left. What seems like a white spot is really a loophole commanding the other sector. And there, by that thick patch of fir trees, is a deep ravine. The line is not continuous after that, but begins again on the other side of the ravine.'

I thought he was behind me, looking at what I was pointing out. The loophole was a large one and there was room for two in front of it. Then I heard his voice, speaking from a little distance away.

'The knees of an officer of the Royal Piedmont regiment,' he was saying, 'are steadier than those of his horse.'

A rifle shot followed his words. I turned to find my cavalry officer stretched on the ground by loophole No. 14. I hurried over to him, but he was already dead. A bullet had struck him in the forehead.

VIII

Orders to make ready for fresh operations arrived at the same time as the news that the colors belonging to the two regiments of our brigade had been decorated with gold medals for valor. The Brigade Commander wished to celebrate the event and paraded all the officers at Brigade Headquarters. After the parade we walked back to the front line. In order to get back we had to pass the headquarters of the 1st Battalion.

We had just arrived there when a report came in that General Leone had been killed by an explosive bullet in the chest. It must be confessed that we were all jubilant at the news. Captain Zavattari invited us to stop at his headquarters, where he had some bottles of wine opened for us. Glass in hand, he addressed us as follows:—

'Gentlemen. I think it may be permitted to a representative of the Ministry of Public Education and a senior captain to raise his glass and drink good fortune to our Army. Emulating the fine tradition of certain virile peoples, amongst whom it is customary for the relatives to celebrate the death of a member of their family with feasting and dancing, we — not being in a position to do more — drink to the memory of our General. No occasion this for tears, gentlemen, but for joy — kept, of course, within suitable bounds. The hand of God has been seen upon the Asiago plateau, and, without complaining of the delay with which Providence manifests the Divine Will, we may perhaps agree that it was high time! He has left us. Peace be with him. Peace with him, and joy amongst us. And may we, now that he is dead, at last respect a general whom we detested while he was alive.'

We were all standing there with our glasses raised when, from amongst the fir trees, there appeared a mounted officer. I was facing the path and saw

him first. He was coming straight towards us.

'I can't believe it!' I exclaimed.

Everyone looked round. It was General Leone. Mounted on a mule, his trench helmet pressed firmly over his eyes, an alpenstock lashed to his saddle and field glasses hanging round his neck, he came trotting along, a sombre look on his face.

'Gentlemen, attention!' cried out Captain Zavattari. We stood at attention, without having had time to put down our glasses. Captain Zavattari, too, was standing stiffly, glass in hand.

'What happy event are you celebrating?' asked the Divisional Commander in a surly tone.

There was general embarrassment. Zavattari pulled himself together and replied in a voice that seemed to come from beyond the tomb:—

'The gold medals which have been awarded to our colors.'

'Let me join in your toast,' said the General.

Zavattari offered him his own glass, which had not been touched. The General drained it at a gulp, gave it back, and then, putting spurs to his mule, trotted quickly away.

IX

During the quiet days that followed, rumors circulated in the brigade that we really were going to be sent down the line into rest billets at last. In any case we talked of nothing else among ourselves. General Leone came to hear of it and replied with a divisional order which ended thus: 'All officers and men must understand that until the war has been won the only rest permitted is in death.'

Although the fact had no repercussions on the history of the war, I must, for the better comprehension of what follows, put it on record that I was now promoted to command of a company. On the same day, as if to celebrate my promotion, the Austrians brought up a

trench mortar and fired a few rounds at the trench that was held by my company.

From the evidence supplied by an unexploded shell we discovered that it had a calibre of 37 millimetres. Only a few shells were fired at a time, first at one loophole and then at another, and two of our sentries were wounded. In spite of all our efforts to spot its position, we failed to discover whether it was in the trench or some way behind it. Every day, at different times and without warning, this mortar fired on us.

The Divisional Commander heard it and asked for an explanation. The Brigade Commander passed on all the information he had, but General Leone was not satisfied and came up to the line to see for himself.

When he arrived, I was in the trench. My company was holding the left sector of the battalion front, extending to within a few paces of loophole No. 14, which was situated at the highest point. Farther to the right and immediately beyond it was Lieutenant Ottolenghi's machine-gun section, with its two guns, which was attached to us. He was responsible for the extreme right flank of the sector.

General Leone did not call at Battalion Headquarters, but came straight to the trenches. I saw him and went to meet him. He at once asked me about the trench mortar, and I told him all I knew. When I had finished my report, he overwhelmed me with questions, so that I was again amazed at his interest in details and his wish for mathematical accuracy on the most insignificant points. He wanted to examine, one by one, about fifty loopholes, and he stayed in the sector held by my company for not less than an hour.

'Your loopholes,' he informed me at last, 'are sighted downwards like the holes in the tower of the Palazzo della Signoria. They seem to have been made for catching grasshoppers instead of observing the enemy trenches.'

I took care not to smile, for he had

spoken with his grimmest expression. Nevertheless, I explained to him why the loopholes in my sector had had to be made differently from those elsewhere, the reason being the lay of the terrain and the position of the trees and rocks on our front.

'It is not the fault of those who made them,' I said, 'but of the nature of the terrain. Look at this loophole, sir. If we were to move the field of fire farther to the left, we should come up against those fir trees and be able to see nothing. If we move it to the right, we are blocked by that rock. And we can't raise it, because those bushes would screen us.'

The General patiently examined everything. Every now and then he would look through his field glasses.

'You're right,' he said at last. 'The loopholes couldn't have been constructed just as we should have liked. But how am I going to find out the position of that accursed trench mortar? I want to silence it by artillery fire.'

The General had become reasonable and moderate. By the time we had arrived at the last loophole in my sector he had even become polite.

'We first met at Mount Spill, I believe.'

'Yes, sir.'

'You're lucky. You've not been killed yet.'

'No, sir.'

To my great surprise, he took out his cigarette case and offered me a cigarette. But he didn't light his, so I could not very well light mine.

X

We had now entered the sector belonging to the machine-gun section and I was walking in front of him, leading the way. Lieutenant Ottolenghi, who had probably been warned, came towards us. I pointed him out to the General, explaining that he was the officer in charge of that sector, and stood back, leaving them face to face.

'Show me what loopholes you have,' said the General to Ottolenghi. 'I suppose you know them. Have you been in this sector long?'

'More than a week, sir. I have readjusted all the loopholes myself, so I'm familiar with all of them.'

Ottolenghi led the way, the General followed, and I brought up the rear; behind us were the two carabinieri whom the General brought with him when he came into the line and my orderly. All was quiet in the trench. During the whole of the General's inspection the trench mortar had given no sign of life, though sometimes from the enemy lines came a single riflshot, to which our sentries replied.

'Here, a little farther on, is the best loophole in the sector,' said Ottolenghi. 'All the terrain in front can be observed from it as well as the whole of the enemy line. I don't think a better loophole exists than No. 14.'

'Let me have a look at it,' said the General.

'Loophole No. 14!' I said to myself. As I had not been in the sector for several days I concluded that Ottolenghi had abolished that loophole and given the number to another.

Ottolenghi stopped at the first bend in the trench. There was no alteration in the loopholes; they were just the same as before. There, standing apart, higher than the rest and more conspicuous, was loophole No. 14 with its steel shutter. Ottolenghi stopped on the farther side, leaving it between himself and the General.

'Here it is,' he said to the General, lifting the shutter and suddenly letting it fall again. 'The aperture is small and only one person can look through it at a time.'

I struck some stones with my stick, to attract Ottolenghi's attention. I tried to catch his eye in order to signal to him to stop this. He wouldn't look at me. He understood me well enough, though he would not meet my eye. His face was

pale, and my own heart seemed almost to have stopped beating. I instinctively opened my mouth to call the General back, but no sound came. Possibly my agitation prevented me from speaking. I do not want in any way to underestimate my responsibility at that moment. The General was in danger of being shot. I could have prevented it, and I did not say a word.

The General planted himself in front of the loophole, close to the steel shield, bending his head until he almost touched it, and then lifted the shutter and put his eye to the aperture. I shut my eyes.

I cannot say how long I waited. But I heard no shot. Then the General said, 'It's splendid. Splendid!'

I opened my eyes and saw that he was still at the loophole. Without moving away from it, he went on:—

'It looks to me now . . . as if that mortar were in the trench. Still, it's not easy to say. . . . It might be . . . where the line of the trench is broken . . . but I'm not sure. What a good view this gives! An excellent loophole. Of course the mortar may be mounted a few paces behind the trench . . . in the wood.'

Ottolenghi proceeded to prompt him.

'Look to the left, sir. Can you see a white sandbag?'

'Yes, easily. I can see everything.'

'I think the mortar's over there. There's nothing to be seen, no smoke or anything, but the noise comes from that direction. Can you see, sir?'

'Yes, yes.'

'Don't move, sir. Have a good look at it.'

'It's possible you're right.'

'If you'll permit it, sir, we could open fire. I could bring a machine gun into action. They might then open fire with the mortar as a counter-measure.'

'Very well. Do as you say.'

The General stepped back from the loophole and let the shutter fall. Ottolenghi ordered a machine gun to open

fire, and the General then returned to the loophole and once more lifted the shutter.

The mortar did not fire. There were merely a few single shots from the enemy trench. The General took his head away from the loophole two or three times in order to speak to Ottolenghi, and the sunlight then shone through the aperture. While the machine gun was firing, the General observed the result first with the left eye and then with the right.

The sound of isolated shots and the tapping of the machine gun did not wake the sniper with the fixed rifle. The General left the loophole. Ottolenghi was much upset.

'I'll have some bombs thrown,' he said to the General. 'And then you can have another look, sir.'

'No,' replied the General, 'that's enough for to-day. But I congratulate you. To-morrow I'll bring my Chief of Staff here so that he can have a good look at the enemy positions. Good day.'

He shook hands with each of us and, followed by the two carabineers, went off, leaving us alone together.

'You're mad,' I said to Ottolenghi.

Ottolenghi, scarlet, seemed unable to stand still for one moment.

'Shall we see whether that fool of a sniper will wake up if we open the shutter again?'

He took a small coin out of his pocket, held it lightly between his thumb and forefinger, and, opening the shutter, placed it in the aperture, through which the sun was still shining. The whine of a bullet and the sound of a shot reached us at the same moment, and the coin went spinning away into the fir trees.

Ottolenghi, beside himself with rage, was stamping about, swearing as I had never heard him swear before.

'And now,' he spluttered, 'now he's going to send us the Chief of Staff!'

That night we dismantled loophole No. 14.

IN MEMORIAM: ROSE FIELD

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

I

THIS is written in fond and grateful memory of Roswell Martin Field, a lanky midland scribe who was the first newspaper man I ever knew and the one from whom I derived, at an impressionable age, the still-unshaken conviction that a newspaper man is a pretty good thing to be.

Eventually Rose Field, as we called him, wrote a daily column, called 'Lights and Shadows' and signed R. M. F., which was delighting the readers of the *Chicago Evening Post* at the turn of the century. For the greater part of his life, which ended in 1919, it was his perhaps unpalatable portion to be described as the younger brother of Eugene Field. But not in Kansas City. Not in the early nineties when his column, 'The Fault Finder,' was running in the *Star* and he lived across the street from us in Aldine Place. In Aldine Place in the early nineties we all thought of Eugene as just that dim Chicago brother of Roswell Martin Field.

I suspect that my own first appearance in the public prints — whereby I was early immunized against the shocks of the Winchell era — was in 'The Fault Finder.' It identified me as an exemplary citizen who, before retiring every night, was scrupulously careful to brush his tooth. I know that this paragraph, of which someone sent me a sere and yellow clipping only the other day, was printed before I was equipped to read it, and I know too that the first time I ever went to the theatre it was Rose Field who took me.

This was a matinee at the Coates Opera House, and the play was *Sinbad the Sailor*, an extravaganza employing the talents of a philoprogenitive comedian named Foy. Like Jeanne Eagels who was born there, and Marie Doro who grew up there, Eddie Foy had once lived in Kansas City long enough to give any engagement of his there the flavor of a local boy making good. Although at the time it could have been said of me that I should never see six again, I had not yet become fastidious. When many years later it would be my rôle to write sternly on such matters, I would be careful to deplore as heavy-handed such antic moments as the one when Sinbad (with what struck me at the time as great presence of mind) threw a cake of soap to a man overboard so that he could wash himself ashore. But in 1893 this had me in stitches. Indeed, I was so enchanted by all the proceedings that, on the way home in the cable car, I demanded to know how long this sort of thing had been going on. Mr. Field assured me this had been no gala occasion. It went on every night. Since this was so, I reached home prepared to announce in what manner, all the rest of my life, I would spend my evenings.

At the family dinner table this splendid program was dampened by a fine drizzle of discouragement. It was pointed out to me that a life given over exclusively to theatregoing would run into money which, as I was even then dimly aware, was more than could ever be said

of the Woolcotts. Yet, as far as I could see, Mr. Field was no richer than we were. He did not dress more grandly or eat any more than Papa. Yet *he* was always going to the theatre. How did he manage it? Well, the family patiently explained, Mr. Field could get free tickets. Could he? Why? How? Because he was a newspaper man. Oh! And could all newspaper men get tickets for nothing? Yes, they could. So then and there I sensibly decided to be a newspaper man too, nor did I ever waver from that resolution, save for one brief period of apprehension during my last year at college when my defeatism expressed itself, as defeatism so often does, in a short-lived ambition to teach.

My decision in favor of printer's ink was made when I was six, but we authors are all incorrigible procrastinators and, what with one thing and another, I was eight before I submitted my first copy to the *Star*, craftily transmitting by Mr. Field — it was well, I thought, to have a friend at court — a little thing I had slowly dashed off under the title 'The Adventures of a Shopping Bag.' This manuscript promptly came back to me, and I have not yet placed it elsewhere. Mr. Field softened the blow of the editor's refusal by tactfully explaining that the piece had not proved bad enough to be really entertaining. I have learned since that rejection slips are seldom so gently considerate.

I suppose it was because the Woolcott dinner table in the early nineties did frequently resolve itself into a pessimistic committee on ways and means that all my recollections of that period are slightly overcast by the clouds of financial anxiety. To this rather than any special business acumen I prefer to attribute a painful shock I once administered to Mr. Field. He had engaged me as a companion for a tour of the shopping district by promising to buy me anything I wanted, thinking, I suppose, to content me with a box of paints or a bag of chocolate drops. After some looking

about, I decided on a good winter overcoat.

On that expedition I doubtless thought of Mr. Field, in so far as I did not take him for granted, as a towering, lavish, and mysteriously powerful ancient. I now realize that at the time he must have been a hopeful and scantily paid newspaper man in his early forties. Even so, perhaps there was enough discrepancy in age and circumstance to make it seem odd at this distance in time and space that we should have been such companionable neighbors. Yet we were. This was partly because Kansas City, one of many communities which have since outgrown their charm, was a little like that in the early nineties. There was much running in and out of one another's houses. A bit of Schumann sifting in from our shiny black upright while we were at dinner would be the only signal that Rose Field, having finished *his* dinner and drifted across the street, was waiting in the parlor for us to finish ours.

When, in the winter of '94-'95, all America thought and talked of nothing but *Trilby*, and the Coates Opera House was given over to *tableaux vivants* which reproduced the already familiar Du Maurier illustrations, it was Rose Field who ran the show, but everyone in our street took part. As I know now that even the most insatiate amateurs hesitate to charge admission without at least a pretense that they are actuated by deep concern for some worthy cause, I assume that our receipts benefited a local charity. But all I remember is that Eugene Field's tall, fair daughter, Trotty, came on from Chicago to be our *Trilby*, and that I was one of the little Vinards involved in the picture called 'My Sister Dear.' You may remember the Christmas dinner in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, when the Laird consoled the Vinard children with his share of the plum pudding 'and many other unaccustomed good things, so bad for their little French tumtums.' The first time I ever passed through the shadowy portal which leads

backstage was when I embodied one of those tumtums. The person who fetched me was Rose Field. I remember, as if it were yesterday, our expedition through the whispering, behind-the-scenes dusk, my hot right hand firmly clasping one of Rose Field's reassuring fingers.

II

But if in that neighborly town and time everyone knew everyone else, it was especially true that all children knew Rose Field. He shared Eugene's relish for the company of children and Eugene's talent for entertaining them. But whereas the brother who wrote 'Little Boy Blue' and 'Wynken, Blynken, and Nod' lived in a house aswarm with children of his own, Rose Field was childless. By that circumstance all the kids in Kansas City profited. Whenever a wail of anguish in Aldine Place served notice that one of us had fallen down and hurt himself, Rose Field would lower his feet from the rail of his verandah, come loping to the rescue, seat the injured party on his shoulder, and march him off to the corner drugstore for the quick restorative of an ice-cream soda. And not the wounded one alone but all the other kids in the block. Since there was a popular impression in the younger set of Aldine Place that I made more noise when hurt than anyone else in our street, it was the custom for those in need of ice-cream sodas to throw me from high places on to the cement sidewalk. Or at least, on the many occasions when I have invoked the memory of Rose Field, I have so often added this resentful detail that now I almost believe it.

One yarn about him which delighted me bobbed up only a few years ago. It is part of the lore dealing with the now legendary marriage of a colleague of his in Chicago journalism — one Amy Leslie, who, of all women engaged in dramatic criticism in my day, was probably the best known and certainly the largest. She interviewed the notables of the stage

whenever they tarried on the shores of Lake Michigan, thereby making many friendships in the theatre. Indeed, to one of these the last will and testament of Lillian Russell bore witness. That personable diva, who was herself of generous proportions, left all her lingerie to Amy Leslie.

It was when Miss Leslie was a middle-aged spinster living at the Virginia Hotel that she surprised her confrères by marrying one of the bellhops. If not precisely a wedding of May and December, this was a near thing. Let us say a wedding of early April and mid-October, for the blushing bridegroom was a vigorous and seemly lad of nineteen. Of course the tidings of these nuptials were received throughout Chicago with something like levity, and at the time inspired a love song (as yet unpublished) of which there has long since faded from my memory all of the lyric save this pensive refrain: 'When you were in your prime, dear heart, and I was in my pram.'

Just about then an indecorous trio — Harrison Grey Fiske, Emily Stevens, and Rose Field, whom that dazzling actress had casually adopted as a godfather — were riding in a Chicago trolley when they noticed the bridal couple, laden with luggage, climb aboard and pass unseeing by them to a vacant seat at the far end of the car. Mr. Field was tempted beyond his strength. Cupping his hands, he called down the aisle the one word 'Front!' All three swore afterwards that the young bridegroom reacted beyond their fondest hopes, leaping to his feet and — faithful as a fire horse responding to an alarm — automatically reaching for the suitcases.

Sometime thereafter the baseless fabric of this marriage was, as they say, dissolved and left not a rack behind. Released from his bonds, the bellhop journeyed far and wide, achieving a booth all to himself at the New York World's Fair this year, thanks to something more than a merely local reputation for intrepidity. It had become his

proud boast and stock-in-trade that he brought them — or, to be more exact, 'em — back alive. His name is Frank Buck.

It was after I had told this tale in a broadcast one evening five or six years ago that I received in the mail from Detroit a comment upon it which startled me. It was not, I saw with relief, a note from Mr. Buck asking me to step outside and take off my coat, but a genial letter from a man on duty in the advertising sector of what is known, I believe, as the automotive industry. He wrote that, after stirring uneasily at many a reference of mine to Mr. Field, he was at last moved to the point of actually putting key to ribbon. If ever I were in Detroit perhaps I would have lunch with him. What had startled me was the signature. The letter was signed Roswell Field.

Now as I thought it improbable that *my* Mr. Field had, after fifteen years, risen from the grave and gone into the advertising business in Detroit, and as I also knew he had left no son behind him, it soon correctly occurred to me that this namesake was probably a nephew — must, indeed, be one of the large brood of Eugene Field's children who all had to be reared, clothed, and fed by light verse. Even so, I remembered that they had always seemed adequately nourished, to judge from the illustrations of the articles on the beautiful home life of the Eugene Fields to which the magazines of the nineties were addicted. Those articles did rather exclaim over the charm of that interior. In this age of propaganda, I suppose their like would beget a suspicion of having been written to down some horrid rumor that the gentle Eugene horse-whipped all his offspring every morning before breakfast.

Shortly after that letter came, a faintly discreditable business project of my own actually took me to Detroit, and in advance of my luncheon with this new Roswell Field I did some hasty reconnaissance in and around the afore-

said industry. It puzzled me that, whereas they knew Roswell Field well enough, they did not know him by that name. They all called him Po Field, but could not tell me why. Some guessed Po was his middle name, but I thought this improbable. One especially successful salesman was positive that Field had been named Poe at the baptismal font — after some poet or other.

The mystery was cleared up at our luncheon, where I found him an affable, spirited, and entertaining creature, considerably younger than myself, with perceptibly less girth and a good deal less hair. Quite suddenly I knew he was called Po for short. The present contour and features of the man sitting opposite me yielded to the memory of one of those old magazine articles. I could see on the distant page the half-tone of a plump cherub trying, with the aid of a Buffalo Bill costume but without conspicuous success, to look like a desperado. I leveled an accusing finger. 'You,' I said, 'were the one they called Posy.' He collapsed. 'Yes,' he said, 'I was Posy.' When we finally came to terms, it was agreed that, so long as he paid me so much on the first of every month, I would tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Detroit. As he is now in arrears, I consider my lips unsealed.

III

It was at our luncheon in Detroit that I learned we had been summertime neighbors for some years past. Not two hours' drive from my own place in Vermont, in the lovely old village of Newfane, certain scattered Fields of to-day have heard ancestral voices prophesying peace. It was to Newfane as schoolboys that Eugene and Rose hied them to visit Grandma during their holidays. It was from Newfane that their father, an earlier Roswell Martin Field, had gone up to Middlebury College, entering with the class of 1822 at the surprising age of eleven.

Perhaps one were incautious to accept this alone as evidence of unusual precocity, for in those days Middlebury, like so many shameless colleges in our own time, may have made it a practice to welcome any matriculate who could count up to four. But this earlier Roswell did gain admission to the bar at seventeen. After tremendous adventures in Green Mountain law, politics, and romance (*vide*, if you want some tasty reading, *Torrey v. Field* and *Clark v. Field* in 10th and 13th Vermont) he discreetly migrated to Missouri, where he became in time a notable lawyer and one likely to be remembered, not only through his son Eugene, but even more through the darky who was janitor of his office in St. Louis. Taking up the cudgels in the janitor's behalf in a property dispute, Field carried the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. The janitor's name was Dred Scott.

Well, back to Newfane in recent years sundry latter-day Fields have found their way. Two of them, my new Roswell and a cousin of his named Charles K. Field, have built themselves summer houses side by side. This Charles K. Field is widely and fondly known, but not by that name. On the radio he functions as Cheerio.

Newfane is not far from Brattleboro, a town not without literary associations of its own, considering that a durable work called *The Jungle Book* was written in a snowbound cottage on its outskirts. If you go uphill from Brattleboro to Newfane, you will find that the Field houses are not what I should call hospitably accessible. Indeed, you will need a guide — and a pontoon bridge — if you ever seek them out. On my own first visit there I lost my way and had to ask directions from a youngster whom I encountered on a dirt road, his head hidden under the hood of a stalled car. Addressing such parts of him as were visible, I asked if he knew where the Fields lived, only to see, as his tousled

head emerged from the hood, that he must be one of them himself, for his chin was Trotty's chin as I remembered our Trilby back in Kansas City long ago.

I saw that same chin again a little later, this time in the portrait of Rose Field's grandmother, Esther Kellogg Field, which hangs over the mantelpiece in the guarded, fireproof wing where all the family memorabilia are assembled. Here are the books Eugene and Rose wrote; here the briefs of the Dred Scott case; here the quilted petticoats and spinning wheels that came along when the Fields first moved in from Massachusetts in 1800; here the swords and regimentals worn by warrior Fields in the difficulties of 1812 and 1776.

On the wall is a holograph copy of the poem that begins,

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

This is not the original manuscript. That was mislaid by its first printer and came mysteriously to light at the Allied Bazaar in Chicago during the World War, when it was auctioned off to the highest bidder, who turned out to be John McCormack.

It irks me that there are certain blanks in this collection, but doubtless they will be filled up some day. There should certainly be one of the lovely Disney drawings for his Silly Symphony of 'Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.' There should be at least a copy of that minor clandestine masterpiece, 'When Willie Wet the Bed,' and a guarded but unabashed file of certain magnificently bawdy poems by Eugene Field which have been traveling furtively across America from hand to hand these fifty years and more. He indulged in them as a relief, I suppose, from the strain of being the laureate of the nursery. Field might have exclaimed, as once with a roar of laughter the late Justice Holmes did, 'Thank God, I have vulgar tastes!'

Then surely the collection should con-

tain a first edition, if any exists, of the most celebrated dramatic criticism in the history of the American theatre. That is one of the many which Eugene Field wrote when he was on the *Denver Tribune* back in 1880 and '81. For a copy of the *Tribune* containing it I would gladly pay what is commonly if imprecisely known as a pretty penny. It was provoked by a performance of Creston Clarke's in Denver. Clarke was an actor of insignificant talent and unregal aspect who used to tour the country in Shakespearean repertory on the insufficient grounds that he was a

nephew of Edwin Booth. Now he is remembered only because Field wrote of him roughly — to employ the *mot juste* — as follows:

Last night Mr. Creston Clarke played *King Lear* at the Tabor Grand. All through the five acts of that Shakespearean tragedy he played the King as though under momentary apprehension that someone else was about to play the Ace.

Surely that notice should be included in the Newfane collection, which is known, I need hardly add, as the Field Museum.

HOUR BEFORE LIGHT

BY JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

It is so still that I can hear
 Breath of a man who dies across the world.
 It is so still that I can hear the feet of birds
 Light on the quiet waves at sea.
 This is the heart's great midnight hour
 After the morning and evening and the noon of sound.
 Still, still.
 The branch motionless,
 The gaunt weed motionless,
 The moon unmoving on the quiet waters of the sea.
 Silence and silence.
 Oh still and ominous hour
 Breeding the blind wild tempest of our morning pain!

THE DOCTOR CONSULTS THE PHYSICIST

BY GEORGE RUSSELL HARRISON

Wisdom crieth without. . . . Length of days is in her right hand.

— PROVERBS

THE wonders which medical workers have already brought about in the diagnosis and treatment of disease give hope that a time may come when the physician will be able to analyze most illness as soon as it starts, and cure it before damage results. How soon this 'golden age of healing' arrives will depend greatly on how close is the collaboration between research workers in medicine and those who work in the sciences on which medicine depends. The physician has long relied on the chemist for curative drugs, and on the physicist for diagnostic instruments and healing rays. In the one field new materials and in the other new devices are being produced in increasing numbers, helping to make imminent new miracles of medicine.

The X-ray and the microscope have extended the vision of the medical observer until he can see through ten inches of living flesh or into a single tissue cell, yet similar but much more powerful tools still await development. Modern electrical devices enable him to listen to faint murmurings of the life processes, or to measure feeble currents arising from heart and brain and nerve, yet electrical body measurements are but little understood. Now newly discovered atomic rays are being brought to help him destroy malignant invaders of the human system, and there is every reason to be-

lieve that even more important curative rays await discovery.

Much of the aid which physics gives to medicine is of a deliberate sort: 'Here is a job to be done,' says medicine; 'This is how to do it,' says physics. But connections which are more striking can be traced between medical life-saving and some of the apparently impractical fundamental researches of the modern physicist. X-rays and radium, which have saved thousands of lives in the few years they have been available, are two early examples. To-day discoveries are being made which promise to be even more fruitful in their turn.

The X-ray was stumbled on by Roentgen, a physicist, who had no inkling that the outcome of his experiments would turn out to be so fruitful in relieving human suffering. Yet it would be incorrect to say that the X-ray became available to mankind as the result of an accident. As well say that the sportsman landing a giant tarpon off the coast of Florida made his catch by accident because he could not predict in advance exactly what sort of fish he would hook. Most great experimental discoveries are made in a similar way. The accident, if such it must be called, is a planned accident, which could never occur if the scientist did not place himself in position for the lightning of discovery to strike.

Cancer now causes about 135,000 deaths each year in the United States, but there is hope that eventually most of such deaths can be prevented. During 1934, 76 per cent of the cancer patients in the principal hospitals in England were treated by radiation from X-ray tubes and from radium. The ray treatment would be far more effective than it is if only unhealthy cells were affected; but to reach internal cancers the rays must first traverse normal tissue, in which they produce electron bullets that fly in all directions, and an undesirable number of healthy cells may thus be killed. Rays are wanted which will be more penetrating.

Even if radium could always be used effectively, there is not enough radium in the world to fill the present need. Not much more than two pounds — roughly \$18,000,000 worth — is now available; and even this much radium, if gathered together and applied to one patient, would hardly be sufficient to treat some of the deep-seated malignancies which are found. Much comfort can therefore be derived from the knowledge that new super-giant X-ray tubes can be designed to produce rays that will outradiate radium.

For bombarding malignant growths, X-ray tubes are needed which will stand much higher voltages than do those used for X-ray picture taking. The higher the voltage on the tube, the more penetrating are the X-rays produced, within present practical limits. Cancers on the surface of the body can be treated with X-rays produced at 100,000 to 200,000 volts, but a malignancy which lies deeper may be better attacked by rays from tubes which operate on much higher voltages. The principal rays from radium are equivalent to those from an X-ray tube running on only two million volts. Since the immediate plans of the atom smashers call for tubes which will stand five to ten million volts — and they have already reached three million — medical investigators naturally have a

weather eye cocked to watch their success.

Several large hospitals in the United States now possess X-ray tubes to which a million or more volts can be applied safely. Some of these great tubes are twice the height of a man, and each of them will furnish rays in quantity equivalent to those given out by more than two pounds of radium — \$20,000,000 worth. Mere interest payments on the investment in so much radium would come to \$100 for an hour's treatment, yet the power to operate the most efficient of these giant X-ray outfits for an hour costs less than thirty cents.

A three-million-volt X-ray tube of the type which has been built for atom smashing can be applied readily to medical purposes. Since such a tube produces not only more rays but more useful rays than those of any obtainable amount of radium, deeper-lying tumors might be reached with its aid, and treatment times greatly shortened. Such an X-ray outfit would cost less than many a sportsman's toy.

Millions of volts sound rather alarming to a patient, but danger from electric shock has been completely eliminated in these giant tubes. All dangerous and scientific-looking gadgets can be kept bottled up in a room into which no one need go while the apparatus is running. The X-rays can be sent through the bottom of the tube into a room below, where the patient reclines comfortably amid attractive surroundings during the short periods required for treatment.

Some doctors believe that high-speed electrons may turn out to be even more useful than X-rays or radium emanations in treating cancer. The faster an electron moves, within limits, the less does it affect tissue through which it passes, just as a fast bullet breaks a cleaner hole through a windowpane than does a slow one. High-speed electrons might then be expected to have less effect on the healthy tissue cells in the first part of their paths, and to do their destructive

work mostly on the diseased cells at the end of their flight, like shells with fuses set to explode them in the enemy's trenches. However, much higher voltages than have been available previously are necessary to generate electrons with sufficient speed to supplement X-rays for cancer treatment. Electron rays from a three-million-volt tube would be useful, but ten-million-volt electron rays are expected to be better. The atom-splitting physicists are now close to being able to provide these; and when they, the engineers, and the doctors can get into closer coöperation on the problem, unfortunate sufferers should have all the rays they need.

II

Radium is the best-known radioactive element, but the radium atom is only one of forty kinds of atoms found in nature which are unstable and which must eventually, at some unpredictable time, explode. Radium has had wide use in the treatment of malignancies, but unfortunately, as a result of the many cures associated with it, the word has come to have magical significance, and tonic remedies containing radium have had wide sale as nostrums, some of which are extremely dangerous.

Careful distinction should be made between the use of radium for cancer treatment, in which only the emitted rays are used, and the actual introduction of radium into the body. Ten cents' worth of radium is enough to kill a man if it gets into his bones. Eating five dollars' worth or breathing fifty cents' worth of radium salts will accomplish this. As little as one ten-millionth of an ounce of radium deposited in the bones has been found to cause death within ten years.

Fortunately many of the so-called radioactive waters which are sold as medicine contain a negligible amount of radium and are harmless, though their value may be open to question. But there are some which do contain radium in relatively large quantities, and these

are slow but deadly poison. A few unfortunates who have drunk 'radium waters' have found themselves apparently improving in health for a time, presumably as the result of a stimulating irritation of the blood-cell-producing centres. But shortly thereafter, when enough of the radium has become fixed in the body, a poisoning process of a particularly horrible kind may set in, for the radium atoms lodge in the bones and from this vantage place can bombard the cells of the body to death.

Radium is chemically like the calcium from which bones are made, and the unsuspecting blood stream willingly deposits radium atoms wherever calcium atoms are needed for building purposes. Soon the deception becomes apparent, however, for previously healthy bones, attacked from within, begin to fester and decay. Even after an atom of radium has exploded, the damage it can do is not complete, for it changes into an atom of radon, which can again explode, and over and over the same atom, like a six-ball Roman candle, can shoot out its violently destructive rays. It is of no use to wait for all of the radium atoms which have been taken into the body to explode, for only half of them will have done so by the end of 1690 years. The only hope is to get some of them out, and this can be done more readily if it be attempted soon after they have been absorbed.

In a number of cases of radium poisoning it has been found possible literally to rinse some of the dangerous atoms out of the patient's bones. First he is given a medical treatment which causes his bones to lose calcium, and as the calcium departs some of the radium, in keeping with its masquerade, is forced out with it. The patient is kept in bed, and before his bones are appreciably softened the treatment is reversed and the body is encouraged to take up fresh clean calcium to rebuild them. When the bones are sound again the first procedure can be repeated. This rinsing process can be

carried out again and again until the patient improves.

The closest coöperation between physician and physicist is necessary for such treatment. The physicist is needed to make delicate measurements with sensitive detectors which tell, at every instant, just how much radium still remains in the various parts of the patient's body, how much is being eliminated through his breath, and how much through his other eliminative processes. Such control of the treatment is made possible only by the sensitive instruments which have recently been developed for research on cosmic rays, on atom splitting, and on radioactivity. Measurements made with them cause no discomfort to the patient, as their extreme sensitivity makes possible measurements on the radium content of his body by means of a detector placed as much as a yard away.

To achieve such sensitivity all the resources of modern vacuum-tube amplifiers must be invoked, and to them must be added other tricks which have been developed to pick up the tiny burst of energy which is freed when a single atom explodes. A pebble from a slingshot can explode a percussion cap, which in turn can explode enough dynamite to blow up a mountain. So the energy of the exploding atom can be turned cunningly into channels that will produce an electrical result which is cataclysmic in comparison with the cause that touched it off. So sensitive have these instruments been made that they record a continuous rattat-tat when carried above an ordinary sidewalk, in the concrete of which not more than one atom in a thousand billion is radioactive. Small wonder they will detect the presence of less than one cent's worth of radium in the human body.

While such instruments were developed primarily for studying atomic processes, their medical application is obvious. One can easily imagine the joy of a patient suffering from incipient radium poisoning when the instruments show

that as the result of a course of special treatments he is eliminating radium eight times as fast as previously, and that the amount of radium left in his body is gradually being lowered to a safe level.

III

The creation of new kinds of atoms is commonly supposed to have been quite thoroughly completed some years ago, whether in 4004 B.C. or long before Pre-Cambrian days. As this is written, however, atoms of varieties never before found are being artificially produced in physical laboratories throughout the world at a rate almost too fast to follow. Youths whose cheeks are still downy, who but a few years ago were struggling through the bewilderments of the elementary physics textbooks, are discovering new building blocks of the universe. These discoveries will eventually produce profound effects on chemistry and medicine.

The physicist has succeeded in permanently changing one kind of material into another kind — true transmutation of the elements — by bombarding ordinary matter with atomic bullets. But, contrary to the dreams of the alchemists, the new atoms which result from a transmutation are at present of little interest except from an academic standpoint. Far more important are the new varieties of temporary atoms which have been found to be produced as an intermediate step. These atoms are mortal, man-made, not in nature's plan.

Such temporary atoms duplicate the atoms of chemistry, but show surprising properties of instability. They may last but an hour, a day, or a month, and are like ghosts allowed to walk the earth but briefly, after which they must depart. They are much more real than ghosts while they last, however, for no chemist can distinguish them from their normal counterparts. Only deep within their hearts do they differ, and, when the hour for their departure strikes, the tiny

atomic cataclysm which results can be read on sensitive detectors that record the minute explosion as surely as an earthquake recorder will mark the explosion of a ton of dynamite.

Since these tricky atoms are chemically indistinguishable from normal atoms of the same material, they can be used as atomic spies to follow the movements of swarms of normal atoms with which they can be mixed. The airplane machine-gunner finds advantage in having every tenth bullet a tracer which leaves a track of smoke behind it and so marks the path of all the bullets; in the same way the chemist and the biologist, to say nothing of workers in other sciences, should find tracer atoms effective. Mixing undetected with their fellow atoms, these behave normally until the hour of inevitable explosion arrives for each. Then, like an Oriental spy sworn to self-immolation, each reveals its presence as it is destroyed and so betrays the location of its atomic comrades.

The explosion which marks the end of such a temporary atom results in certain cases in the ejection of an electron traveling as fast as four hundred million miles an hour — fast enough to encircle the earth while one snaps a finger. Such an electron is for all practical purposes identical with one produced in a million-volt vacuum tube. Gamma rays, equivalent to the X-rays from a high-voltage tube, are also emitted by the exploding atom. Instead of its being necessary for a patient who is to be treated with X-rays or electrons to rest under a gigantic tube, ordinary table salt or other suitably chosen harmless material can be exposed for a few minutes to rays from such a tube, can thus be made artificially radioactive, and can then be applied to the proper spot on the patient. Exact dosage is made easy, for only as many radioactive atoms are produced in the salt as are needed, and if the material is left in place on the patient too long no harm results, most of the atoms having already exploded.

Another feature of the new radioactive atoms which has aroused medical interest is that suggested by the concentration of iodine by the thyroid gland. Some physicians who have worked on the problem believe that when iodine is fed to a patient practically all of it is concentrated in the thyroid gland within twenty-five minutes. Radioactive iodine atoms can be made by bombarding iodine with protons, the hearts of ordinary hydrogen atoms. If such activated iodine, mixed with ordinary iodine, be fed to a patient, the physician should be able to follow the course of all the iodine atoms through the patient's system by counting the atomic explosions which will be registered on various detectors placed in suitable positions around him.

Now suppose that a particular patient has a malignant disease of the thyroid gland which needs radioactive treatment. The radio-iodine atoms emit rays which are quite as effective as those of radium, and the bombarding atoms should be carried in the blood directly to the spot where they are needed. Exactly the proper amount of radio-iodine, costing only a few cents to produce in one of the new atom-splitting machines, could then be given to the patient, so that when almost every atom has exploded, and has done its minute bit of cell blasting, the proper treatment would have been completed. As each radio-iodine atom disintegrates, it changes to xenon, an absolutely inert gas which is harmlessly carried off in the blood stream.

With electrons and protons, deuterons, and even heavier atomic particles available to be hurled against each of the more than four hundred varieties of atoms which the physicist has found included among the ninety elements of the chemist, dozens of new kinds of useful temporary atoms doubtless remain to be discovered. Already nearly two hundred new varieties of temporary atoms have been produced by physicists in the course of atomic transmutations, and it seems probable that every known ele-

ment can be produced in one or two temporary radioactive forms. Some have already been created in four or five forms. As higher speeds for atomic bullets are achieved, increasing numbers of new super-chemical reactions should be found.

The world's supply of radium and other naturally radioactive atoms is limited, but the supply of atoms which can be made radioactive is as unlimited as man's capacity to build machines with which to produce such atoms. Better atomic artillery is rapidly being mobilized, and we can shortly expect greatly increased efficiency in producing curative materials of the radioactive type.

IV

To-day in America a thousand times as many microscopes are in use as were available sixty years ago. Every past improvement in the microscope has resulted in further progress in the identification of the bacteria which are responsible for disease. Medicine would be greatly benefited by new microscopes which would give clear enlargements of more than four thousand diameters; ten thousand diameters would be very desirable; or better, while we are wishing, a hundred thousand.

The provision of such microscopes, if we ever get them, must lie with physics, for the difficulty is not with the present-day instruments so much as with light waves themselves. A wave of yellow light, though only one fifty-thousandth of an inch long, is yet too coarse to reveal much about a particle of matter smaller than itself, just as the daintiest finger is far too coarse to be used in lieu of a needle for playing a phonograph record. To feel the shape of an object satisfactorily with our eyes through the medium of light waves, these waves must be comparable in size with, or smaller than, the detail which is to be seen with their aid.

A partial solution is to sharpen up the

seeing by using shorter light waves. These waves, being of the invisible ultraviolet variety, cannot pass through ordinary glass lenses. Invisibility makes little difference, for ultraviolet rays can still be photographed, and special kinds of glass have been devised which will transmit them. Ultraviolet microscopes giving magnifications as great as six thousand diameters have been constructed and are in fairly common use. But a microscope which is to operate with still shorter light waves must be placed in a vacuum or in an atmosphere of helium or hydrogen gas, because air and water are entirely opaque to these waves.

Light, in addition to being useful for seeing, has its own curative effects. Some physicians consider the sun the greatest of all healing agencies, but sunlight is not always available. Lamps have now been developed which can be made to radiate not only waves of every one of the visible and invisible colors which the sun sends us, but others as well which were never known before. Many of these new light rays are found to have definite germ-killing or curative properties, while others have not yet been tested for possible biological effects.

The spectroscopes and light filters which the physicist has developed to study the structure of matter and the relationships of matter and energy have proved very useful in separating light into its component parts for medical use. When a beam of white light produces a curative or stimulating effect, there is always the possibility that only the blue or the red light contained in the white beam was responsible for the effect. When the basic colors have been separated and tried individually, sometimes one color has been found partially to offset effects produced by another, a greater effect being produced by a part of the light than by all of it.

Infrared rays, consisting of waves somewhat longer than those which we can see as visible light, penetrate the

skin well and are absorbed in the underlying tissue, where they soothe cramped muscles and tired nerves. Their application increases the flow of blood and appears beneficial in neuralgic and arthritic conditions.

Production of vitamin D is closely linked to light, and it is no longer necessary to rely on the ability of the codfish to store in his liver the energy of sunlight which has been gathered up by the salt-water alga on which have fed the small fish which he eats. By exposing specific food materials to light under controlled conditions, the vitamin can be concentrated more effectively than by any codfish.

The medical use of light has met with such popular response that many fads have developed, some of which have been carried to extremes. Indiscriminate exposure of large areas of the body to intense light may do much more harm than good. What is needed is more really scientific study of the effects of light of different colors, both visible and invisible, on human physiology and psychology. For the developments of the light-emitting, the light-analyzing, and the light-measuring devices still needed for this purpose, medicine looks to the physicist.

V

The whirling force which causes a youngster to cling so tightly to the neck of his wooden horse on a merry-go-round, and the ticket taker of the carousel to lean inward at such a precarious angle as he makes his rounds, comes effectively to the assistance of medicine in the separation of viruses too delicate to handle otherwise. Mud will settle from murky water merely on standing, but the same mud will take much longer to settle from a viscous substance like honey. Centrifugal forces much greater than the pull of gravity can be used to speed up the separation of the mud from the honey, merely by whirling the mixture in a circle. If whirled two thousand times

in a second, each mud particle will feel a pull 300,000 times its own weight gently but compellingly urging it toward the outside of its container. Such a pull will quickly separate blood cells from the serum in which they float. A grain of wheat whirled at so giddy a rate behaves as though it weighed ten pounds. Small wonder that even a tiny clump of molecules finds such weighty considerations worthy of respect.

Small rotating tops have recently been developed which will spin a tiny vial of biological serum at speeds up to a million revolutions a minute. To attain such speeds, friction must be reduced to a minimum, and the top, as it spins, touches nothing solid, but is balanced in a whirling jet of air. The limitation which prevents attainment of still higher speeds is the difficulty of getting materials which will stand the great forces involved — the top itself tends to be torn apart by the terrific pull on its own substance. Yet, even at the highest practical speed, a flashing light has been arranged to make the whirling tube seem to stand still, and an observer, looking through a microscope, has calmly watched a cell being pulled apart while it whirled under his nose at more than three thousand miles an hour.

Mechanics, as exemplified in the centrifuge, is the oldest branch of physics, but what of electricity, one of the newest? The body probably has more electric currents flowing through it than has a telephone switchboard, but most of these currents are weak and difficult to measure, and the body is poorly equipped with terminal contacts. Variations in health and in the tone of various organs are undoubtedly reflected in changes of these currents, but as yet electrical methods of diagnosis have been but slightly developed. How tired a person feels, and his general state of health, seem to be tied up in some mysterious fashion with differences between the resistance of his body to the passage of an alternating current and its resistance to a direct

current. Just why this relationship exists, and how it can be used, are as yet not apparent.

In the treatment of disease the position of electricity is more secure. The electric knife has caused great progress in surgery. High-frequency alternating current is sprayed into the tissue from the edge of the knife, and as the tissue is cut the edges of the wound are electrically disinfected and seared, a process which reduces bleeding and promotes healing. In brain operations the radio knife has been found especially useful, for with it electric current can be sent through tumors to shrivel and destroy them, and the dried tissue can be removed through small openings in the skull. In cancer operations this knife may give greater safety, for cancerous cells which might be set free for distribution through the body in the blood stream can be killed by the heat and current, and the ends of the blood vessels which might carry them off are seared shut. The radio knife operates by means of alternating current of very high frequency, and is a direct development of the investigations which made radio telegraphy possible.

Only in recent years have doctors come to realize that a fever may not be the result of an illness, but an attempt of the body to cure the illness. Many kinds of germs die at temperatures slightly above normal body temperatures. Doctors have even inoculated patients with malaria germs to produce intermittent fevers — the malaria was less disagreeable and easier to cure than the original disease. When it is found that a vacuum tube can produce just as good a fever as a malaria germ, with no malaria to be cured afterward, there is cause for rejoicing.

The heat generated by high-frequency currents first came markedly to attention

when radio men who were working near high-power oscillating tubes developed temporary fevers. After all, if the insides of vacuum tubes could be heated white-hot by such means, why could not the insides of a patient thus be warmed to a lesser degree?

Listing the contributions of physics to the new medicine could be continued almost indefinitely. Tiny super-candid cameras which, with their own lights attached, can be swallowed by a patient and used to snap a number of views of the inside of his stomach before they are fished up again; electrical speedometers, invented specifically to measure cosmic rays, which immediately turn out useful for counting the rapid heartbeats of a rat; electrical stethoscopes and brain-wave measurers which give such an accurate measure of the state of vitality of a patient deep under the influence of drugs that mental cases hitherto considered incurable can safely be treated — hundreds of such examples can be brought forward to emphasize the great importance to mankind of close coöperation between physician and physicist.

Medicine is growing in effectiveness as it progresses from the status of an art to that of a science. Progress in a science depends to a great degree on the tools which it can forge to aid it in uncovering truth. For many years the chief tools of the physician were his own five senses, but human eyes have bounded vision, human hands have limited strength. With eyes that see where before was only darkness, with ears that hear revealing sound in the midst of former silence, the modern healer finds in no mere poetic sense that 'his strength is as the strength of ten.' These more-than-human eyes and ears, this beneficent sharpening of the senses, it is the province of physics and the purpose of physicists to continue to supply.

KEEP THE CHANGE

BY EDITH HEAL

I

TAKE me as I am — a tall, lean Joe Doaks past thirty-five, with a wife, a child, a house, a maid, a mortgage, bifocals, good dentistry, a bank account, life insurance, and time payments. I own a car, a radio, an oil painting, Venetian blinds, and am contemplating building a picket fence to protect my young and to endorse publicly the fact of my investment in real estate.

This thing that I am owes its commonplace but respectable identity to the restaurant business. Without it I should not have dared to marry. I should still be living in a catchpenny boardinghouse, as close to down-and-out as an Irishman can go.

So, unaware of the pitfalls and obstacles, I opened for business. I decided to open at seven to catch the early morning breakfast trade. The place was equipped to serve food, and it was only sensible to start with the first meal of the day. Besides, I was always up at six-thirty anyhow, which gave me plenty of time to get to the restaurant, put the change in the cash register, and start doing business. It would be an easy and interesting day, and I would close up around nine-thirty. I was my own boss, and I figured I could get away when the noon rush was over for a rest before dinner.

My neat theories of schedule were upset the moment they went into practice. I had overlooked the fact that the milkman and the breadman were no longer on bowing-and-scraping acquaintance

with me. My commercial enterprise entitled me to certain discounts — and the courtesies extended to housewives were not included in the bargain. I was merely one call on a route for the dairies and bakeries; and the call was scheduled to occur, not at seven o'clock, but at 4.30 A.M. Likewise the express company. And a shipment of mountain trout could not be left on the sidewalk. There were ordinances against it — and also alley cats.

I discovered, furthermore, that a hungry male sometimes prefers hot cereal to cold — and that it takes time to heat a steam table — and that the insurance company has rules about open burners left unguarded.

My day began, then, at four o'clock rather than seven, and ended at ten-thirty or eleven. No one had told me that I should be delayed nightly by a meat block that required scraping, an icebox that had to be cleaned, a floor that had to be mopped, laundry that had to be counted.

And how could I have foreseen that there would be no lulls in a nineteen-hour day? That insecticide salesmen, utensil salesmen, menu-card salesmen, advertising salesmen, would swoop down on me at any hour, hovering in my own booths until they caught me free, attacking me with a flow of oratory that was inevitably directed at my pocket-book? In my first enthusiasm I had time for them all. And, still wet behind the ears, I invested in steel wool only

to discover that a housewife can use steel wool but a restaurant man can't. Suppose a piece of steel wool gets loose and hides in the stew and gets in a customer's tooth? I ordered handsome porcelain pots and pans and remembered later that porcelain chips, and that there must be an ordinance against it! I bought amusing charcoal drawings for the walls, and was forced to hang them seven feet up after several were discovered missing.

We were dealing, it appeared, with individuals, each one dyed deep in his own prejudices and desires. While one man told me cheerfully he had walked seven blocks for a cup of my inimitable coffee, another spun his nickel across the counter and demanded: 'What right have you got to serve such swill?'

I looked long at the coffee urn. Inimitable coffee to one was swill to another; but it was the same coffee. And by golly, prince or pauper, it was going to be the same coffee for each and every one. At that moment I arrived at my first manly conclusion: I would deal with these individuals collectively, to the best of my ability, regardless of their personal whims and whines. The four inches of restaurant door constituted a dividing line, and the individual became one of the crowd when he passed it. The idea presented exciting possibilities. If I could treat the individual collectively and avoid running up against his prejudices, I should offend fewer people. For the first time I began to analyze my menu. And my eye lit upon French toast!

Now, French toast to me is the authentic article only when it is cut to a meticulous half-inch thickness, golden on top and soft when a fork cuts it. That is the type of French toast I was serving, having fought the cook to a finish on his quarter-inch crisp brown conception. But now I remembered in swift succession the number of orders of French toast sent back to my kitchen. What I had called soft and golden had

been termed 'soggy' on more than one occasion. On the other hand, when the cook suffered a throwback and turned out his crisp brown variety, more than one customer had referred to it bluntly as 'dry as sawdust.'

The chef and I were two individuals, each with a preconceived notion of what French toast ought to be. My customers were individuals, with preconceived notions, open to disappointment. As there was no hope of achieving a French toast that was universal in its appeal, the thing to do was to take it off the menu, where it merely asked for trouble.

'Stick to eggs, my boy,' I said to myself, a great light dawning. 'As long as you are handling individuals collectively, avoid running up against personal idiosyncrasies.' I removed French toast from the menu, and it has never appeared there since.

II

Among the comments of my friends when I opened the restaurant was one remark that caught my fancy: 'What the town needs is a first-class restaurant with good home cooking — and there's money in it, too. There's a fellow in Chicago mopping up on stewed chicken and noodles.'

So I chose stewed chicken and noodles for my luncheon special. It seemed like a good idea. Hundreds of people liked it. And hundreds of people liked giblets, too, prepared with rice in the good old-fashioned manner. Gizzards and livers don't cost extra — every hen has them, and they would add an extra dish to the menu to offset the price of the chicken.

But it soon developed that the restaurant tycoon making a daily fortune in Chicago on his Stewed Chicken Special was catering to a different setup. Chicago, with its estimated transient population of 1,000,000, provided him with a steady turnover of customers — far different from the small town where my trade was drawn from the same

people daily. The owner of the restaurant in the big city knew none of his prospective customers for stewed chicken and noodles — and hoped he'd never have to. Chances were slim that the same busy passer-by would drop into his restaurant on successive days. A new passer-by, hungry for stewed chicken, was his fortunate expectation, whereas my business depended upon luring the same bankers and lawyers and merchants back to the restaurant each noon. It was evident that a daily recurrence of stewed chicken and noodles was not the way to do it. The tycoon in Chicago could stick to the same dish and make it pay — in my case the dish merely stuck to me, and had to be thrown out with the garbage.

But I was not discouraged yet, because I was still learning. Stewed chicken made an alarming hole in my reserves, but it taught me something about ordering. I found to my surprise that the head and feet on a two-pound chicken weigh just about as much as the head and feet on a three and one-half pound chicken. So another enlightening fact went down in my notebook: as long as I had to pay for waste in any case, it was more practical to buy a three and one-half pound chicken, where the waste was proportionately less.

Waste there was and always would be. A lamb chop, a chicken, a steak, all had one thing in common. They were sold by the pound by a vendor who included in his price all the bone and waste material. Nature in her wisdom did not deem it advisable to grow beef without bones or to turn out T-bone steaks of the same circumference (although they might weigh the same). It was ordained that the restaurant keeper should grapple and deal with such problems.

I was aware of the problems, but I knew no way of solving them — just as I could not arrive at an answer to why a high-salaried cook was unable to make the cheap cuts of meat tender, while a low-salaried cook could succeed only in

making expensive cuts of meat unfit for human consumption.

A crap game and a stranded chef gave me my first cue to the slide-rule methods that I have come to use in operating — and in saving my restaurant!

I was, as you have seen, having cook trouble, waste trouble, and chicken-stew trouble. I was also having roast-lamb trouble. Only the centre portions of a roast lamb could be served as roast lamb, and the rest found its way into stew that was as plentiful as stewed chicken and just as unpopular when it appeared as a daily diet on my menu.

It was at this point that the crap game cleaned out a chef en route to his west-coast hotel on the way back from his vacation! He was only the third chef, but he had a good job. If he had been the first chef, the hotel would have wired him an advance. As it was, he wired the hotel and ran to cover in my kitchen, where he went to work to earn funds to return to his regular job.

After the series of cooks I had hired and fired, he proved to be a wizard. He tackled the roast-lamb and lamb-stew problem professionally and he knew the answer. To-day you never see roast lamb on my menu; but once a week you see lamb stew, and you always see lamb chops. It works this way.

Once upon a time a French chef with a Machiavellian soul hit upon the idea of paper frills for lamb chops. A nice touch, in more ways than one. It enabled the chef to trim off all meat from the bone, leaving the chop itself intact. He put the trimmings in a crock to accumulate, and, when he had enough meat, Spring Lamb Stew in Natural Broth appeared as the day's special. Frenched Lamb Chops were born, and poor saps like me discovered that it was cheaper to buy paper frills than to serve roast lamb in order to have leftovers for lamb stew.

We sell a lot of lamb-chop orders in my restaurant. There are two chops to

every order, and the customer does not miss the meat that has been cut away and camouflaged by a paper frill. In fact, he likes the paper frill. It adds a festive touch. It provides a dainty excuse for picking up the lamb chop to eat it.

Frenched Lamb Chops proved to be a twofold miracle. Spring Lamb Stew sold well when it appeared as a special a week or ten days apart. We gave it an added air by serving it in a casserole — which enabled us to check quantities in the kitchen and serve exact portions. Even the cook's assistant could be trusted to fill a lamb-stew order when he was given a container with a limited cubic capacity. The dumber he was, the more efficient he became at the simple business of scooping the stew from the pot and depositing it in an earthenware dish with a cover to keep the stew hot and to protect it against foreign substances.

III

This was my first encounter with legitimate tricks of the trade that protect a man against a garbage can that can break him.

In spite of my offers to keep the chef on in the capacity of prima donna or any other rôle he wished to play, he left me in a short time to go on to his job in the big hotel.

But he had sown the seeds of the soulless method of operation that has proved essential to the successful running of a restaurant. I began to figure short cuts for myself. I introduced individual pies on my menu when I discovered that the proportion of crust to filling is more in an individual pie than in a large pie served in slices. Filling is more expensive than crust — and that was the only answer I needed.

I capitalized on Service. Do not think it is without forethought that the plate of hot biscuits and golden pats of butter are placed before you as soon as possible when you order Roast Beef Au Jus on

the \$1.00 dinner. You are hungry. We know that, or you would not have come into the restaurant. And you are particularly hungry for a slab of good rich rare roast beef. If we brought on the hot biscuits with the beef, the chances are that you would tackle the beef first, on the theory that the child starts with his ice cream if he can get away with it. By starting you off on hot bread, the sharp edge of your appetite is gone when the roast beef arrives. As you waited, whether you wanted to or not, you involuntarily reached out for a biscuit. The butter melted when you spread it — the hot bread tasted delicious. And you reached for another biscuit. There is nothing more filling than hot bread. And hot bread is cheaper than roast beef. The slab of roast beef that we serve you is 'just enough,' and just what we can afford on the \$1.00 dinner. But if you tackled it with a sharp appetite, you might go out grumbling about our meagre portions and you might not come back for another \$1.00 dinner when you had a hankering for roast beef again!

This glimmering of intelligent operation was only a beginning. I was still confronted with a diminishing reserve. The trouble with all bookkeeping is that it is in the past tense. By the end of the month, the damage is done. But over a period of time the documentary evidence of my books showed me where the damage lay. I arrived eventually at the 40 per cent forecast.

I found that, out of every hundred cents on the dollar, I could afford to spend only forty cents with the butcher and baker. Sixty cents of my cash receipts had to be left with me to pay for the running of the kitchen, the salaries of cook and waitresses, the gas and electric light bills, the rent, the payments on equipment, the taxes and other whimsicalities of local, county, state, and federal governments. In this sixty cents were also included my mysterious and ever-vanishing alleged profits.

It became my business, then, to arrange a menu priced to pay me 60 per cent gross profit, and it behooved me to redecorate only when the 60 per cent allowed it and not when my wife got tired of the murals. My budget forced me to seek credit, postdate checks, measure ingredients, and portion servings. It made me crab about lights left burning. It made me poke in the garbage can. In short, it made me the sort of man I had hoped never to be. The only thing I did not do was chisel on the 40 per cent. I continued to buy the best food available with forty cents out of every dollar.

The women in the family indicated that doilies were more appealing than tablecloths, so doilies were ordered. Eventually the doilies and small-sized napkins did a natural disappearing act. I could have suspected the waitresses of deliberately making away with them because it is so much harder to set a table with a lot of little doodabs than with one large tablecloth. The doodabs slip off on the floor. Besides, the tables are n't big enough to hold doilies. I could have suspected the customers, who unwittingly mistake a small square napkin for a pocket handkerchief. I could have suspected the laundry, which can't be expected to keep track of doodabs. But I did not bother to suspect anyone. By then I had learned my lesson, and, although the doilies were not yet paid for, I went in for large-size tablecloths and ten-by-twelve napkins.

I started out with enough silver to take care of the maximum possible business I could expect in my small-town restaurant. While that maximum was seldom reached, I was often short of silverware. Inventory disclosed a curious discrepancy in the number of spoons on hand and the number originally purchased.

Now, nobody eats a spoon; and not too many spoons can go out with the garbage. A squib in a New York paper announcing an exhibit in a large department store of a collection of spoons from

restaurants all over the world, lent by a private collector, gave me the wrathful knowledge. Nobody eats a spoon, but some people carry them away.

It is no wonder that I have a driving curiosity to peer into the kitchen drawers of my friends. It gives me a private satisfaction to find a spoon marked with the name of my restaurant buried in the confusion of their everyday silver.

I had never reckoned on silverware and linen being spirited away — any more than I had reckoned on china wearing out. Again the health commission came into my life when a chipped dish was put before one of their employees. This taught me to toss out chipped dishes — and to reorder new ones at a cost that had not been included in my original budget for equipment.

IV

There is no one problem in the restaurant business that creates more conflicting emotions in the breast of Joe Doaks, Prop. than the problem of his employees. Take Annie. Annie is a waitress. She is also a housewife. Annie has rent to pay, food to buy, doctor bills, laundry bills. It is impossible to strike an attitude in the case of Annie. The principles of social justice rise up in the soul of Joe Doaks and command him to regard her as a human being. But the principles of the slide-rule operation on which the restaurant is run compel him to regard her in the same calculating manner that he regards a can of beans or a butt of beef.

These are my tangled emotions as I figure how many hamburgers I must sell to keep Annie on the payroll, and how many more I shall have to sell before I can raise her salary — or the salary of my cook, my porter, my barman, and my dishwasher. Particularly my dishwasher!

It is impossible to sit with my slide rule and disregard the human forces that help contribute to my success or failure; nor should I want to. My second cook,

like the dishwasher, allows me an insight into his life outside the kitchen. But — unlike the dishwasher — he is a miracle man when it comes to making his dollars stretch. He prefers the old feudal system of having the master pay his bills; and the bills that come to my desk charged to the second cook are an education in self-control and lack of indulgence. Here is one man who seems to be able to make his own private slide rule work. His grocery bill has listed as little as one egg, one pound of rice, a bag of beans, a bag of flour. And yet the children of the second cook look like a row of husky, well-scrubbed, well-fed little dolls when they come to call on me.

I find myself in the embarrassing position of counselor to the second cook on his problems that deal with the family. When the PWA discovered a latent talent in the oldest son and proffered violin lessons free of charge, the second cook put the question before me. Was it worth while to invest money in a violin in order to take advantage of lessons in violin offered free? This forced me to pass judgment, not only on the budgeting of my second cook's salary, but also on the quality of the instruction in violin that could be expected from the PWA.

Sometimes I think that it is the cook that balances the budget. If he is efficient he can keep the operating costs of my kitchen within the percentage I have allowed for it. If he is negligent — or goes suddenly berserk — my slide rule slips and I am encroaching on my precious profits.

Because I have 'subbed' for the cook on more than one occasion, I have an enduring sympathy for his sins of drunkenness, disobedience, temper, and neglect. There is no more nerve-racking job than serving as kingpin during a rush hour in a restaurant. The system of taking orders from the waitresses, alone, would upset a robot. In my restaurant the waitress calls her order and the cook echoes it back. If he fails to answer, it means that he is holding beneath his cap, behind his

eyes, in the limited cells of his gray matter, as many orders as he can remember and get right. If there is a rush of customers, with a rush of orders, the chances are that the cook will find the entire staff of waitresses lined up waiting to shout what his already overcrowded brain cannot remember.

In turn, the cook may ring the bell to indicate to the waitress on the floor that her steak order is ready. It may be a steak done to the perfect turn of 'medium rare.' When the waitress does not answer the ring and the cook sees the steak going dry before his eyes, *his* soul rebels. There is no excuse in his eyes for the waitress who has offended his steak, even though the proprietor may know that the girl has been listening to the complaints of the little old lady who eats at the restaurant every day of her life because she can enjoy a homey little chat with the waitress who serves her.

I have fired my cooks for immorality, inebriation, instability — and for 'borrowing.' Speed was the black boy with fallen feet who 'borrowed' our baked hams. He sat at his range on a high stool built especially for him because if he stood too long his 'feet gave way' beneath him. Nick was the chef who got drunk on New Year's Day and caused the head waitress so much anxiety that she figured it would be better to get drunk with him in order to stop worrying.

V

Little restaurant man that I am, little business man that I am, I belong to an unidentified group that represents the greatest financial wizards of all ages. Our name is not Morgan; nor is it Du Pont. Our name is legion. We are the Minute Men of Main Street — the front-line militia on the battlefield of finance, remarshaling our forces every twenty-four hours, planning our attack with every new sunrise, flanking the banks, kiting checks, pulling financial rabbits out of hats, and praying to God on each

of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year that our little business may stay open.

And we have stayed open. We were here in 1929 and we are here in 1939. But ask us how we did it, and we wonder ourselves. Who was it that closed in 1929? It was the banks and Big Business that ran to cover, while a little restaurant man like me did not have enough sense to come in out of the rain. Little grocery stores, little shoe stores, little beauty parlors, defiantly kept their doors open — rolled up their sleeves, wiped the drops of moisture from their brow, justified their position as the backbone of the nation by showing a reckless, extravagant, and stubborn belief in the nation.

'What shall we use for money?' is our common language. And if, as in my case, the bank does not always care, we may use anything from a butt of beef to a can of peas to meet the payroll. Messrs. Morgan, Du Pont, and Astor are bowed into the front door of the countinghouses, their fingers wrapped comfortably around their checkbooks. They know nothing of the little business man who hangs his rheumatism on a hook and hotfoots it to the bank at two minutes before closing time to try to raise ninety dollars for a C.O.D. shipment of perishable food parked in the back alley. They know nothing of the peace of a Sunday or a holiday when the doors of the countinghouse are closed, bequeathing twenty-four hours' grace to its check writers.

There are no statues built to the little business man and no coins struck for him. Our proportions are not heroic enough to impress a banker, an author, or a movie director. Yet our potential forces and collective ingenuity enlisted by the nation would probably solve the toughest financial problem the New Deal could offer. We are the boys who are fresh out of money at the start of most of our days. Fighting for a breathing spell, wangling for a postponement of defeat, scratching around for pennies, postdating, mis-signing, and stopping payment

on checks, allowing papers to be served on us because the cumbersome wheels of the law sometimes give us a blessed respite. We are the boys who go to bed chorusing, 'Well — we got by to-day.'

Why do we do it — this scrabbling around for petty sums, this tantalizing, tormenting, repetitive struggling from day to day? It is not as if the stakes we are playing for were high. This is no rags-to-riches, no poorhouse-to-penthouse story. All we are after is bean money. But hope springs eternal in man's bony chest. Probably every little business man harbors a private yearning to be a big business man; and the reason he takes his daily pummeling is that he thinks that possibly — just possibly — his day is coming, too!

And what have we learned in this three hundred and sixty-five day endurance test? A salient fact about financing that is marked by its simplicity. There are two ways to stay in business. One way is to pay your bills at maturity; the other way is to owe so many bills that it does not pay any single creditor to put you out of business. Reverting back to optimism, you find that hope springs eternal in the chests of your creditors also. They are hoping that you can get out of your hole — so that they can get out too. They are fair-weather friends, but they cannot afford to let you down when they are in so deep that their books have blushed red in the afterglow of your embarrassment.

While paying your bills by the tenth and taking your discount is the admirable and unadventurous way of doing business, it looks as if there were points for the other method — which is the slow-paying way. The prompt payment is good payment as long as it is prompt. But when the day comes along that so often comes along and the discount is not taken, the credit manager of the big business that is dealing with the little business is instantly on his guard. Mr. Prompt Payer is a babe in the financial woods. To date he has had no financial

worries, as evidenced by the discounts credited to him in previous months. He is unfamiliar with alibis, finagling, squeezing by. He has never had to pull a financial rabbit out of a hat. The question is whether he can do it now that his hour has come. A credit manager may doubt the potentialities of the Prompt Payer and cut him off his list.

On the other hand, there is Slow Pay, who has danced in the meadows of money and plucked loans like daisies. He is familiar with the alibi, which may wear the sheep's clothing of (1) the check he forgot to sign; (2) the unexpected C.O.D. shipment; or (3) the check he cashed for a customer, which bounced. Slow Pay has no vines growing on him. He has learned to hop, skip, and jump when he gets in a hole. He wears a grin on his face and brains under his hat. He has managed thus far — and it is the credit manager's hunch that he will continue to manage to the bitter end. He may lose his shirt, but the skeleton of his honest endeavor will remain. He is extended credit on his wits, his sense of humor, his dogged determination, and his never-ending struggle to pay. The credit manager knows that long after the fixtures have gone the character lingers on!

VI

As a restaurant owner, I encountered two brutal facts when my reserve was gone. First, I found that I was not entitled to credit because, theoretically, I sold for cash and therefore should buy for cash. Secondly, I found that the bank did not care to — and would n't — become a partner in my business.

The explanation of why there was no more reserve lies, of course, in the fact that I was learning the restaurant business firsthand, and my mistakes were evident only after the damage was done. I paid dearly for my errors. The restaurant business is not something that can be culled out of a book like the law. I could not reach down for a Supreme

Court decision on a butt of beef. The butt was something I had to discover for myself — after a long period of searching through the unfamiliar anatomy of a cow. To-day the butt of beef is a profitable investment, eliminating waste and contributing toward my 60 per cent gross. But there were many days when the hindquarters failed me.

With my reserve gone, the only money I have to go on is the cash in the till. Theoretically, if everyone pays cash, there should be sufficient cash in the till to pay my food costs and the costs of operation if my business is functioning as I planned it. But it is n't! I have a fine crop of theories, but they are n't working. And why not? To start with, everyone is not paying cash. By now a number of my friends have discovered that they can hang their meal check on the hook at Joey's. And before I know it I am extending credit to too many people for too long a period. This is nobody's fault but my own, but I still refuse to preface my life with a dollar sign. By this time, also, I have given my all to the restaurant, leaving nothing for the tailor, the cleaner, and the mechanic who attend to my wants in private life. Therefore it is not an unfamiliar sight to see them occupying my tables, taking their payment out in trade.

As I dip my way through the till, the day comes when there is not enough money to meet the unpostponable items of public utilities and payroll. And I am forced to let my other bills go in order to meet these paramount claims on my checkbook. At first, nothing much happens. Nobody is concerned about a few days' delay, and a remarkable degree of coöperation is extended to me. The dairy, the iceman, and the other local boys know me and trust me. It is at their suggestion that I write my first postdated checks — a primary move in the long process of stalling. The postdated check is a workable arrangement — for a while! In the end it becomes a farce. We find that we have anticipated

our daily cash receipts some thirty or forty days in advance to cover the postdated checks, that we must squeeze every nickel to keep them from bouncing when their appointed hour comes around. In time we learn that the casual suggestion, 'Give us a check — date it ahead,' is merely a salesman's way out. We learn to say, 'Do you want a check — or do you want your bill paid?' And we know that if we were dealing with the credit manager, instead of with his myrmidons, the postdated check would be refused and the credit probably extended. But the salesman is not entitled to extend credit — and so we sign our John Hancock to just so much paper.

Finally one day, with total irreverence, I signed a stream of checks to end all checks. A good-sized bank account would scarcely have covered them, and my statement at the moment showed a balance of only \$25. It was not a case of a man's reason snapping under pressure. It was in direct compliance with my creditors' demands: 'I want a check.' If it was checks they wanted, I decided they should have them. By the time I had written two or three, word got around that Joe Doaks was paying off. By noon, the bank was on the wire:

'You can't do this — it's a felony — a man as intelligent as you knows better.'

I agreed that I knew better.

'But *why* did you do it?' they asked.

'To show my creditors the light,' I answered. 'The bank is not out anything, — and I am not out anything, — but the bill collectors won't clamor any more. They understand now that my hesitancy to write them a check lies in the fact that I have no money — and not in a wayward desire to stall.'

When I can't cover the postdated check, the fun begins. The wholesale house telegraphs me: 'We are in receipt of your order of such and such a date. Also your check which has been returned to us on account of insufficient funds. Please advise us at once as to what we should do.'

I telegraph back: 'Hold the check and ship the order.'

And they do. Why? Because the credit manager is a psychologist and figures that if Slow Pay has the nerve to telegraph back nonsense he is probably a safe bet. In due time the credit manager happens to pass through my town, and he comes to see me. In his hand is the postdated check. He waves it at me and says: 'Well — do you think we've held this long enough?'

We laugh. We talk. I write him another check. And in the end I have sold him on myself — Joe Doaks, little restaurant man who has n't got sense enough to take the easy way out, which is to close the doors and go off leaving his bills behind him.

It is not so strange that a man begins, finally, to question the achievement of owning his own business, and to gaze with thoughtful eyes at the fellow on the other side of the fence whose biggest problem is to adjust his life within the economical brackets of the weekly honorarium that his employer dishes out. Salary checks to cash — and not to pay! I sometimes dream of it and the idyllic life that goes with it. No fixture company! No banks! No whimsical White House! A charmed life — but one that may lack the crucial moments that toughen a man's soul, along with his muscles, as he hotfoots it around to save his little shop.

SONNETS

I

THERE is no tragedy in death unless
Ignobly met. You do not cringe to him.
Daily reslain by pain and weariness,
The body broken but the spirit grim,
You yield no compromise to fear; bereft
Even of solace for oblivion;
For, suffering, you doubt that God is left,
But crave the sweet compassion of His Son.

He whom the senseless savagery of pain
Taught love and courage, lays His hand across
Your eyes, and bids you feel again
The pity He felt, hanging from the Cross,
For men bewildered and condemned to face
The dreadful magnitudes of time and space.

II

Now is death merciful. He calls me hence
Gentle, with friendly soothing of my fears
Of ugly age and feeble impotence
And cruel disintegration of slow years.
Nor does he leap upon me unaware
Like some wild beast that hungers for its prey,
But gives me kindly warning to prepare:
Before I go, to kiss your tears away.

How sweet the summer! And the autumn shone
Late warmth within our hearts as in the sky,
Ripening rich harvests that our love had sown.
How good that ere the winter comes, I die!
Then, ageless, in your heart I'll come to rest
Serene and proud as when you loved me best.

R. S.

HOW ABOUT HUGO BLACK?

BY CHARLES P. CURTIS, JR.

I

WHAT sort of judge has Hugo Black turned out to be? When President Roosevelt unexpectedly appointed him to the Supreme Court there was a public uproar of doubt and objection, and in the legal profession something like consternation.

People said that if you could call the man a lawyer at all you must say he was a pretty small-time one, since all the law he had ever practised was for a couple of years in Birmingham. His only judicial experience had been as a police judge. He'd been prosecuting attorney in Jefferson County for two years. And aside from that, they said, he was just a New Deal politician, a poor white from the new manufacturing Deep South. An enterprising newspaper found out that he had been a Ku-Kluxer. *Life* published some pictures of him. I remember one of a small lean boy sitting on the porch of a crazy old schoolhouse, and another of a young man looking a bit cocky in a group graduating from the University of Alabama.

Hugo Black has now been almost two years on the bench. He has taken sides in more than two hundred decisions. He has written a good many opinions. Can we form from his opinions an idea of what sort of judge he is, or guess what sort of judge he is going to be? It strikes me that some conclusion can be reached even from such limited material.

There is no need of defending Black's ability. There are not many judges who could write the succinct, lawyer-like,

and pointed opinions he has written for the Court. There are fewer yet capable of the clarity, power, and perspicacity of his dissents. It is nonsense for anyone who has read them to speak otherwise. Whether you agree with his dissents is another matter. Sometimes I do; sometimes I do not. Very few lawyers will agree with all of them, a very great many with none of them. But that's no denial of Black's ability.

Black is independent. If we take the 216 decisions in which he took part in his first year and a half on the bench, from October 1937 through January 3, 1938, we find him dissenting 10 per cent of the time. That is, from the result of the decision. Many times he concurs only for his own reasons. If we add those occasions, he disagrees with a majority of his brethren, in reason or in result, 16 per cent of the time. He disagreed with McReynolds in one way or another 35 per cent of the time, and with Butler 27 per cent of the time. We might expect that, but it is somewhat of a surprise to find him striking off from Brandeis in 16 per cent of the cases, and just as often—but no more so, mark you—from Hughes. His lowest percentage of disagreement was with Cardozo, but even that was as much as 14 per cent.

Black's independence does not really require statistical proof. Barring Butler and McReynolds recently, the Court has not seen so much dissenting since Mr. Justice Daniel of Virginia before the

Civil War; not from Harlan, nor Holmes, nor Brandeis. But Black shows his independence in one way that is particularly significant. Once out of every eight times he agreed with none of his brethren. For lone dissents I think that is a record. Not that they will necessarily continue. He and Reed have been drawing more and more together in their dissents, just as Butler and McReynolds are together in an opposite corner. Frankfurter has taken Cardozo's place — the seat of Holmes; and Douglas is succeeding Brandeis. They are better technical lawyers than Black. Possibly we have seen the last of Black against the field. However, in many of his lone dissents during this period, his first year and a half on the bench, he gave his reasons, and usually at some length. Here is where we can look to find the most of Black, and at the same time Black at his most vulnerable, when he could find no other justice to agree with him.

The dissent in the Florida Fruit Juice Case is a good one to begin with. It deals with the application of the Fourteenth Amendment to state legislation.

In the spring of 1937, the Florida Legislature acted on the fruit juice that was being brought into the State, where it was canned or packed and then labeled as Floridan, to be shipped north and sold as Floridan in competition with Florida's own. A law was passed requiring the word 'Florida' to be 'stamped into or embossed upon the tin, glass or other substance' of the container of all Floridan fruit products, and of no others. The House was unanimous, 70 to 0. In the Senate there was one adverse vote, 24 to 1.

The Florida producers, however, were not unanimous. The Polk Company, for instance, had \$33,000 worth of unembossed tin containers, and the Polk Company brought the suit to test the constitutionality of the new law. It called the law unfair, unjust to the producer, and asserted that embossing on

tin plate breaks the plate and opens up the sheet steel of the can to the action of the acid in the fruit juice. The District Court read its petition, listened to some affidavits, and dismissed it. The Polk Company's appeal to the Supreme Court was not heard until last autumn.

Then the Supreme Court, all but Black, refused to decide, saying they did not have enough facts. 'The salutary principle that the essential facts should be determined before passing on grave constitutional questions is applicable.'

Of course the Court must have all the facts before they invalidate a statute, but this very necessity, Black would say, only shows what they are doing. When they invalidate a statute, they are really legislating, and Black does not like judicial legislation. The whole of Black's dissent should be read. Here, however, is the gist of it: —

Even according to the presently prevailing interpretation of the Due Process Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, I do not believe the averments of petitioners' bill can sustain invalidation . . . [they] raise no more than questions of policy for legislative determination, which the Florida legislature has already considered and which can be presented to other legislatures in the future. . . . Under our constitutional plan of government, the exclusive power of determining the wisdom of this policy rested with the legislature of Florida subject to the veto power of Florida's governor. . . . The legislative history of [this statute] indicates that it was given the careful and cautious consideration which regulation of one of the State's major industries deserved. . . . This case offers an appropriate opportunity to return to the wholesome principle stated by this Court in 1888, 'If all that can be said of this legislation is that it is unwise, or unnecessarily oppressive to those manufacturing or selling wholesome oleomargarine, as an article of food, their appeal must be to the legislature, or to the ballot box, not to the judiciary. The latter cannot interfere without usurping powers committed to another department of government.' . . . May the Court, on evidence outside the bill, hold that the law violates due process because the court is con-

vinced that the legislature might have chosen a wiser, less expensive and less burdensome regulation? If a court in this case and under this bill has this power, the final determination of the wisdom and choice of legislative policy has passed from legislatures — elected by and responsible to the people — to the courts.

Here, at once, you get what seems to me to be the clue to Black. When he picks up a statute, he reads it like the experienced legislator he is. Legislation has been his trade and his profession. On the other hand, his colleagues are lawyers first, and scarcely legislators at all. They too are familiar, of course, with statutes, as much so as he is, but they read them as judges. Black's familiarity with them has come from making them.

Black feels the same way about administrative law. When the rates of the Indianapolis Water Company were reduced by the Public Service Commission in December 1932, the company appealed to the courts. Five years later the case reached the Supreme Court, in December 1937.

The District Court had valued the company's property and approved the rates, but the Circuit Court of Appeals observed that the valuation on which the District Court had based its approval had been made two and a half years before — and what a two years that was! The general rise in prices between those dates could not be ignored. So there had to be a revaluation. The Supreme Court agreed, in a brief *per curiam* opinion, but not Black.

This case, said Black, will be coming back to us five years hence. It took five years to come up to us, and if we make the District Court start all over again the price level will fluctuate again, and perhaps prove the judge wrong again, and all's to do over. Every fixing of a rate, and every passing on a rate, is at best a matter of prophecy, because the rates are fixed for the future. During the years it takes to appeal, the

prophecy becomes experience; and price levels change in the meanwhile. This case, he said, is an illustration of the almost insuperable obstacles to rate regulation to-day. 'I believe it forecasts a day when the present long delays in rate regulation will be endless.'

What's wrong with these rates? he asked. Only that the court paid too much attention to the theory of reproduction cost, which of course a rising price level would increase.

Now if you say 'reproduction cost' to Black he will scowl. He scowled here.

The experience of the people of Indianapolis in their efforts to obtain fair and reasonable water rates from this company which has long had a monopoly in their community, discloses what appears to me to be the complete unreliability of the 'reproduction cost' theory. Wherever the question of utility valuation arises to-day, it is exceedingly difficult to discern the truth through the maze of formulas and the jungle of metaphysical concepts sometimes conceived, and often fostered, by the ingenuity of those who seek inflated valuations to support excessive rates. Even the testimony of engineers, with wide experience in developing this theory and expounding it to courts, is not in agreement as to the meaning of the vague and uncertain terms created to add invisible and intangible values to actual physical property. Completely lost in the confusion of language — too frequently invented for the purpose of confusing — commissions and courts passing upon rates for public utilities are driven to listen to conjectures, speculations, estimates and guesses, all under the name of 'reproduction costs.'

Anyhow, said Black, all this interference by the federal courts with a State's right to regulate rates is comparatively recent doctrine. Federal courts did not interfere with state legislation fixing maximum rates for public services until 1890. Then a divided Court finally repudiated its earlier constitutional interpretation and declared that due process of law requires judicial invalidation of legislative rates which the courts believe confiscatory.

II

Black is always pressing the point that what he wants is nothing novel and that all he wants is to go back to earlier and purer doctrine. It is 'the wholesome principle stated by the Court in 1888' or 'It was not until 1890 . . .' If he were an Englishman, he might be called Victorian.

In the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company Case, he startled the bar by wanting the Court to go back to a remark it dropped in an opinion in 1873, in spite of a subsequent line of decisions to the contrary.

'I do not believe,' said Black, 'the word *person* in the Fourteenth Amendment includes corporations. . . . A constitutional interpretation that is wrong should not stand. I believe this Court should now overrule previous decisions which interpreted the Fourteenth Amendment to include corporations.'

The Fourteenth Amendment, he said, 'followed the freedom of a race from slavery,' and when it was submitted to the people they 'were told that its purpose was to protect weak and helpless human beings and were not told that it was intended to remove corporations in any fashion from the control of state governments.' In 1873, five years after its adoption, this Court itself said, 'We doubt very much whether any action of a State not directed by way of discrimination against the Negroes as a class, or on account of their race, will ever be held to come within the purview of this provision.'

Then someone, Black said, dug up the journal of the Joint Committee of Congress which drafted the amendment and found an indication that they intended to protect corporations as well as Negroes. But a secret purpose does not justify an interpretation. No word in all the amendment gives any such hint. Read it. 'All *persons*,' it begins, 'born or naturalized . . .' That's not a corporation. Then what is protected?

Life and liberty, as well as property. Corporations don't have either life or liberty, as this Court has held. Go on to the next section. It apportions representatives among the States according to 'the whole number of *persons*' in each. That's not corporations. And the third section. It says that no *person* who engaged in the insurrection shall be a Senator or Representative. Obviously, not a corporation. He concludes, 'If the people of this Nation wish to deprive the States of their sovereign rights to determine what is a fair and just tax on corporations doing a purely local business within their own state boundaries, there is a way provided by the Constitution to accomplish this purpose. That way does not lie along the course of judicial amendment to that fundamental charter.'

I am left a little cold by these verbal inferences. They are logical. They are more relevant than the secret purpose of the Joint Committee. On the other hand, to my mind they do not outweigh the settled and accepted interpretation, over so many years, of an admitted ambiguity. But it is not revolutionary, as some of the bar regarded it, this wish to upset a fifty-year settled construction of the Constitution. Only the year before, as Black pointed out, the Court had expressly overruled its fifteen-year-old interpretation of the same Fourteenth Amendment on minimum-wage laws. Three months later, in the *Tompkins* Case, the Court was to overrule a hundred-year-old interpretation of an Act of Congress of 1789. Black is not subversive. He is simply disrespectful of recent precedents.

Black's regard for legislation is something more than a prejudice against corporations, as this next dissent will show.

Dorothy Anderson was a teacher in a township school in Indiana, under an appointment which stated that 'all of the provisions of the Teachers Tenure Law, approved March 8, 1927, shall be in

full force and effect in this contract.' That law said that after a teacher had six successive annual contracts she became a permanent teacher, and could be fired only for good and just cause, not for political or personal reasons. Dorothy Anderson had had her sixth appointment when the Indiana Legislature changed its mind about the advantages of permanent tenure in township schools and took them out of this law of 1927. Then she was dropped for what she said was no good cause. She brought suit. The Indiana courts ruled against her, and she appealed to the Supreme Court.

There was a contract, the Court said, between the State of Indiana and this schoolteacher. The Constitution forbids a State to impair its contracts. 'We reverse the judgment and remand the cause for further proceedings not inconsistent with this judgment.'

Black alone dissented. 'In my opinion,' he said, 'this reversal unconstitutionally limits the right of Indiana to control Indiana's public school system.' In 1927, Indiana had 'a laudable desire' and made 'a commendable effort' to give reasonable security of employment to its teachers, and when, in 1933, it decided to exclude township schools from the statute it had the right, as well as the duty, to do so. The Indiana Legislature, Black said, is bound by its constitutional duty to provide, by law, for common schools, which are 'essential to the preservation of free government.' It cannot make a contract in conflict with this sovereign power. 'I believe the people of Indiana, if they prefer, have the right under the Federal Constitution to entrust this important public policy to their elective representatives rather than to the courts. Democracy permits the people to rule.'

That is what Black said. But the question is, Did Miss Anderson have a contract? The school board certainly tried their best to give her one. They signed a paper, which this law of 1927

said was to be a contract. If any schoolteacher ever had a contract of permanent employment with a State, I should say that she had one. And the Constitution certainly forbids the States to impair their contracts.

III

How does Black stand when it is an Act of Congress?

Long ago the Court laid down the doctrine that a State may not tax any federal instrumentality. This does not appear in the Constitution. It was Marshall's and his Court's build-up of the national government, to protect it from taxation by the States. So they ruled that Maryland could not constitutionally tax the banknotes of the Bank of the United States. In 1871 the Court made the rule mutual, in the case of *Collector v. Day*, holding the salary of a state probate judge exempt from the federal income tax. If each could tax the other, where would either stop?

The difficulty with the doctrine was that the Court had to decide in each particular case whether the person or thing taxed was 'essentially governmental.' Was it really a tax on the other government?

That was the question the Court had to answer in the case of *Helvering v. Gerhardt*. The construction engineer and two assistant managers of the Port of New York Authority refused to pay the federal income tax on their salaries. They were New York officials and employees. That was clear. But was their work an essential governmental function? A majority of the justices thought on the whole that it was not, and upheld the tax. Black agreed, but he had his own reasons.

He said the question whether their jobs were essentially governmental was beside the point. For the payment of an income tax that falls on all citizens alike cannot impair the governmental operations of the State of New York. This without more, Black thought, was reason

enough to support the tax, but he found it difficult to reconcile this result with the principle announced in *Collector v. Day*. That led him to the conclusion that 'the entire subject of intergovernmental tax immunity' should be reëxamined, particularly in view of the Sixteenth Amendment, which authorizes Congress to tax incomes 'from whatever source derived.' The present case, he said, afforded occasion for appropriate and necessary abandonment of the test of essential versus nonessential function. And he proceeded to eliminate the doctrine. It is a good example of Black's root-and-branch perspicacity.

It was, he went on, a confusing test anyhow. 'Conceptions of essential governmental functions vary with individual philosophies.' Some believe that the ownership of water, power, and transportation systems is essential. Some do not. 'The genius of our government provides that within the sphere of constitutional action the people — acting not through the courts but through their elected legislative representatives — have the power to determine as conditions demand what services and functions the public welfare requires.'

However, Black proceeded to point out that the Constitution does not require us to divide public employees into taxpaying and non-taxpaying groups, depending on their functions. On the contrary, the Sixteenth Amendment empowers Congress to collect taxes on income 'from whatever source derived,' and this — given its most obvious meaning — is broad enough to allow Congress to tax all public employees uniformly. That was Holmes's view, and is the view of the President, who said in his recent message to Congress, 'It is difficult for almost all citizens to understand why a constitutional provision permitting taxes on "income from whatever source derived" does not mean "from whatever source derived."'

Here Black is insisting on the Sixteenth Amendment for the benefit of

Congress. In Miss Anderson's case he was disregarding — as it seems to me — the provision in Article I against impairing contracts for the benefit of a State. In both cases it is the legislator speaking, there for the state legislature, here for Congress, against interference from the Court.

Black's attitude is the same whenever the Court reads into the Constitution what he does not find there. What is the standing of a state tax on receipts from sales made in interstate commerce? Black has dissented twice on the subject, both times alone.

One case concerned an Indiana corporation which was making road machinery in Indiana, 80 per cent of whose sales were in other States, the other a Washington company which sold apples and pears all over the country. Both States had laid gross-receipts taxes on those interstate sales. Was that constitutional?

The Court had a dozen cases to cite holding that such a tax was prohibited by the Commerce Clause in the Constitution. Following these precedents, the Court held the tax void, reasoning thus: The tax on these receipts from interstate commerce is in effect a regulation of interstate commerce; the Constitution says, 'The Congress shall have power to regulate commerce among the several States'; that means that the States cannot regulate it. Otherwise, commerce among the States could be taxed twice, for the sales might also be taxed by the States where they were made.

Yes, you and I might say, but the existence of the power to regulate commerce is not its exercise. The failure of Congress to act is not tantamount to an Act of Congress, and for the Court to regard it as such is simply legislation by the Court, judicial legislation acquiesced in by Congress. When the Court decided to reject state laws which interfered with interstate commerce, on the ground that Congress could have —

would have, if Congress had thought of it — exercised its great power, then the Court was substituting for Congress and legislating. True, that was over a hundred years ago, under Marshall. Yet that is not the way our laws are supposed to be made.

I confess, my heart fails my head. Anyone who read Raymond Buell's article in *Fortune* for August 1938, however stout his stand against judicial legislation and the encroachment of the Court on Congress, must find his heart fail too. Our commerce and our industries command the largest single market in history, a market that extends from coast to coast, so big even that some economists say it ought to be big enough. States' rights and state greed might have chiseled that market down — and may yet do so.

Black recognizes this, but he is undeterred. I give the conclusion of his dissent in the second case, a good half-dozen pages of Black at his best: 'It is as essential to-day, as at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, that commerce among the States and with foreign nations be left free from discriminatory and retaliatory burdens imposed by the States. It is of equal importance, however, that the judicial department of our government scrupulously observe its constitutional limitations and that Congress alone should adopt a broad national policy of regulation — if otherwise valid state laws combine to hamper the free flow of commerce. . . . Since the Constitution grants sole and exclusive power to Congress to regulate commerce among the States, repeated assumption of this power by the courts — even over a long period of years — could not make this assumption of power constitutional.' And he goes into the *Tompkins Case*, where on 'April 25, 1938, this Court overruled and renounced an unconstitutional assumption of power by the federal courts based on a doctrine extending back through an unbroken line of authority to 1842.'

IV

I have covered all of Black's more important lone dissents to the time I write, which is March 1939. Any Monday — for that is the day when decisions are announced and opinions read — there may be more. Necessarily our conclusions must be hit on the wing. Only the historians get sitters.

A couple of generations ago — shortly after the Civil War, let us say — the judges began to think they could make better constitutional law as they interpreted the Constitution in their decisions than the legislators who were implementing it with their statutes. You will recall that Black keeps harking back to decisions just before this. Often the judges were justified. They had a better technique and they were wise men. However, the more certain they became that their constitutional doctrine was better than the legislators', the more of it they were tempted to make.

Only a few of them were aware that the legislators were becoming more skillful, taking their work more in earnest, getting more trained advice, showing more sophistication and consequently — this is my point — more professional pride. The result should have been simply a readjustment of prides, the older giving proper place bit by bit to the new. So it would have been, if a majority of the judges had not come to fancy themselves as statesmen. The difficulty about this was that they were not responsible. The Constitution had gone to some pains to make them quite the contrary, irremovable except by impeachment. That is where the legislators had them: *they* were responsible. Black came to the Senate while this majority in the Court was invalidating the AAA, denying that railroad pensions were a regulation of interstate commerce, and making its last veto of minimum wages. He was appointed from that Senate.

But Black's disrespect and distaste for judicial statesmanship have a deeper foundation than that. They spring from the expert's respect for his own art. For Black is an expert in legislation, ten years in the Senate. He thinks a judge should stick to his judging and take his law as it is given to him by those whose job it is to make it. And Black feels this strongly because he himself used to make it. It is the attitude of the artist toward the critic, of the man who is responsible for his work toward the man who concerns himself with the work of others. Black has carried the legislator's new pride of craftsmanship on to the bench. That is why so many regard him as a stranger in the clubroom. He is a legislator among judges.

There is no nice solution to the conflict. The judges can't help interpreting the Constitution. They have to be statesmen. To set a limit to the exercise of your own statesmanship is a problem

that does not call for a judicial solution. It is a matter of attitude. Here, for the Court, the proper attitude is one of self-restraint. Stone has said, 'The only check on our exercise of power is our sense of self-restraint.' Some, like Holmes, have had the humility of great wisdom. Those who have had less wisdom have shown much less humility. The humility that comes of wisdom calls for a great deal of wisdom.

Black contributes, I think, a new attitude — that even a discerning self-restraint or even a wise humility may perhaps not be enough; that what is necessary is an understanding and an appreciation of the legislator's pride of craft.

Instead of a Socratean knowledge of his own ignorance, Black's strength is a proper esteem for a sister craft, one that was his own. It is his pride. It is also the other half of what should become a mutual respect.

WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

BY WALTER BROOKS

I

ONCE upon a time there was a young man named Watson Prior and he didn't yearn for anything in particular. He had been sort of slowing down ever since he was six years old. From an almost hysterically excitable child he had become a normally eager and enthusiastic prep-school boy and then a rather bored honor student in college. After college, with the large quarterly income payments made him by the trustees of his father's estate, neither interest nor necessity counseled work. There was a house on Long Island, and an apartment in town, and there were cars and girls and horses and foreign *plages* and mixed drinks and everything on earth to entertain him. But after five years of it he had no more zest for life than a squash.

So he went to see a doctor. The doctor punched and poked and pried and peered, and then he had Mr. Prior put his shirt on and took him into the front office and told him there was nothing the matter. 'Nothing, that is,' he said, 'except that you've got the mind of a man of eighty in the body of a man of twenty-five.' 'Oh,' said Mr. Prior without much interest. 'Well, what should I do?' 'If you had a little romance in your system —' said the doctor. 'Romance!' said Mr. Prior. 'Pshaw!' 'Quite so,' said the doctor. 'Well, you're away behind the times. We used to get a lot of cases like yours thirty years ago. Too much security. People can't stand it. But the world to-day —' Then he glanced at his watch. 'Do?' he said. 'Get mad. Get scared. Get into a mess

that you can't buy your way out of. Not just something dangerous. Both dangerous and dishonorable. It's difficult to counsel you. Thirty years ago it would have been enough to palm an ace or wear a flannel shirt to a wedding. But that's not even remarkable nowadays. And crime — well, I can't counsel crime. You'll have to pick your own. Fifty dollars, please.'

Well, Mr. Prior wasn't very enthusiastic about the advice, though he thought it good. He spent the evening at the club looking up crimes in a set of books about famous trials, but they were all either too bloody or too complicated, like bride-in-the-bath murders or counterfeiting. And then he remembered that his choice of a life's work at the age of eleven had been burglary. So he thought of burglary for a while, feeling that if he could revive the childhood thrill he would be on the right track. But he just went to sleep.

The next morning he had about decided to give up the idea of crime, but as he looked back on it he saw that there had been a certain amount of interest in going to the doctor, and in contrast with the day that stretched ahead of him it looked almost lurid. He was to have dinner that evening with Miss Cornelia Vetch, who is best known, perhaps, for her cigarette endorsements. Miss Vetch had a sort of synthetic gayety which showed up well in photographs, perhaps because it really was only two-dimensional, being put on with her make-up. But Mr. Prior had been brought up with

her and liked her because she respected his moods—which meant that she never said anything that needed an answer. There was nothing so definite as an understanding between them, but there was a sort of vague feeling that they might some day marry. So he sent Miss Vetch a wire saying that he was called out of town, and then, without telling even the servants, he drove out to his house on Long Island.

As it was late fall, the house was closed for the season. There was no one to see Mr. Prior drive up, for the caretaker had died two years ago and he hadn't bothered to get another. He went in and pulled down the shades and built a fire and began to check in the phone book the names of such local people as didn't know him by sight. And that evening he changed to a cap and a pair of sneakers and put a flashlight in his pocket and went out.

As a crime Mr. Prior's first burglary was hardly a success, for he was treed by a dog before he had got ten yards inside the grounds of the house he had picked out. Fortunately he remembered an imitation for which he had won some fame as a schoolboy and he answered the dog in his own language, hoping that his owner would conclude the cause of the racket to be merely a disagreement with a neighbor over a bone. Before Mr. Prior had barked himself into a coma the dog got sick of it and trotted back to the house, and Mr. Prior was able to slip down and across the wall and so home.

Well, Mr. Prior had always taken comfort and safety for granted, but now, having been without them for an hour or so, they seemed very fine things. And so did the warm fire and the drink trickling down a throat raw with barking. He felt more alive than he'd felt in years. Even up the tree he'd felt alive, though pretty silly.

II

But next morning the zest had vanished. Not entirely. There was still a

perceptible savor in the remembered events of last evening. But present and future were as flat as cold potato soup. 'Lord!' said Mr. Prior to himself. 'Do I have to do it *again*?' And at the thought a thrill of terrified excitement fluttered his heart. 'I guess I'd better,' he said.

That evening Mr. Prior picked out a near-by house inhabited by a Mr. Frank Hamilton. He knew nothing about Mr. Hamilton, but it was a nice house and he supposed there'd be something worth stealing. Anyway it was embosomed in shrubbery, which was all to the good from a burglar's point of view. At least it seemed so until he got into the shrubs, which were mostly barberry. His clothes were shredded and even his skin was pretty well lacerated when he had finally wormed his way up to a lighted window.

It was a dining room, and three people were finishing dinner and quarreling. Mr. Prior judged them to be father, mother, and daughter, and the daughter was certainly getting told things, though the window was shut and he couldn't hear them. But at last she got up angrily and threw down her napkin and left the room. Mr. Prior was aware that he missed her as soon as she was gone. He wondered if he would have thought her as attractive if he had met her at a dinner or a dance instead of seeing her across the romantic chasm between burglar and victim.

But it was no time for psychological self-probings. He crawled on through a rather muddy flower bed past the kitchen windows, where the servants were busy, and around a corner to a terrace and some unlighted French windows. One of them was ajar. He sighed and slipped in.

Voices and a little light came through the half-open dining-room door. If he were any sort of burglar Mr. Prior knew he should make for the upstairs rooms and priceless jewelry left carelessly on dressing tables. And of course he did have to steal something. But this, he

realized, was one of those cases where it is not so much the intrinsic value of the object as the thought behind it. He snatched up a little silver box from a table and moved cautiously nearer to the dining-room door.

Evidently the girl had come back, for he heard her say, 'Mother, I'm simply not going to argue any more. I'm simply not going to do it.' 'You'd have to if we insisted,' said the woman, and the man said, 'But what's your objection to John? I thought you liked him.' 'I like him well enough,' she said, 'but that doesn't mean I want to be with him all the time. A man of sixty! What sort of life is that for me? I — oh, I'm not going to argue.' She was silent for a minute. Then she said abruptly, 'I'm going out.' And she came swiftly through the door behind which Mr. Prior was standing and went out through the open French window, closing it behind her.

'Damsel in distress, eh?' said Mr. Prior to himself. 'Marrying her off to some gold-encrusted fossil, I suppose. Well, I'm no knight-errant.' And he took two cautious steps toward the window and fell with an almighty crash over a little stand with an aquarium on it.

As he got up he heard chairs pushed back and a bell ringing somewhere. The girl had shut the window, and he spent ten dreadful seconds trying to work the patent catch, and then, as running footsteps seemed to converge on him from all parts of the house, he dashed for a door he had noticed. It gave on a little dim hall. There were three doors, and he ducked through the one on the left just as the one on the right began to open, and found himself three seconds later sitting in some confusion at the foot of the cellar stairs.

But, confusion or no confusion, Mr. Prior couldn't stay there. He got up and advanced through the darkness waving his hands before him. By great good luck he fell next into the coalbin. The coal had come in, presumably, through a window. He found it and scrambled

through, and after another scuffle with a barberry bush came out behind the garage. He opened the door and went in, and the lights of a car that was facing him suddenly went on.

Well, thorns and aquarium water and coal dust make a poor top dressing for any gentleman. They had certainly made a bum out of Mr. Prior. 'What are you doing here?' said the girl in the car. 'Stand right where you are.' 'Please, lady,' said Mr. Prior, 'I wasn't doing any harm. I — I was just looking for something to eat and if you turn me in they'll send me to jail.' With some idea of cleaning off his face so that he would look more honest, Mr. Prior pulled a wet handkerchief out of his breast pocket. A goldfish flew out with it, which was lucky for him, for it made the girl laugh. 'You didn't get much,' she said. 'Were you planning to have fish chowder?'

There were footsteps outside and a voice said, 'Miss Carol, have you seen anybody round? There was a tramp got in the house and escaped through the cellar window.' 'No,' said the girl, 'I haven't seen anybody. Did he steal anything, George?' 'Not as far as we know,' said the man. 'He's probably gone by now,' said the girl. 'But you might wait outside until I get down the drive. I don't like tramps around.'

Mr. Prior had ducked down between the headlights. The girl got out of the car and opened the door of a closet in the corner of the garage. 'I'm going to lock you in here for a while,' she said. 'If I find you haven't taken anything I'll let you go when I get back. Quick!'

So we will pass over the next hour, for there was nothing in it but Mr. Prior's thoughts, which were painful but not specially interesting. And then the girl came back and let him out and said, 'Well, there seems to be nothing missing, so you'd better beat it.' And then she suddenly pointed to his vest and said, 'For heaven's sake, where'd you get that?' and Mr. Prior looked down and saw his Phi Beta Kappa pin glittering on his

besmeared front like a jewel in a pigpen.

So he stuttered and stammered and finally said it was his. 'That's likely,' said the girl. 'And I thought you were just an unfortunate tramp and now I see you really are a thief.' 'No, ma'am,' said Mr. Prior, 'it really is mine, for I went to — well, I would rather not tell you the name of the college, for that past is now gone beyond recall, but it is true I went to it.' 'Well,' said the girl doubtfully, and then she said, 'But I just can't understand — You do have some relics of cultured speech. How could you have come down to — to this?' So there was nothing for Mr. Prior to do but say in a low shamed voice that it was drink.

Well, for most women there is certainly a phosphorescent glamour about moral decay — provided, of course, that it has begun on a high social level and hasn't yet worked any marked physical alterations. And Mr. Prior was obviously good-looking even under the dirt and scratches. She sat down on the running board and gave him a lecture.

Mr. Prior enjoyed it very much. The girl was very pretty and she made him feel devilish, and what more can you ask of a girl? It was over much too soon. 'Well,' she said, getting up, 'I don't know why I should try to show you — if you can't see for yourself. You can go right down the drive. They've stopped hunting for you now and the coast is clear.' 'Thank you, miss,' said Mr. Prior. 'You're very kind.' And he mumbled something to the effect that if perhaps he'd only had the influence of a good woman in his life — 'No doubt,' said the girl coldly, and switched off the car lights and went into the house.

III

Well, the effect of this second burglary on Mr. Prior was really remarkable. For several days he took pleasure in the simplest things, and every time he thought of the adventure an authentic thrill twanged his spine. A week ago the

thought of living alone in the house without servants would have been horrible to him, but he found he was really enjoying it.

But on the third evening he felt restless. It wasn't so much that he was bored as that he felt uneasy. He wanted something and he didn't know what it was. But at least he *wanted* it. And that was all to the good. Perhaps another burglary?

That evening he broke into the house of a Mr. C. W. Dowson and stole a small hooked rug. It was almost too easy, for the servants had gone to the movies and Mr. Dowson was having a fight with his wife and Mr. Prior roamed over the house at will. Once he fell over a *prie-dieu* in one of the upper bedrooms, for the Dowsons were very religious people, and he crept trembling into the hall to listen, for the fighting had stopped and Mr. Dowson had shouted, 'Who's there?' But then Mrs. Dowson accused Mr. Dowson of trying to sneak off, and the battle was resumed.

But though Mr. Prior continued to feel alive the Dowson burglary did not cure his unrest. He tried another burglary, but with his leg halfway through the second-story window of a Mr. Rufus Blatchford he suddenly decided to give it up, and he turned around and went home. He just wasn't getting anything out of it.

He spent several days in thought after this and finally decided that it was his conscience that was bothering him, for his mind kept coming back to the Hamilton burglary and the little silver box he had stolen. He felt he should return it. You'd think he'd have felt the same way about the Dowsons' hooked rug, particularly as it wasn't a very good one, but he didn't.

So in the afternoon he drove over and sent in his name, and when Mrs. Hamilton came down she said, 'How do you do, Mr. Prior. You're a neighbor of ours, I think?' Mr. Prior said, 'Yes, and I have come on rather an odd errand. Is

this yours?' And he held out the silver box. 'Why, yes,' said Mrs. Hamilton. 'That is, it looks like it, but —' She stopped and called 'Carol!' and in a minute the girl came into the room. 'This is our neighbor, Mr. Prior, Carol,' said Mrs. Hamilton, and the girl smiled and said something and then her eyes popped open and she stared indignantly at Mr. Prior, who blushed.

But Mrs. Hamilton said, 'Carol, you know that little silver box I missed the other day? Didn't you tell me you'd taken it up to your room?' 'It's up there now,' said Miss Hamilton, and Mrs. Hamilton said, 'How very queer! But then this one —' 'Perhaps I had better explain where I got it,' said Mr. Prior hastily. And he went into a long involved story about waking up with a light flashed in his eyes and pursuing a burglar who before he jumped through the window dropped the silver box. 'And so,' he said, 'I called the police and they said yours was the only house where there had been any burglary recently, and so I naturally assumed — But what an odd coincidence!'

Mrs. Hamilton thought it was odd, but a credulity nourished on popular fiction can take a heavy strain and Mrs. Hamilton was a great reader. She said, 'Carol, go up and get our box. Probably Mr. Prior would like to see how much alike they are. It's really extraordinary. Oh, dear me, I must fly. I have a meeting at four. So nice to have met you, Mr. Prior.'

'And now, perhaps,' said Miss Hamilton, 'you'll tell me *why* —?' 'Two reasons,' said Mr. Prior. 'One — I really did want to bring the box back. And two — I wanted to show you that I had given up drink.' 'Very funny,' she said. 'And why are you pretending to be Watson Prior?' 'I've been doing that for years,' said Mr. Prior. 'Very successfully, too. You see, I really believe I am Watson Prior!' 'Listen,' she said. 'You're cleaner now, but frankly I prefer you as a tramp. I know the Prior

house. It has been closed for a month. I drove past it yesterday.' 'Look,' he said, 'here's my wallet — Watson Prior in gold letters — driver's license — five feet eleven, brown hair, blue eyes, and so on — checkbook — Watson Prior in gold letters a little larger — receipt for club dues —' 'You could have stolen all those,' said Miss Hamilton. 'Ah, here's the thing,' said Mr. Prior. 'Passport. See the picture? I couldn't have stolen the face.' 'No,' said Miss Hamilton slowly, 'you wouldn't have stolen that face.'

'Listen,' said Mr. Prior eagerly, and he wondered at himself as he did so, for he hadn't felt eagerness for probably fifteen years. 'Listen,' he said, 'I want to explain.' And he did. Miss Hamilton took it very quietly. It's pretty hard to surprise girls nowadays. All she said when he had finished was 'Well.'

'Well,' said Mr. Prior, 'I guess that's all. I wonder what I do now? Burglary I can't get interested in — it doesn't even scare me.' 'Isn't there anything that seems romantic?' said Miss Hamilton. 'I hesitate to ask personal questions, but isn't there a girl anywhere — a romantic attachment?' 'I don't think you hesitate,' said Mr. Prior, 'but it's all right. No,' he said, thinking about Miss Vetch, 'I can't seem to feel the pull of any romantic attachment. In fact, I don't quite understand what is meant by romance. But there's one thing you can tell me,' he went on. 'Why did you tell your mother you had taken that box to your room?'

Well, Miss Hamilton looked as if she were going to blush, but I can't for the life of me tell you whether she did it deliberately or not. 'I didn't want to get the police after you,' she said. 'I thought you ought to have a chance. I guess I was sorry for you.' 'I don't see why you can't go right on being sorry for me,' said Mr. Prior. 'Only on different grounds.' 'No,' she said, 'I don't think I can.' And when he asked her why, she said, 'Because I don't believe it. Well,

yes—I do believe your story. But I don't believe you're not enjoying life.' 'Well, I'm not,' said Mr. Prior. And then he looked puzzled and said, 'Why, yes, I am too!'

'Look here,' said Miss Hamilton, 'nobody knows but you whether you are or not, and frankly I doubt if anybody else cares. How about extroverting a little and playing a couple of sets of tennis?' 'You'll really let me stay and play tennis with you?' said Mr. Prior, and she said, 'Why not? I've nothing to do this afternoon.' So she got him a pair of her father's shoes and they played two sets and came back to the terrace and had a drink. And then Mr. Prior went home with blisters on his heels but with joy in his heart.

Now, although Mr. Prior was so exclusively occupied with watching the fluctuations of his interest in life, he was yet able to realize that Miss Hamilton liked him, and so during the next two weeks he saw a good deal of her. And each time his interest in life went to a new high. It was plain she had succeeded where crime had failed. And he thought, 'I ought to be with her all the time. But then we'd have to be married. Well, why not?' So one evening when he had driven her home after the theatre he asked her about it.

They were sitting in the car, and Miss Hamilton laughed. She laughed harder than Mr. Prior thought necessary, but at last she stopped and said, 'No, Watson. You haven't a romantic mind. I couldn't marry a man without a romantic mind.' 'Is that why you wouldn't marry John?' said Mr. Prior angrily. 'John?' she said, and he said, 'Yes, John.' And he told her what he had overheard the night he broke into her house.

'But, Watson!' cried Miss Hamilton. 'You *have* got a romantic mind! Poor old Uncle John! He's my uncle—he invited me to take a trip around the world. That's what we were rowing about. Imagine being able to weave a romance about Uncle John!' 'Well, if

I'm so romantic,' said Mr. Prior, 'why won't you marry me?' 'Why won't I marry you?' she burst out. 'Because you're a mental cripple and all you want is a crutch. Because you think I'm good for you—like medicine. Because I don't love you. Do you want any more reasons? Oh, go away!' And she jumped out of the car.

But Mr. Prior caught her. 'Just a minute, Carol,' he said quietly, 'and then I'll go. I've put this thing all wrong. It isn't an interest in life I want to marry. It's you.' And he went on to develop this. He made a darn good speech.

But Miss Hamilton was still mad. 'That's just swell,' she said. 'I'd like to marry you to show you how wrong you are. Why, I bet I could bore you to death in a week! Well, are you enjoying life now?' 'No!' shouted Mr. Prior. 'You know damn well I'm not. Will you quit harping on that?' 'Let me go!' yelled Miss Hamilton, and Mr. Prior yelled back, 'I will not! I love you, you darn little fool!'

And the front door opened and Mrs. Hamilton's voice said, 'Children! Please! What on earth . . .' And then after a minute she said, 'Well, really,' and went back into the house. And Miss Hamilton stopped kissing Mr. Prior and said, 'Gosh, Watson, do you really?' and Mr. Prior said, 'Sure. I just found out. But don't waste time.' And he kissed her some more.

So they were married and I'd like to say that they lived happily ever after, but of course they didn't, for the boredom of security would get Mr. Prior every now and then and his zest-for-life curve would take a nose dive. But experience had taught him how to correct this. For, since an interest in life grows out of the effort to get security, it doesn't flourish in security. So he would sneak off and do a little burglary, and that usually fixed him up. Of course Mrs. Prior got bored sometimes too. But she didn't seem to mind so much. I guess women don't.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST

BY STANLEY CASSON

I

SCIENTISTS have taught us to project our imaginations into the future. It is a commonplace of scientific novels ever since the days of Jules Verne to carry the reader easily and without effort into ages yet to come. The voyage is the simpler because the facts which document it are few.

But how many people can cast their imaginations with equal ease into the past? That is a habit which is of recent growth, as recent as the archaeology which makes it possible. The youngest of the sciences now at last makes it possible for us to look down endless vistas, to think in terms of millennia more easily than in the 'light-years' of the astronomers or in the glaciations of the geologists. And how very few people, in fact, ever think back before the days of written and recorded history! How many ever ask themselves whether the third millennium before Christ was as interesting as the tenth? For it is so much easier to discuss the life of the Emperor Augustus or the Age of Pericles. Yet modern civilization can only be understood by the study of events which gave it rise, and most of those events occurred some five or six thousand years ago.

Archæology is not unlike the study of European history. You research into the history of several individual nations and, as you develop from being a mere student to the status of an expert, you discover that the history of the various nations is inextricably connected. Until a generation ago archæology consisted of

a series of separate studies. Assyrian and Babylonian archæology was a rigidly separate science which gave no hint that the countries concerned had ever had more than a fleeting contact with other lands. Egyptology, as the term indicates, confined its attentions severely to Egypt. Greece lived in its own remote crystal palace, and Minoans were even more isolated. Europe at first studied in separate areas recently developed into a unit, and it is now possible to consider non-Mediterranean Europe as almost an archæological entity at all periods before the historic.

But the main result of post-war research in archæology has been that we are beginning to realize that the remotest barbarisms of Europe's most ultimate Thule are related, however tenuously, to the oldest and richest civilizations of the Orient. And for Europeans, odd and unusual though this may sound, it is the plains of Mesopotamia that count most.

A generation ago all that we knew about the early history of Mesopotamia was concerned with Babylon and Assyria. After the war the opening of Mesopotamia to excavation led to a series of careful excavations of which those at Ur of the Chaldees have ultimately proved the most significant. But even so, not even the excavators themselves at first realized that what they were finding was not simply a city of the Sumerians and a vast collection of works of art that illustrated the earliest civilization of the Mesopotamian plains, but the very

foundations of civilization itself. Egypt, in comparison, had provided evidence for a culture and a great civilization that were connected with the European; Sumer showed a steady development of civilized life from which came that illumination which lit up, in the end, the whole vast barbaric world between the Near East and the Atlantic — an illumination which made European and, in consequence, American modes of life living realities.

This is one of the new conceptions which recent research has made into a reality. The intercommunication of the two first civilizations of the world, Egypt and Sumer, and their importance as a common basis for all subsequent Western culture, are conclusions only very recently arrived at. Until the various sites of Sumer were examined and until Ur was completely excavated it was only possible to consider the civilization so revealed as one aspect of Near Eastern development. As recently as 1926 there appeared the first brilliant statement of the results of the excavations at Ur, written by the late George Byron Gordon, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February of that year. The author — who was, for the Philadelphia University Museum, one of the directors of the Anglo-American enterprise, of which Sir Leonard Woolley was the British director — summarized the existing knowledge of Sumerian culture.

To him and to the other excavators, Ur was the city of Abraham, and the account in the Book of Genesis of Abraham's departure from Ur was seen to be a stray reference to the earliest period of Mesopotamian history. The Sumerians, unknown before the war, were seen as the background of the Ur of Abraham; they were the inhabitants, not the Chaldees. The Chaldeans were a Semitic folk of historic times, who were the only identifiable people whom the writer of the Book of Genesis could associate with Ur. For the Sumerians had long vanished in the mists of time. The excavators felt

that their main task was to enlarge our knowledge of the Sumerians, and with it of the Bible.

But to-day larger ambitions tempt them. Abraham's Ur, and further evidence to illustrate the Bible, fade into insignificance in comparison with the vaster prospects of human history that open out to us as we consider these ancient Sumerians. For when we first meet them at Ur, shortly before 3000 B.C., they are already fully mature. At least another thousand years must have gone to mould them and their mode of life, and it is exactly in that millennium, the remote thousand years 4000-3000 B.C., that mankind faced all its problems and from their experiments forged the basis of life as we live it today. This is neither rhetorical boasting nor vain speculation: it is one of the vital conclusions that have emerged from the soil of Ur and Kish and the other excavated sites of the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates.

In case I am suspected of paradox I will explain; and here we have need of that distant and imaginative vision that will allow us to look with clear eyes into the remotest centuries of the past. The study of Sumerian achievements is an indispensable prelude to any knowledge of civilization in its infancy in Europe. And it is not only Sumer that has swung into our enlarged vision. As I have said, the origins of the Sumerian themselves are wrapped in obscurity, and we are feeling our way gradually towards an even larger conception of the origins of mankind and of the civilization which we ourselves enjoy. For now in the last few years, following hard on the heels of our enlarged knowledge of the Sumerians, has come the discovery in India of a completely organized civilization, equal with the Sumerian in complexity and elaboration, along the banks of the Indus. Since the days when Ur of the Chaldees was just another Mesopotamian site, and since its rise of status to the representative city of man's first effort at conscious organized city life, India

has now linked on to our story, and from the western shores of Europe to the Indian Ocean we now see one homogeneous whole of human endeavor.

Indian culture, as revealed at the sites of Harappa and Mohenjodaro, is discovered complete and more advanced soon after 3000 B.C. than even that of Sumer. Egypt and Sumer started on their development more or less about the same time, but India precedes both, as far as present knowledge goes. This need not be taken to mean that India was the home of all the culture that developed in the Nile and Euphrates valleys. Such an inference would be totally invalid. But it is now known that Sumerians and Indians were in contact. Indeed, the discovery of Sumerian objects on the Indus sites and of Indian works of art in Sumer is one of the outstanding contributions of scientific archæology of the last few years.

That discovery enables us now to realize that in this intercourse we are in the presence of the first conscious instance of international commerce, extending over vast areas of land or wide stretches of sea. Egypt also was in direct touch with Mesopotamia, and the earliest phases of Nilotic life in Egypt show evidence of trade, caravan-borne, between the two centres of human development. All hither Asia and eastern Africa north of the Sudan were in a ferment of experimental civilization. Some believe that sea-borne traffic contributed largely to the contact between Sumer and India and between Sumer and Egypt, through the medium perhaps of a race of middlemen, ancestors of the historic Phœnicians, possibly the Arabs of coastal Arabia.

II

This is the stage in which the drama was set. Here in the two vast and fertile valleys of the Near East and in that of the distant Indus were three quite separate and individual experiments, separate by geography, but related by the

connection which was inevitably established by curious-minded traders and travelers. And all this happened in that critical millennium before 3000 B.C. Westwards was sheer barbarism. Minoans had not yet appeared on the horizon. Their island was inhabited by mere squatters. In Europe men were groping without intelligence, living on middens, the slaves of circumstance which they could not control and which they made no attempt to subjugate. Had the Asiatic and African attempts not been made, Europe might never have emerged from the degraded stage of savagery in which her sparse inhabitants were plunged in those dark centuries between 10,000 and 3000 B.C., an age when climatic circumstances had broken up the mode of life of the cave dwellers and not yet suggested the new life of the farmers and agriculturists.

Nothing that was generated in Europe almost up to 1500 B.C. was of European origin. It was from the Orient that every hint of improvement and amelioration came, either across the seas, by way of the Levant and the Ægean, or else round the Black Sea coast and up the long and lovely waterway of the mighty Danube. Distant Britain and Portugal derived everything that ultimately transformed their life from savagery to culture from those devious routes that let the light of the East percolate to the Western darkness. The ancient tag *ex oriente lux* now at last achieves its fullest meaning, but in a wholly new sense. Just as remote savages in America were stirred by the stories and the objects that reached them from the first settlements in eastern America, so now echoes of the vast experiments of the East began to filter westwards. How and why they came through, and what exactly were the discoveries which counted most, I will now explain. What was done in those Asiatic valleys and along the Nile which ultimately produced London and Paris and New York is now the problem to consider, a problem which in essence con-

cerns us all. One hears much of the 'legacy of Greece and of Rome'; perhaps the 'legacy of the Sumerians' may soon prove to be the greatest of all.

What is perhaps of greatest importance is that the physical type of the Sumerians, in so far as we can reconstruct it from their skeletons, long buried and well preserved in the salty soil of Mesopotamia, is identical both with that earliest identified in Egypt and with that widespread physical type which is conveniently termed 'Mediterranean' by anthropologists. This means that at the very start there was some kind of physical unity in the area that comprised Near Asia and eastern Europe. The type in question was one which meets us still all over the same region — moderate stature, light agile frame, and long heads, implying intelligence and ability. But, admittedly, there were other physical types which soon mixed with the Sumerian. At the same time it is important to realize that the type most common was not something strange and Asiatic and Mongoloid, but one which linked up with Europe.

Whoever they were, these Sumerians had by the middle of the fourth millennium selected, by some unconscious genius, precisely those factors of advance which ultimately proved vital for the growth of civilization. In the royal and lay graveyards of Ur we can see objects which illustrate how the first conscious civilization had emerged. But the steps which had led to a complex organization of city life had started on the lower and simpler level of agricultural life. As far as we can tell, the most primitive inhabitants of the Tigris and Euphrates lived an utterly barbaric life as marsh dwellers, huddled on swampy islands, living from hand to mouth by fishing and hunting. Inundations destroyed them periodically, and it was perhaps from these inundations that they, or fresh settlers, derived the idea of making the land rather than the swamps and rivers support them. Their emergence from their

marshes was comparable to the emergence of Palæolithic men from caves, ultimately to plant and till the soil.

The birth of agriculture must be placed either along the Nile Valley or upon the banks of the Mesopotamian rivers. At present it would be dangerous to say which region can claim to be the first inventor. But the difference is not fundamental, since, as we have seen, the whole area is homogeneous. It may even be that the source of all agriculture is to be found in the Indus Valley, whose primitive inhabitants also bear the physical stamp of the 'Mediterranean' type. Nor is it inconceivable that in three regions where racial types and geographical and geological conditions were so similar the discovery of how to make plants grow artificially and how to domesticate wild animals arose independently, more or less about the same time, as a result of the same stimulus driving on similar people.

But it seems to have been the Sumerians who moved fastest. The frequent representation on the works of art found on Sumerian sites, particularly at Ur, of scenes of simple farmyard life suggests that agriculture, even by 3000 B.C., was still enveloped in an atmosphere of awe and wonder, just as are our most recent inventions to-day. The aeroplane still causes us wonder and admiration, and the aviator is still something of a hero, for true aviation is not much more than a generation old. On the mosaic ornaments of Ur, richly colored with blue lapis lazuli from the Persian highlands and white shell from the Persian Gulf, the ordinary scenes from dairy and farmyard appear side by side with the most sacred scenes and the most regal processions. The milking of cows, the herds of tamed mouflon, one of the ancestors of our modern sheep, are all vividly portrayed with all that enthusiasm which we give to-day to a picture of the newest locomotive or the speed car. At that time these were mighty achievements, whose effects have done more to civilize mankind than a thousand new

types of automobile or aeroplane. For from agriculture comes ultimately the city, while from vehicles comes little more than the means of moving from one city to another.

The Sumerians had made the prime invention from which all that we have ever made are no more than irrelevant derivatives. That it was Sumerians and not Egyptians who first domesticated wild animals seems proved by the fact that no wild sheep has ever existed in Africa, while in Asia there are three wild types, each of which could have been selected for domestication. And in the prehistoric settlements of Europe the earliest sheep bones found prove to be domesticated descendants of the urial ram, which is an Asiatic species. So too the oldest Egyptian type comes from the same Asiatic stock. And thus our knowledge of farming owes its origin solely to the experimentations carried out on the Mesopotamian plains.

With a regular food supply assured from crops and from animals that gave both meat and milk, the Sumerians found it possible to devise new schemes. How and why these agriculturists first decided to concentrate in cities must remain an unsolved problem for our curiosity. Once a mode of life has been devised in which a food supply is secure and in which some degree of comfort is assured, it is difficult to see why any further advance is necessary. The world might have remained established on an agricultural basis forever.

In Europe this did indeed remain the stage of development for a far longer period than in Asia. Europeans became agricultural in consequence of the Asiatic advance. The knowledge hammered out in Mesopotamia spread westwards to the ultimate confines of western Europe. But the subsequent swift development into city life and urban organization was complete in Sumer by about 3500 B.C., while nothing resembling a city appeared north of the Mediterranean before 500 B.C. That is a fact to make one ponder,

and to give cause for admiration of the amazing ingenuity of the Asiatic compared with the stolid and easy satisfaction of the Westerner, who was content with so little.

The shift from an agricultural life to an urban is, as I have said, a mystery. The change is due perhaps to an increase of population, which in turn led, as it does to-day, to a demand for new occupations. The inventive faculty of man meets the need. Just as to-day additions to the population are absorbed in new industries, just as the automobile and the radio industries open out new possibilities for careers, so the increased populations that resulted from the security and comfort of the new agricultural life found their outlet in new inventions such as architecture, brickmaking, irrigation, and shipping. From these the city emerged, more as a luxury than as a necessity at first, and then gradually grew into a complex organism with a life of its own, dependent on the original agricultural setting from which it had sprung.

III

There is no doubt at all that the city, in the sense in which we know it, was entirely a Sumerian conception. And in that city we find everywhere the remembrances of the great invention of agriculture that gave it birth. The royal graves of Ur reflect this. Ears of grain, of wheat and barley, pomegranates, — one of the world's earliest cultivated fruits, — and the domesticated animals appear represented in the gold jewels and ornaments of the Sumerian kings. The wild ass that was tamed into chariots and carts appears not only in the mosaic pictures but also as a statuette in silver from a chariot pole. Bulls and cows rapidly achieve a semi-mystic veneration. For the Sumerians remembered their origins, just as we remember our recent scientific past. Just as we treasure specimens of the first locomotive and the first automobile or telegraph, so the Sumerians treasured

their far more important inventions, the yoked animal and the domesticated sheep. One picture from Nippur suggests that they had domesticated the antelope (which we have tried in vain to do) and even harnessed it to the plough!

With the formation of the city came the invention of writing — an invention which can without any hesitation be assigned to the Sumerians. Citizens of the newly invented city found the need for identifying private property or indicating individual personality. So they made seals, each to be as different from the other as fingerprint from fingerprint. From these varied signs emerged a collection of conventional signs which indicated general things, and so a mode of writing was formed. That the knowledge of it was at first well spread over the citizen population is indicated by the enormous number of seals found which bear signs in this new script. Nearly every citizen could read and write. Then it was found that a central place was required where records of property could be kept, and the temple and its priests took charge of the first product of this, the second most important human invention ever made.

But while agriculture and, as it developed, a knowledge of metallurgy spread along the south coasts of the Black Sea via Troy into eastern Europe and the river valleys that led westwards, writing never penetrated the fastnesses of savage Europe until the time of the Romans. The intellectual standards of the European were lower, his processes of thinking slower, than those of the Mediterranean. But metallurgy was the second great Oriental invention given to Europe by the East. The Bronze Age that developed in Hungary and Transylvania about 1500 B.C. was a creditable child of Sumerian metallurgy. Its metalwork can bear comparison with any in ancient Sumer.

There is another advance which is seldom mentioned. The Sumerians, at the end of the fourth millennium, had,

strangely and surprisingly, developed that which is neither invented nor consciously produced at any age or time — the strange phenomenon known as good taste. Look at the gold cups found at Ur, at the famous gold dagger, at the delicate drawing and engraving on shell or in mosaic, — examples of all of which are admirably displayed in the University Museum of Pennsylvania, — and you will see the first instance in history of refinement in art, for that is what we mean by good taste. The gold cups of Ur, the carved stone bowls, the silver harps and lyres, and the lovely gold and lapis headdresses of the queens, are all instinct with a quality of restraint and elegance which is not met with in all the subsequent history of Mesopotamia until Persian times, and rarely, except in limited periods, in Egyptian history. Not until Greek taste is fully formed will you meet anything which is at once so skilled or so graceful as these early Sumerian forms.

Good taste in art is indefinable and, as a term, elusive; it cannot be communicated or conveyed by one people to another; it merely grows, and its growing is dependent on a certain mode of life. If life is savage and ruthless, you can be sure that its art will reflect those qualities. Assyrian art throughout Assyrian history shows the brutality of Assyrians. Aztec art can only be the art of a cruel people. But Sumerian art is the art of a simple but exceedingly sensitive race. We can learn of their psychology only through their art, for their literature is never explicit or developed enough to help. Just as we can gauge the character of Greeks from their art, so we must use the art of the Sumerians to understand their outlook. No one who made such exquisite jewelry and plate could conceivably be considered primitive or savage.

Their drawing, their minute skill, and their larger conceptions of form and line show the Sumerians to have developed a mode of art which might have laid down the lines which all subsequent

art was to follow. But Sumer had reached her zenith by the early centuries of the third millennium, and, as her racial and political character changed under the impact of new races and fresh intrusions, her art rapidly declined. Its influence never in fact reached Europe and the West at all, except as a faint tendency perceptible in Minoan art or in certain strange elements found in Egyptian art. Virtually Sumerian art was born to blush unseen.

But what concerns us is the fact that the swift rise of art in Sumer from that of the primitive marsh dwellers to the art of the Kings of Ur indicates that the Sumerians were instinct with genius and imagination, far beyond the usual measure. Until the completion of the excavations at Ur, no one had an inkling that they were the first people in the world to become artistic, in the highest sense in which this word can be used. That marks an advance from the stage at which, ten years ago, we thought of Sumerians as merely one among the many obscure Oriental peoples. If you examine the marvels of Ur you will see at once that they belong to a period of high culture.

IV

With such events occurring in the Middle East, with such great strides in human advancement being made, is it surprising that something of these great stirrings penetrated into the vastnesses of Europe and planted the seed of civilization even in those wild regions? For Europe, while these high endeavors were afoot in the hot Asiatic plains, was still recovering from an Ice Age. The ice had retreated, but the climate was still frigid and rough. Dense forest covered almost the whole of the European plains north of the Balkans and the Alps, save for one region, now Central Europe, where the soil is unfavorable to the growth of trees. This is the famous flatland of Poland, South Russia, Bohemia or Czechoslovakia, and North and Central Germany.

It is no mere idle remark to say that one can ride on a bicycle from the shores of Holland or Denmark right across to the Pamir and the confines of India without meeting any obstacles except rivers and without finding any gradients worthy of remark. A large part of this tract consists geologically of the soil known as 'loess,' a light loam, yellow and fertile, best seen in the flat plains north of Vienna. This deposit is never deep and consists of the dust blown by the arctic winds as the glaciers retreated, the weather became drier, and the detritus of the ice sheet, mud and slime, was blown hither and thither as it dried. Loess soil is one of the strangest in the world, and it is the basis of many Central European industries, particularly vine-growing.

Through this great belt of loess running east and west across the flatlands cuts the mighty river Danube. Where the impenetrable forest of the rest of Europe forbade advance from east to west, the Danube gave a moving highway along whose banks flocks and herds, settlers and explorers, could pass with ease and comfort, or on whose waters adventurous fishermen could pursue the innumerable fish of these rich waters. Along that route came the knowledge of agriculture to us, from the other flatlands of the East. Far inland in the Rhine Valley and in Thuringia you will see in the prehistoric settlements of Neolithic farmers shells that are found only in the Mediterranean. Hither they had been brought as ornaments by some of these early adventurers. Other archaeological influences you will also find that show the contact of East and West and indicate the impact of the new ideas.

Imagine the continent of America with no European settlement at all except one vast and civilized city at New York, and then imagine that it would not be long before the art and culture and knowledge stored in New York percolated through to California, across the Indian trails, and ultimately down to Patagonia. Man

is so curious an animal that he will come wandering for thousands of miles merely to inform himself about a rumor! So did Mycenæ the Golden, and Byzantium the Walled, draw like a magnet a million barbarians, some to gaze and depart, others to stay and envy or assault.

Rumor had gone into the limitless lands of the North. Norsemen from Visby came to see what they called Miklegarth; Gauls from upper Europe a few centuries earlier had so come to see the treasures of Delphi and get them if they could. So there was a coming and going between the recesses of forest-bound Europe and the open lands of the Danube Valley and the Tigris and the Euphrates. The Danube mouth opened widely and invitingly to any Easterner who had crossed the narrow span of Asia Minor and passed the Bosphorus. And that was the way along which drifted, at first imperceptibly, not so much the men as the ideas of the East. The Patagonian would learn about New York at hundredth hand; but even so, he would learn.

And that is what happened in the fourth and third millennia before Christ, scarcely six thousand years ago. Civilization reached us just in that way and no other. We have been so long accus-

tomed to thinking of civilization as a kind of spontaneous generation that happened in various places at various times that we seldom take the trouble to look for its origins. Nowhere else has it originated or developed in the same way or risen to the same level. The culture of the Maya of Central America could not be properly classified as a civilization. It reached the highest level possible to a human group which had no external contacts, but it never rose to be more than a highly specialized barbarism. China is often held up as an example of a separate civilization that grew up in a vacuum. But the earliest remains found in China link it up with the Western world, with South Russia, with eastern Europe, and with the Middle East. It was segregated after the same seeds that had been sown in Middle Asia had taken root. And the recent discovery of the Indus civilization adds a missing link to the long Eurasiatic chain.

Mankind, as archæology can show, may remain static for many thousands of years without any advance at all. It may also stride forward at an unimaginable speed. It does that because the mind of man is incalculable, and because human existence is filled with uncertainties and inconsistencies.

THE AILING GOLFER

BY BERNARD DARWIN

I

NEVER was the golf doctor so busy or so prosperous as he is at present. His consulting room is full to bursting, and prospective patients must needs put their names down weeks in advance for a treatment. A gathering of golfers is not unlike the daily meeting at the pump room at some famous spa, where the victims compare notes as to their ailments and the various baths, cures, and diets which their respective doctors have prescribed for them. There is scarcely a golfer who is not 'under' some specialist, so that the few who are not conscious of more than normal frailty, and play the game as best they can with reasonable success, are quite out of it. Hitherto rather proud of their ignorant robustness, they now feel crude and ashamed in that they do not, in the old phrase, enjoy bad health.

To drop the language of metaphor, nearly everybody to-day has golf lessons, — lots of lessons, — and this is not only true of the struggling and middle-aged, the inglorious proletariat of golf. The good young golfers who have played almost from their cradles and used enviously to be spoken of as 'natural' golfers are the most assiduous of all the learners. It is my possibly old-fashioned view that they are inclined to overdo it. However, these young gentlemen are relatively few compared with the great body of players who are the backbone of the game. Let us leave them alone for a while and turn to this rank and file who are not young, who have not a great deal

of time for golf, and whose humble ambition, if they have one, is to break a hundred.

Doubtless all of these would be the better for a little doctoring in their golfing infancy. At the same time, the golfing beginner ought at the outset of his career to have one important piece of knowledge which nobody can give him: he ought to know himself, or have at least a notion how golf will take him. Of course he will say that he is going to play for fun, but what is the precise kind of fun that he is going to get out of the game?

There are some who will simply enjoy the fresh air and the friendliness, who will be perfectly content with the sensation of an occasional and accidental clean hit, an occasional long putt holed, and will have no ambition to play any better. It may be that they are the happy warriors, and it would be futile to urge on them any system of teaching; by all means let them thump and be happy. But theirs is the exceptional case. The average beginner may be pretty sure that golf will arouse some ambition in his breast, if it is only that of hitting the ball as far as possible. He will be happier if he attains a certain modest standard of skill, and his best way of doing so is to begin with lessons. Our beginner may say in effect, 'I don't know whether this game is going to get me or not. Let me make a start and see. If I find myself growing keen, then I will have lessons.' The answer is that by this

time a good deal of harm may have been done which might have been prevented and may never be wholly undone. Unless he is something of a natural genius, he will very likely have acquired tricks that will stick to him like burrs through all his golfing life.

Take one point, which probably seems to the beginner the simplest of all — that of holding the club. He thinks that he cannot go wrong if he holds it in a way that he calls natural and comfortable, but alas! he can. Experience shows that what may be a capital way of holding a battle-axe is not adapted to a golf club, and, however natural and comfortable he may feel, he may be pretty sure that he looks neither; in fact, he often looks distorted to the point of agony, and his hands are obviously warring against one another. If he had allowed a teacher to make him feel unnatural and uncomfortable for a little while those sensations would soon have vanished, but by the time his bad habits have grown even a few months old they will take ever so much more exorcising. And since, as I said, he is sure to want to hit far, let us bribe him into virtue by telling him this, that the grip which feels to him at first the most powerful and least cramped will probably turn out in the end prohibitive of all real power or freedom.

Again, it is worth pointing out to him the obvious truth that he cannot see himself. The malleable small boy can learn by imitation; the grown-up, as a rule, cannot. He may have visions of himself resembling the lissom professional. Yet, sad to say, to any impartial observer he resembles an ancient cab horse in the throes of paralysis. Having been told something of the virtues of 'slow back,' he may think he is taking the club back slowly, and so in a sense he is; but it is with the slowness of a man, in Sir Walter Simpson's happy phrase, trying to grab a fly on his ear. There never was such a game for self-deception. We are always fancying our-

selves as doing one thing when we are doing almost the exact opposite. A teacher can at least see us with clear eyes and, if he has some gift of mimicry, can hold up the mirror to our contortions. This last service, however, will not be required by the beginner in his earliest stages, because he has not yet acquired contortions. He is apt to be stiff, wooden, and unhandy, but he has not got tricks; he has nothing to 'get out of,' and that is why these early lessons may be so valuable. They may save him from so much.

The average golfer does not begin in this virtuous manner. He thumps his way along for a while by the light of nature, and then is suddenly stricken with the desire for improvement. He will have got tricks and must suffer the more in trying to get rid of them, but in the end he will be the happier man for some teaching. After all, it must be a mistake to set out to do something in a way in which it cannot possibly be done; yet that is one which many people commit, especially in the short game. There are some things about golf that seem unnatural, and one is the fact that the way to get a ball up with an iron is to hit it down. A walk round any crowded golf course will show us many victims of the scooping theory of iron play, and they may scoop forever if somebody does not make them experience in their own persons the delicious and surprising sensations of the stroke properly played.

This is but one elementary example of what a lesson can do. It shows the pupil that his teacher is not a magician but only a man doing a thing in the best possible way, and that something at least of this way can be acquired. There are many golfers who have never hit a ball truly in their lives. The moment in which they first do so can afford an ecstasy akin to that of first wobbling unaided on a bicycle. They discover with the blinding shock of a revelation that the thing can be done.

I suppose that an enormous percent-

age of all the golf lessons given in the world are lessons in driving. That is what the learner wants to learn, and insists on being taught. It may well be that the teacher would prefer him to begin with some lofted iron, and learn the fundamental stroke of the game (R. A. Whitcombe calls it the 'bread-and-butter shot') with that and so work up to the driver; but the teacher has his own bread and butter to earn and will not press his views unduly. So it is driving, driving all the way, and the learner is right in so far as there is no more exhilarating fun in the game; but he is dreadfully wrong if he thinks that there is nothing to learn about the iron.

Some men who are natural game players with good eyes and good wrists become more than respectable drivers and never understand their irons. I used sometimes to play golf with the most famous of all cricketers, Dr. W. G. Grace. He had not begun till he was quite old, but, having a supreme genius for hitting a ball, he became an extremely straight and steady driver, as far as I know without any kind of lesson; but he never could manage an iron shot, and except for those who learn in boyhood by imitation I believe it is much the harder shot of the two.

As to niblick play, did anyone ever see a professional imparting its secrets in a lesson? Well, I did once. At a course in Wales many years ago we had no professional, but the foreman in a neighboring timber yard, himself a player of very moderate skill, would sometimes take a beginner in hand. We used to observe with joy his methods, which never varied. He put his pupil with a club and several balls in a certain sandy, stony ditch and stood over him while he tried to get out. In that case the pupil had no option. Those who have might do much worse than have a lesson with the niblick, but they think — heaven knows how erroneously — that in bunkers all men are equal.

II

So far I have been talking of golf teaching in its simpler forms for rather elementary players. Obviously, save for the happy thumpers, it is a good thing in moderation, especially as the professional of to-day has made a serious study of his business. Now I come to the players of a higher class, who are apt to have lessons to what I deem an immoderate extent. That some of them benefit I do not deny, but let us see what are the disadvantages. For one thing, the pupil who surrenders too entirely to his teacher is apt to lose self-reliance and the power of looking after himself. We all know that a teacher can have a magical effect upon us, as long as we are under his eye. He gives us confidence, and confidence is half the battle. It does not much matter for the moment what he tells us to do so long as we believe in him and consequently in his gospel. We slash away at the ball with perfect faith and so with perfect timing, and away it sails, sails all the more gloriously because we are probably not shooting at any precise mark.

There was once tried at Assizes a farmer charged with wounding a boy who had been robbing an orchard. His defense was that he had fired merely in order to frighten the boy. The judge began his summing-up as follows: 'Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner says that he aimed at nothing. Unfortunately he missed it.' At golf when we aim at nothing we generally hit it, in the sense that a drive, unhampered by any object save that of hitting, flies far and sure. So on the practice ground, with the professor's encouraging eye upon us, we perform prodigies and set out for the links next day full of hopes. Too often those hopes are delusive. We have no master to wish us well, we have an opponent to wish us ill, and we have the cramping limits of the fairway forever before us. We feel miserably alone.

Thus that utter faith in the master

which is such a source of strength in his presence may be a weakness in his absence. The man who has no notion how to cure a golfing disease save by trying to remember what his master said — very likely about quite a different disease — can be a pitiful object. He is further to be pitied in that he misses some of the best fun that the game has to give. There must, I am sure, be many golfers who look back with the greatest pleasure to hours spent in solitary communion with a club and ball on some summer evening.

Personally I have a distaste for practice grounds. Give me the course itself, if only I can get it to myself. What greater ecstasy can there be than the making of a discovery in these lonely wanderings? How I have dashed after the ball in the failing light, 'and in my heart some late lark singing'! How I have shouted 'Eureka'! True, many of the discoveries made on these occasions turn out to be fallacious, but even so the delusion has been so pleasant that the subsequent disappointment is worth while. And just a few of them are genuine and abide. They can be recalled sometimes when they are badly needed.

It may well be that in many cases the solitary student could have taken a short cut to the knowledge thus acquired by consulting a professional; but I do not believe it is true of all cases, and there is a particular relish about something that we find out for ourselves, even as there is about the bread and cheese that we earn for ourselves. We get to know our own strength and still more our own weakness, and that knowledge, even if no more than a corollary to what we have been taught, will stand us in good stead. I do not agree with Sir Walter Simpson, who wrote, "Know thyself" may be good philosophy; it is bad golf.'

There is another reason for distrusting overmuch teaching — namely, that, save in the case of people who are ab-

normally strong and gifted with little imagination, it takes away the dash and freshness and spirit without which the most severely 'mechanized' golf will break down. I cannot help thinking that some otherwise excellent teachers work their pupils too hard.

Not long ago I watched for a few minutes a young lady of great promise who was hitting away scores of balls under the eye of a distinguished professional. He issued his commands in short, sharp tones, now to hit one with a slice, now with a hook, now high, now low, and in the intervals of these refinements he bade her 'sock' them as hard as she could. She obeyed with skill, with docility, with apparent enthusiasm; it was rather like watching a performing animal at a circus. She had been at it for an hour or so; she was going on till luncheon; she was going to start again afterwards, and she had been doing this sort of thing for weeks. The lady is very young and very strong, and no doubt her professor has brought her on rapidly. So far, perhaps, it has been all to the good; but, putting on one side the question whether this is a reasonable manner in which to play a game, I cannot believe it will be to the good unless she soon calls a halt. I have seen other young players go the same way, and what they have gained on the swings they have lost, and more than lost, on the roundabouts. They may have become more mechanically accurate, at any rate in practice, but they have lost something essential of fire and spontaneity, and their 'temperament,' once their strong point, has become their weak one. To have a swing well 'grooved' is important, — nay, essential, — but it must not be grooved at the expense of mental weariness. Golf can never be entirely mechanized.

Too much golf 'doctoring' can be more than usually perilous if it is in the hands of several physicians, either simultaneously or even successively. 'Who is So-and-so under now?' is a question I

have often heard, and the answer is that So-and-so began with A, went on to B, and now swears exclusively by the ministrations of C. I am not prepared to say that the last state of So-and-so is always worse than the first, but it very often is. The professors may all inculcate more or less the same doctrine, and golf teaching has become, so to speak, more stabilized since photography has shown the masters what they really do as opposed to what they think they do; but if they mean the same thing they assuredly say it in very different ways, and the pupil who goes from one to another is likely to grow sadly puzzled and muddled. He may think that, having sucked all the good that he can out of A, he can gain a further benefit from the fresh mind of B, a little final polish of the iron shots from C, and so on, but that is not the way in which it always works out in practice. He is more likely to resemble one of those hypochondriacal persons who are forever dosing themselves with patent medicines in a general and speculative manner.

And, apropos of medicine, the ordinarily sane person does not take medicine when he is in good health. He knows that he cannot be better than well and reserves the doctor for when he is ill. Too many golfers do not proceed on this principle, because they think that they can be better than well. So, well or ill, they go regularly to some golfing doctor or other, and he, poor fellow, does not like to turn money from his door. Besides, even the best and sanest of golfing doctors has some pet little theory of his own which he likes to try on his patients. There was a pleasant old jingle about the doctors who attended King George III, which has a golfing application.

Three doctors see our sovereign daily,
Willis, Heberden and Bailey.
All three wise and learned men,
Bailey, Willis, Heberden.
One of them quite sure to kill is,
Bailey, Heberden and Willis.

III

It must be remembered, of course, that golfing doctors and golfing patients both differ widely in kind. There is, for instance, the ordinary club professional, who is a good golfer but in no way famous either as a player or as a teacher. He corresponds roughly to the general practitioner, the workaday family golfer. Apart from those in the elementary stages who are taking a regular course, most of his patients come to him because they have been attacked by one of the mild and inevitable golfing ailments which correspond to a cold in the head or a pain in the stomach. Like the family doctor, he prescribes, as a rule, some well-known nostrum. It may be in the comparatively violent nature of a pill if he sees something in the system of play needing radical alteration. It may be, if he can diagnose no very obvious complaint, merely a dose of soothing syrup, such as the advice not to hit so hard. This will often be highly effective if backed up by a good bedside manner. In either case the patient pays his fee and goes back to ordinary life, nor does he return to the doctor until the next time he feels ill.

On a higher plane is the specialist, who has made a reputation both as player and as teacher and so attracts pupils from other clubs and courses than his own. Between these specialists there are considerable differences. Some try primarily to make the best of the patients' golfing constitution as it is. They have an almost uncannily observant eye for some small cause of mischief such as a foot a few inches too far forward or back. They put these little things right rather than attempt any radical change of system. Yet by insinuating small reforms — a little widening of the swing's arc, a little freer turn of the body and so on — they can often do remarkable things. There are others who have more trenchant views and are not so much interested in the mere

patching up of their patients. They prefer to begin again at the beginning, and so their course of treatment is longer and more severe.

At the present moment in this country there is probably no teacher who has so many pupils from afar off as Henry Cotton, and certainly none who has probed more deeply into the mysteries of the golfing swing or tried out so many methods in his own person. He is an excellent and stimulating teacher, but chiefly, I think, for pupils who come to him, not for a temporary alleviation of a passing fault, but because they are fired with a noble ambition for general improvement. They are ready to put away all preconceived notions and to absorb the master's views from the very beginning. Their treatment is rather in the nature of a cure at a spa; it takes time, and the patient may very likely feel worse before he is better, but if he is enthusiastic and hard-working he does often emerge in the end very decidedly better, even to the extent of a whole class in golfing society. A cure of this comprehensive kind is chiefly for those who are young and strong and already reasonably good players. To be sure, hope springs eternal, and many a golfer has improved when his years seemed to forbid it, but a middle-aged dog can seldom learn wholly new tricks.

Besides professional golf doctors with whom the patient is as a rule tolerably safe, as long as he sticks to one at a time and does not overdo the cure, there are

some teachers who may be called quacks. They are as a rule amateurs, in the sense that they have never played golf professionally, and have taken to the game late in life. They have generally found some one movement which they believe to be the key to all golfing greatness, and a very excellent movement it may be; but they are apt to ride their hobby too hard with a pathetic enthusiasm.

I recollect being peremptorily summoned to a newspaper office by one of these enthusiasts, who declared that he had discovered the secret of the golf swing and could not wait a moment for fear that somebody else should discover it too. He was a stout patriot and particularly frightened lest America should anticipate him. He swore me and my colleagues to secrecy by the most solemn oaths and then demonstrated his discovery to us by hitting little paper balls about in the rather confined space at his disposal. He wanted no material reward for his secret; his single-minded ambition was to benefit British golf, and he was terribly disappointed when we would not give a page to its revelation in the newspaper. I recall one of my colleagues saying soothingly to him, 'You know, Mr. So-and-so, you can't discover the secret of the swing as you can the North Pole,' but he was not to be comforted. I felt a heartless beast, but at any rate my conscience is clear on one point: I can never violate my oath, because I have clean forgotten what the secret was.

DAKOTA MADE

BY GEORGE L. WHITE, JR.

ONE Scandinavian is an enigma, two form a society, three become a political minority and in time a state. The binding force is a dream. Consider North Dakota. In the foreground a bleak, unpainted house — sun-beaten, shadeless, surrounded by horizons of wheat. Two old people with sun blotches on their faces, like the color of rust clots on a head of fine wheat, sit at a meal. A large line from the cheek to the corner of the mouth is the characteristic mark of the man. It is a furrow his plough might have made. Stooped over a potato-filled plate, overalls smelling of work, he eats, tired. The woman, full from the waist down, hides the mail-order-house chair. Wrinkles, few born of smiles, hide her years. She squints over a Scandinavian newspaper published in Grand Forks. The silence is stirred only by a dream that seeps out of her slitted eyes. North Dakota is far away to her; it is too close to him.

Here is enigma, society, dream. Travel the high-centred gravel roads from Jamestown to Bismarck, from Minot to Williston, from Devils Lake to Grand Forks, and you find many such bits of the old world. The dream may be a mist to the enigma, but it is an unmistakable adhesion to society. It keeps these old people on a lonely farm. It builds communities. It segregates these people in certain sections of every town. The dream hangs about the pictures in the carefully sealed parlors. It causes ploughing men to curve a furrow or watch a cloud. It hovers about a street

corner in Fargo as two business men greet each other in melodious Swedish. It brings people together on Sunday. A *smörgåsbord*, a cup of coffee, will start the very movement of a dream. The smell of fish, the glisten of snow, the skis of a boy, the talk of a neighbor — all these re-create an old idea. Some fiddler with old songs at his bow's end will catch the resonance of some group and start feet a-dancing to the dream.

Ever since I have lived in North Dakota I have wondered: why America for these? These two old people, these Sunday afternoons, these dreams — why? Anyone can see wonderment flying in and out of everything. It is not a wonderment of fear, nor of poverty. They have money: hear those cartwheels clink as they dance? They own more land than they ever rented in Scandinavia. Their children, Jon, Per, and Thelma, graduate from the university. Each year the Swansons have a new car, the Jensens a new radio. The Nords go home to Sweden every other summer. All of them have kept abreast of America. They seem content. But isn't it a bit bewildering to grow old in a new country? As I've watched a certain longing come from out the twilight to their eyes, I've often wondered.

Much of this first longing deepens into a larger dream. It loses itself in the desire these people have for their children. When the need to finger older things comes; when the western loam is much too deep, too sticky, and too black; when the feel for smaller farms,

for husbanded trees, for unyielding soil comes — then is the time to think of sons and daughters. Perhaps it is hard to change a dream of the mother country into a dream for one's children. But there is less heartache that way, and more work can be done.

Eventually, by the process of wishing, this dream becomes the song of youth. These college sons and daughters, with their fine training and their fine clothes — they are worth boasting about. The recitation of their success is like a pot of coffee after work. It heightens the sense of expectancy and drugs the sense of recollection.

These youths with dreams to fulfill, these products of crossed visions, what is their dream? Can they allay the fears of loneliness their parents have? The university should give us a partial answer, for here are an inconsiderate group of Scandinavian sons and daughters. Inconsiderate? Yes, because they become either mental berserkers or ploughboys of the western world. They are unique — these Olsons, Thoresons, Lindquists, and Bjorksons. The blond-headed ones, like spring-called dandelions, carry sunlight with them, with their big, animal mouths in smile, their Borglum faces, and their throats shaped to the yoke. Some are as patient and strong as beasts, others quick-tongued and active.

In them the wish their parents had has become a reality. All the dreaming has produced energy. The folks at home could never say these youths are idle. Thor can be seen in football togs hurling the thunderbolts in his shoulders against Yggdrasil's enemies. Odin mounts the soap box with throaty strength. Loki fingers draw plans for ideal buildings, or fondle figures from a stick of wood. The stage is tramped with Ibsen fervor. Profligate energy, willfulness, pride, are evident in these college people. Are these qualities but the natural zest of youth, or can they be linked in any way to the Scandinavian heritage? Are they

all that is left of three hundred years of immigrant struggle?

I wanted to find out. I began, therefore, to analyze two Scandinavian friends of mine. Both had been born in America but bred in the Scandinavian tradition. Ernie looked like the caricaturist's dream of a Swede. His English pronunciation still retained a mysterious click in it. But he had a talent in his hands. A pencil and a brush lost their æstheticism in his grip, but they drew. 'Swede' was always patient with them and with my skepticism.

He taught me a great deal, that artist. I used to sit and watch him work. Hour after hour he would placidly, determinedly letter diplomas, so that, having earned a few dollars, he might work at his own dream. Yet, when he caressed his own easel, there was little abandon in his face. I saw the same placidity, the same evenness of facial muscles, the same enigma. Only a faint darkness in his light blue eyes told me that desire played with his heart.

As I had wondered about his people, so had I wondered of 'Swede's' desires. This patient energy of his, how was it fulfilling the Scandinavian dream? Why did he forget the classroom when the wheatfields were like his hair, and the wind so dry it bit the nostrils sharp-like? That day I saw him crush a head of wheat in his hand and bring the milky paste to his tongue — why? Why did he sometimes fling his books into a corner and sit watching the dusk fade from red to purple, or rub his hands through the dust in a shaft of light?

I came close to finding out one day when his brother came and they talked Swedish by the hour. The softness of that tongue did miracles with 'Swede's' face. Caught in a foreign spell, he lost his university tag, his Americanisms, and his lack of laughter. He seemed almost nakedly Swedish, a thing of inherent grace. I meant to ask him what they had said, but he had taken a brush and a pair of old shoes and had gone.

My other university friend was a Norwegian, dark and sensitive, ashamed of his betraying tongue and his poor parents. He had a sense of the beauty of things, however, that few of us could even approach. He was ashamed of that, too.

Once out in a windbreak, behind the university's power plant, we stood looking at uncut underbrush and trees, dying in their heads. I wondered what kind of people had pestered this wind-swept place until trees had grown. He half-turned to me, a cool greenness in his face, and said that perhaps the planters of these trees had carried an image of Norway in the corner of their eyes. Such an image had become a cataract, like the black spot in a bulldog's eye. It had interfered with their vision, but had filled them with the shadow of trees. These trees were transplanted visions.

I beckoned him further, but he feared the curiosity, the probing. He could not bear the prick of difference. He was ashamed of his foreign insight, his sense of beauty. I met him again yesterday. There was no sadness in his eyes, no green thing. He looked so American, I could not lift one image to disturb.

The problems of these two friends of mine seem fiction. But 'Swede' is still wandering somewhere, brush in hand, searching for a strange peace. 'Norskie' is penned up in a beautiless office trying to become something he is not, and, unfortunately, succeeding. These are not fiction. While neither one is indicative of the practical task of his race, yet both of them suggest an attempt on their part to satisfy some dream their parents once had. Their inner strength or weakness is but an outcropping of the sensitiveness of their people.

These young people are the third generation, the pre-World War children, the *bête noire* of the immigrant struggle. Behind them are two generations' adjustment and maladjustment. Their dissatisfied grandparents, who came to America in the 1870's and 1880's, be-

queathed them the inward struggle which was the result of their experience. These grandfathers made many North Dakota farms, built flat railroad beds, and strengthened many willowing towns. They gave the second generation birth on American soil. These 'seconds' were literally raised with the problem in their mouths. The crosscurrents of both American and Scandinavian life blew over them. They attended American schools and they lived in communities which perpetuated the thought of the old world. Their imaginations were trained to construct from the merest suggestion the proper illusion of Scandinavia. To their children, the third generation, they gave two things: the wounds of the struggle and the salve of time.

Such a life's mixture filters out a strange psychology in these young men. My most intimate contact with this psychology came in Minot, North Dakota. Here in this Northwest town many Scandinavians hold their song fests, their picnics, church suppers, and political rallies. On such days the air is filled with an old-world jargon and a new-world dream. The brilliant colors of Sunday dresses are heightened by the unpressed black cloth of the male attire. Delicious cakes, tasty fish, unusual breads, food and drink of great variety, are heaped upon the old boards of a park table. It is a gala time for everyone but the young people. They must listen to foreign languages as though they understood. Old folk songs with unfamiliar music are supposed to inspire them. They cannot dance with the gusto of the older people. They do not know the old games. They are out of color, in their collegiate-American clothes. Grandmother and her circle are a bit ashamed of their ignorance. Their unconcern is attributed to the harmful influence of American schools. The young people are ashamed themselves. They have been born with the desire to mingle but taught the inhibitions that throttle that desire. Consequently they must make a choice:

remain in the Scandinavian community among their families, or go, alone.

I have watched this dilemma confront many of the professional men of Minot — men whom I knew as boys, who had never seemed different to me. But when I returned to Minot two years ago I found these friends Scandinavian-conscious.

I found Johan pleading a land case in court. His clients were Scandinavians, ignorant of American legal procedure. He was trying to bring Norwegian and American ideas of property into agreement. He had the look of Esau as he listened to his people plead for their land. His inheritance seemed a slight thing to him then, and yet he chose to remain in the uncomfortable mid-channel of duty and desire.

Boyer had an office in the Lutheran Hospital. He had specialized in obstetrics in order to give his people better children. But the years of facing superstitions, old-world cures, and fear had taken his crusade from him. And I noticed a nostalgia about his face as he told me he had given up his people and his task.

Erik, the history shark of our class, was about to leave for Sweden. Two things had formed a cancer in his heart: schoolteaching and politics. As a history teacher in the new junior high school he had been accused of radicalism and communism. He told me he had been modifying his language, thwarting his enthusiasm, omitting his conclusions, closing his mind for seven years, solely because his ideal of historical facts, inherited from his liberal father, could not be exposed in the American classroom.

Ole Lund and Erik had tried politics. They had fought Boyesen's control of the Scandinavians. But the sixty-five-year-old boss, with his rural similes, his farm sense, and his grain philosophy, had been too much for them. He had known the vote formula, they had not. The older people had called Ole and Erik disloyal upstarts and had crushed them.

Erik was going to Sweden and to no more dreaming.

This meeting with my friends is now two years behind me. Since then I have thought about their problem. It is such a personal thing, this third generation's enigma. I am not much closer to it now than I was years ago in Miss Kelly's home room. They were carefree then; now each is faced with an inheritance that keeps coming to the surface. They are out there in that western section of North Dakota, on the rim of the most desolate country I have ever seen, trying to find an answer. Everything reminds them of their past. When the wind blows fine snow in their faces and the stars are as clear as a baby's eyes, they must be very close to some distant land two generations removed. When the wheat that promised so much in June is thin and heat-colored in July, and all the sky billows with waves of copper sunshine, they must dream of ancient water against a coast, or pines smelling of cool earth. They cannot escape that which has been born in them.

It is these sensitive ones who make the problem interesting. The many who have become Americans in thought and practice have not such tragic faces. Always they seem to have lived in those clapboard houses, with their store furniture, their modern kitchens, their comfortable but nondescript surroundings. None of the pioneer glamour is near them. But these misfits of mine have all the freshness of the adventurer. Their grandfathers conquered the wind with a mud house, conquered the soil with willful vigilance. Their fathers fought to keep their inheritance. These friends must fight for life. The task is just as difficult as of old, and almost the same. The 'dumb Swede' may have become the smart farmer, the 'crafty Norwegian' may have become the politician or the statesman, but the dreaming pioneer of the third generation is still unnamed. To North Dakota and to me he is but an enigma.

UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the Post-War Generation? The ATLANTIC intends to find out. Space has been reserved for the best letters written by men and women under thirty. The letters should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words, and those published will be paid for. Under special circumstances, anonymity will be preserved. — THE EDITOR]

DETERMINATION

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*:—

Even though my life has been a series of trials and tribulations, I do not regret one of them. I have profited by every one of my experiences. To begin with, my father died about three months before my birth. I was born near the cotton fields in a small town in South Carolina, away back in December 1921. Everyone expected me to die because I was three days old before I cried. If a baby lived three days before it cried, there was supposed to be something wrong with it. After it was decided that maybe I might live, my grandmother, knowing that my mother was not the kind of woman to rear children, undertook the task of bringing up my brother and me as she had done with her own seven children. Under her wise guidance, I grew rapidly and sturdily until I was about four. Then, one cold morning in early November, my grandmother died. Those first four years were the happiest of my life.

My mother was a woman of very weak character. It might be said that she was the black sheep of our family. She had very little will power and could be easily led by almost anyone. My brother was born when she was sixteen and I was born when she was seventeen. She was too young to have children. Before my grandmother died, my mother had gone

to Pittsburgh and had remarried. When she heard of her mother's death, she rushed back for the funeral services. After the funeral, she, with my brother and me, started off again to Pittsburgh. Even though I was not quite four, I still remember the night that we arrived here. We got a taxicab immediately after we got off the train and started for our new home. It was very different from what I had imagined. I have always had a very vivid imagination. The house was small, but very neat. It had only three rooms. I had imagined a large, beautiful, green house, surrounded by trees.

My stepfather was rather nice, and after a week or two in this strange city I became reconciled to my new home. During the first year that I lived with my mother, she was the sweetest of mothers. She taught me during that year to say 'Thank you,' 'Pardon me,' and to practise other genteel manners that little girls should know. After that year I started to school. Then we moved. That had more effect on me than anything else.

For some reason not known to me, my family moved into a dark, dirty alley in one of the worst slums in the city. The people were drunkards and of the lowest moral standard. Since my mother was weak-willed, it wasn't very long before she was as bad as the rest of the people in that district. She began to drink and get drunk. This had a terrible effect on me. I soon lost all respect for her. Then she

began to neglect her home and, for some reason, began to hate me intensely. I developed a feeling of independence and made up my mind that I would never be like any of those people, not because I thought myself better than they, but because I did not approve of the way they lived.

When I got to the fifth grade, I quit living with my mother, got my first job, and since then I have had many more. I have scrubbed for some people, cleaned for some, washed and ironed for some, and have done clerical work for others. I have met just as many types of people as I have had jobs. Some people I admired and respected very much. When I got to know them better, I became somewhat disappointed. Everyone seems to preach virtue and many other saintly qualities, but I still have not found anyone who lives up to all that he preaches. Maybe I expect too much of people.

I lived with this person and that person until 1936. During that year my mother died. I was not yet fifteen. Up to that time I had unconsciously or instinctively, although I would not let myself believe it, felt that she still had some authority over me. As soon as she died, however, I realized that I was really out on my own.

I then got a job cleaning and doing clerical work for a doctor. After I had worked for this doctor about a year, I went to live with her. That was my first and only job of living on the lot. It did much toward making me what I am today. I worked after school every day and all day on Saturdays and Sundays; therefore I had very little time for social life. As a result, I had very few friends. I lived with this doctor for about a year and then moved to the East End and got a job working for a consulting engineer and his wife as a cook. I am still working for them and enjoy my work, too.

I sometimes find it quite hard trying to make three dollars a week pay room rent (I live in a small, neat rooming house) and buy food for breakfast and

also other necessities; but I manage to get along somehow. I can honestly say that during these last two years, when I have really been out on my own, I have not gone hungry one day or gone two weeks without a job or had a night fall without some place to sleep. I do consider myself very fortunate. Living in a slum district had a decided effect on me. It has made me hate the sight of liquor and the people who drink it. Anyone who has never lived in a slum district can have no idea how terrible it is. I have made up my mind, however, that I am not going to let my past stand in the way of my future. I am determined to become an honest, clean, decent person who is always ready and willing to help anyone. I intend to go to college and study medicine. I realize that it will take a number of years of hard work and hard study, but I am not afraid of hard work and I have faith in myself and in the future.

THOMASINA JACKSON

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

República de Argentina

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

During my convalescence in this small town of northern Argentina I managed to secure several copies of the *Atlantic*. The letters of 'Under Thirty' interested me to such an extent that I have been prompted to write one of my own.

My letter, however, will not be one asking the United States Government to remake itself so that I might be given an opportunity in life; I am not asking for anything except the health with which to fight this world. The obstacles that confront one in everyday life, at least in mine, are challenges to one's ingenuity. My profession requires a person to use materials on hand, and sometimes to recondition worn-out, useless machinery.

I am an American citizen just under thirty. I finished a four years' course in an engineering college, although the

financial problem was not an easy one to solve. After being graduated with top honors in 1932, I got a fellowship that extended my professional activities into a field very closely allied with my own — that of ore dressing, more commonly known as concentration.

After receiving my Master of Science Degree in Metallurgy in 1933, I found myself among the employed in one field or another. Many times there was no money involved, but I secured my board and room. When there was no mining or concentration to look after, there was always cordwood to cut at fifty cents per cord, two cords per day.

From the spring of 1933 to the fall of 1934 I wandered over most of the Western states working wherever I could. Sometimes my only shelter was an old cabin or a tent, and my only companion a pack horse.

During my wanderings I had come across an occasional article in technical journals indicating that working conditions were better in foreign countries, particularly in South America. If my own country could not furnish me with steady employment, why not try a foreign one?

My varied experience soon secured for me a position in Peru. It meant three years or more away from home, from the country I loved, from all my friends. However, I found the work I liked to do, the problems I liked to solve. In fact, there seems to be no limit to the opportunities one finds on this Southern continent — if one is willing to work and take the risks involved.

Although most countries require an eight-hour working day, there is no room here for a person who takes advantage of that. One must be on the job all the time. He must be willing to go out whenever called, be it day or night. The risks involved are those of life, health, and finances. One may forget all about stable governments. One never knows when foreign money may be confiscated. And worst of all, one never knows when

he will be attacked by such scourges as amœbic dysentery, typhoid fever, malaria, or yellow fever. If it is not one of these, it may be the effects of the altitude. Yes, living at fourteen thousand feet above sea level is bad for the heart. Malaria and yellow fever do not seem to exist at the high altitude, but one must go down to the tropics for a rest.

After leaving Peru, I returned to the States for a brief interval and then came to Argentina. The mining camp is again close to fourteen thousand feet above sea level. In this case, however, it is colder than in Peru and the threat of pneumonia is far greater. But the work is still interesting and the type I like.

However, I have not been so fortunate. A short time ago, while in the tropics, I contracted amœbic dysentery. Anyone will tell you that it is a miserable disease, requiring long treatment, and even then one cannot be certain of having cleaned the amœbæ from the intestines. Should they reach the liver, it would probably be fatal.

I have rapidly climbed the ladder of my profession and at the moment hold a position that many mining engineers would envy. My mind is analytical and I believe I have the solution to a new method of concentration. Yet, I have this scourge staring me in the face. After finishing this job, I may have difficulty securing another, for no one wants to hire a person who has had dysentery; it may return if not properly cured.

I am not complaining. I left the relatively small salaries and the security of health and finances of my own country for the larger salaries, opportunities, and dangers of these countries. I am merely paying the price.

All I ask for is complete recovery from this illness (it is proving to be very stubborn) so that I can continue my work and have my independence. The problems presented are pleasant things to solve with good health, but if that health is lacking . . .

C. F.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IF I HAD GONE TO PRISON

I READ Kenneth Chappell's letter¹ in the 'Under Thirty' section of the October *Atlantic* with pain and anger, and at the same time with humility: pain and anger at his plight; humility because, but for the grace of God, there go I.

At thirty-four I am an ordinarily successful man. I have a secure job at fair wages, and the future looks safe. Yet a twist of fate a few years ago might have left me to-day in Chappell's position, a convict.

When I was nineteen years old, a university student, I and my two roommates committed a crime. It was a prank, as many youthful crimes are, but it had serious consequences. We might have served many years in prison; the best we logically could hope for was a five-year term. But, unlike Chappell, two of us had families, — the third was an orphan, — and our families, while not influential, had friends. They created sympathy for us, and when our case came into court we had many people in our favor. That helped some, but we were saved from a prison term because we happened to come before a judge possessed of enough understanding to see us as we were — three boys, ordinarily decent, intelligent youngsters, who had committed a serious mistake and who realized it. On our plea of guilty he sentenced us to eight months in jail.

The jail term was far from being our most severe punishment. After it was over we had to face the public — scorn, loss of friends on the one hand, and on the other the embarrassing efforts of friends to prove their loyalty. Our task wasn't anywhere near so hard as Chappell knows his will be, for we escaped the penitentiary stigma, and our crime — or our connection with it — was quickly forgotten by the public generally. But it was far from easy.

We faced the public and overcame the shame we felt. One of my two friends re-

turned to the university, graduated with the highest honors ever given, to that date, in his department, and gained the respect and affection of all who knew him, student, faculty member, and townsman. Three months after his graduation he died.

The second of my companions took a job a friend found for him in California. He married, and the last time I heard from him was the father of one child. After several years of working and saving he decided his work held little promise, so he returned to school, completed a pre-medical course, and entered medical school. I am confident he is fighting ahead toward the goal he has set for himself.

I was unable to return to the university. I was denied readmittance because those in charge were afraid that two of us on the campus together might be a bad influence on each other, and my friend, with no idea such an attitude would be taken, happened to apply first. But in my case it made little difference, for my father had died and I had to support my mother and younger brother. I got a job, and until my mother died and my brother finished school and found work for himself I was the breadwinner. I couldn't have taken care of my family had I been in prison. Now, at thirty-four, I hold a job of considerable responsibility on the newspaper for which I have worked nearly twelve years, and am in line for promotion. While I'm single and have no family to occupy me, I have quite a few friends in whose welfare I am deeply interested and who, I know, respect and like me. I believe my life is a reasonably full and happy one.

I have always believed the records of the three of us were a great argument for lenity in the treatment of young men who had committed crimes. None of us was a criminal type — if there is such a thing; we came from honest, religious homes and had no inclination to steal. We were led into crime by the desire for adventure.

Nothing in the world could make me steal now. I have a horror of dishonesty. I have no desire to lose my self-respect again. But what if, instead of having my tendency to honesty strengthened during these past years,

¹ Kenneth Chappell was sent to San Quentin when he was eighteen. In his letter he discussed the problems of adjustment to the social and economic world that await him when he finishes his seventeen-year sentence. — EDITOR

I had been exposed to the influence of criminals in a prison? And even if I had left prison without an inclination to get what I wanted in the easiest way, how well could I have overcome the handicap of a long prison sentence and of the brand, 'ex-convict'? Certainly I could not be in the position in which I am now. No one can deny that I am a good citizen, in spite of a crime fifteen years ago. What kind of citizen should I be to-day had I been sent to a penitentiary? What I say about myself applies equally to my two companions. Certainly they could not have accomplished what they did if they had been sent to prison.

Why do we punish criminals? Tearing away the veil of catchwords — 'justice,' 'majesty of law,' and the like — that we throw about our actions, we have to admit that many times a man is punished simply for vengeance, through hatred.

The proper handling of youthful criminals I believe to be one of our major problems. A boy steals a car, gets hold of a gun and holds up someone, or commits some other crime. Instead of finding out why he has acted as he has, society tosses him into the hopper of our law machinery and he is shuffled into prison or a 'reformatory' — and if he doesn't come out a confirmed criminal he is likely to be as handicapped as Chappell. But if we stopped to find out why he committed that crime, what there was in his life and character that made him turn to dishonesty, we should be able to adopt treatment that would strengthen him rather than lay an additional burden upon him.

I know from experience that the loss of one's self-respect is about the most severe punishment that can be inflicted. No man can live and hate himself. He must believe in his own worth. It may become a twisted belief; he may be proud of his self-abasement, his vileness, his ability as a crook. But he *must* respect himself. If a boy commits a crime, and is suffering from the loss of his self-respect, why not place him in such surroundings and train him in such a way that he can regain his self-respect and be proud of having corrected his mistake and become an honest man? It can be done, and at much less than the cost of the crimes committed by 'repeaters' who were first sent to prison as youths.

At eighteen Kenneth Chappell committed a crime. But the judge who sent him to pris-

on committed a greater, an immeasurably greater, crime; for he took a life that might well have been fine and rendered it, probably, useless. Oh, I suppose the judge was not to blame; we must lay the responsibility on society. But why did not society put on that bench as judge a man possessed of enough human understanding, love of his neighbor, to deal with Chappell as another judge dealt with me and my companions?

Read Chappell's letter again. That man isn't evil. He made a mistake — and made it as a boy of eighteen. No human being ever avoided making mistakes. The measure of a man's worth is the way he corrects his mistakes. If Chappell had been given a helping hand, as I was given a helping hand, instead of being condemned to blind, impersonal punishment that does nothing but lay a handicap upon him, who knows how fine a life he might have led, how much he might have accomplished? Certainly his life could not have been more useless to society than it has been for the past nine years. I wonder if it is too late to appeal for him now?

My plea for lenient treatment for young men involved in crime is a message I have longed to shout for years. There have been few opportunities. However, I am proud that twice I was able to speak it in quarters that led, I believe, to lenient treatment for the boys concerned.

It is so easy, when we read of a boy committing a crime, to say, 'Another no-good bum. He ought to be sent up for a long sentence.' But compare Chappell with me — and there's no boastfulness in this. One man's understanding saved me from Chappell's fate. I am just an ordinary man, with no unusual strength of character or fineness of principle, but I am leading an honest, good life. Yet to-day I might be in Chappell's position, or in the position in which he will find himself after he is released. Which would be better for society? I'm not unusual. What is true of me would be true of any normal man.

Shouldn't we do something about it?

R. Q.

'IT'S A LONG WORM . . .'

WHEN we were newly married over forty years ago and a dinner party was a thing we went to because we had to, the conversation, in the rather solemn Scotch circles in

which we inconspicuously revolved, was trying to me.

Fairly often we used to meet a Dean with a prodigious memory. On the slightest provocation — and sometimes, I thought, on no provocation at all — he would embark on quotations that went on in a truly Tennysonian manner. My husband, a shrewder observer than I, used to point out to me how cleverly the Dean led the conversation to the diving board, from which, later on, he would spring so elegantly.

It used to amaze me to hear the Dean say: 'Dear me — yes — that reminds me of those wonderful lines by Drayton. Let me see — Thompson, can you help me out? The poem begins, you remember — "Fair stood the wind for France."' "

And as Thompson just wriggled, glared, and was silent, the Dean (not of the University, but of the Episcopal Church) would embark on 'The Ballad of Agincourt,' and, as likely as not, would finish it.

Thompson was a school inspector, a newcomer, with a memory of his own, and he began to dislike the way things were going. He was not impressed by the Dean, nor did he consider him, as the local hostesses did, 'such an addition to a dinner party.' He thought him a pompous old windbag, and yearned to deflate him. He himself was a Scotchman without mercy.

And one day the Dean was delivered into his hands.

Thompson called on the Dean one afternoon on business, and was shown into an empty library. An open book was lying on a table by the chair on which he sat down; the inspector idly picked up the book, and the title of the poem caught his attention, for it had something to do with his work.

Their business finished, the Dean and the inspector gossiped for a while, and it turned out that they were both going to dine at the same house the following evening. The inspector went straight from the Dean's house to the public library.

The following evening, as we afterwards remembered, the talk seemed to float towards children as the salmon was handed, and the Dean, leaning back and sipping his hock, murmured dreamily: —

'That reminds me. Let me see — Thompson, this is in your line. Walt Whitman, that grand old American — "There was a child" — how does it go?'

And Thompson, waving away the salmon, answered: —

'There was a child went forth every day;
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became;
And that object became part of him for the day, or
a certain part of the day, or for many years,
or stretching cycles of years.'

Never shall I forget that scene; we all sat gazing at the inspector monotonously chanting his Walt: —

' . . . The mire of the pond-side,
And the fish suspending themselves so curiously
below there . . . all became part of him.'

The dinner went on, and so did the inspector: —

'And the schoolmistress that pass'd on her way to
the school . . .'

There was the stunned Dean trying to interrupt him, to assure him he had only meant to repeat a line or two.

' . . . The sense of what is real — the thought if,
after all, it should prove unreal,
The doubts of day-time and the doubts of night-time — the curious whether and how,
Whether that which appears so is so, or is it all
flashes and specks?'

inquired the inspector, whose mother must have been a Fighting MacGregor.

The quicker-witted were by now enjoying themselves as the quicker-witted seldom had a chance of doing at a dinner party in Scotland forty years ago; the quickest-witted were looking as if they were not there; the hostess was looking annoyed; the inspector alone was at his ease.

'The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the
fragrance of salt marsh and shore mud;
These became part of that child who then went
forth every day, and who now goes, and
will always go forth every day,'

he crooned genially, looking at the nearly demented Dean through his spectacles. Then he leaned back and took a sip of Burgundy.

The dinner party broke up early. The Dean and the inspector went home, presumably to bed, but the other men, host included, talked it out at the club. Next day the town rang with the story, and the inspector was hailed as the savior of diners-out. But the Dean was a broken man, and nobody ever heard him mention a poet after that night.

LADY ADAMS

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

ADDLED ELEGANCE

To Mr. Donald Moffat, creator of that delightful acquaintance of all *Atlantic* readers, Mr. Pennyfeather, I owe jottings that it would be a shame not to share: —

I feel moved to pass on to you a handful of my own hoarded jewels, of which one, taken from a leaflet advertising a newly decorated hotel dancing-and-dining room, is, I think, almost beyond price: 'You are invited to inspect this *sparkling new function room*.'

I was particularly touched by your [March] tribute to the new business jargon, because not long ago I received a letter from an advertising manager who described himself as a *media executive*. . . .

Does *house guest* make you shiver as it does me? Has your electrician elegantly suggested that you need more *convenience outlets* in your house? That's *base plugs*, in English.

It is doubtless natural enough that, in sales promotion and retail trade, elegant circumlocution should flourish and riot like jungle lianas. Our loftier metropolitan stores — which shudder delicately when called anything but *shops* — are proudly Anglomaniac ('as British as Bond Street' or 'as swagger as Piccadilly' is the highest praise they can bestow upon American-made shoes or suits), and they would transplant to this alien soil the snobbery that looks down on tradesmen and trade. The exquisite synthetic pearls of language in which they describe the lowly articles of commerce are meant to say to the customer: 'You are of the aristocracy, the Best People, and we, who know our place, understand that you could never think of stockings or bedsteads or haircuts in the crass, vulgarly literal terms that such as we might use among ourselves.' Here is the clue to the ineffable diction of the advertisements. It is a subtle way of holding the customer up to the standard of super-refinement that the advertiser wishes to thrust upon him. Buyer and seller alike know it for an imaginary standard. The customer, nine times in ten, is just someone looking for a pair of shoes, not for a *recipe for foot comfort* or a *two-way stepper* or a *classic companion to sports tweeds*. Nevertheless, when you can sell a dime's worth of rouge to a typist for \$2.50 by calling it a *flower-drenched make-up shade* brought to a *world breathlessly awaiting spring*, it is impossible to sneer at the hypnotic power of supercilious language glowingly applied. Small wonder that the formulas of this bogus servility have spread from city to hamlet and from the luxury trades to plumbers and undertakers — who, by the way, are now *funerary engineers* or *mortuary specialists* when they are not mere humdrum *morticians*.

In one particular the linguistic inventiveness of commerce certainly overreaches itself, and that is in the widespread application of trade names so monstrous to the ear as to be virtually unspeakable. Do Americans actually exist who could step into a temple of trade with an audible demand for a *dyna-flash* ride or an outfit of *under-thins* or a pound of *Chew-wee* peanut butter? If so, they must be vastly outnumbered by those who cannot hear or read such labels without wincing for shame. Thus the revolting name positively hinders identification, which is its purpose, and must dispose many to look up some rival brand with a more mentionable trade name or none.

Where these too utterly utter expressions continue to infest the language of ordinary intercourse, despite the general revival of blunt unsqueamish diction, there is usually some odd special reason for it. May not Mr. Moffat's *house guest* owe part

of its survival to the simple fact that so many, having cramped quarters or servant problems, put up their visitors in hotels and clubs? The language obviously needs an explicit term for the person whom one is entertaining overnight without the facilities to offer him sleeping quarters. (A lady I know, catching at a clue in Mr. Ratcliffe's notes of last January, proposes *semi-detached guest*.) If we had such a term — and this year of the New York fair should produce one if anything can — the unadorned word *guest* might shed the encumbrance that annoys us.

THE DRAGNET

LIP-STICKED or LIP-STUCK? A commentator on 'the Englishman Ratcliffe's nice new participle' (see January) goes on to say: —

It reminds me of two other verbs recently added to our language by men who needed them in their work; and it has interested me to notice that they have formed the past participles for them by the strong or irregular method. . . . When an automobile is provided with adequate springs it is said to be, not well-*sprunged*, but well-*sprung*. Again, new-sawed (or sawn) lumber is piled in stacks for drying, and slats called merely *sticks* are laid between the tiers to let air circulate; and when this has been properly done the stacks are said to be, not well *sticked*, but well *stuck*.

In Mr. Ratcliffe's problem it will have to be *lip-sticked*. To be *lip-stuck* would be to have the lips obstructed by some adhesive substance (certain candies of our youth called 'stick-jaw' would do it) in such a manner as to impede speech.

— A. T. RICHARDSON, *Long Beach, California*

All of which reminds me that when we cite the tendency to weak or regular verb formation as illustrating the progressive simplification of English we are perhaps overlooking some counter-tendencies that are quite as deep-rooted. The three-year-old who makes the principal parts of his favorite verb, *give, gave, given* is entirely unconscious of having complicated something already complex.

REALISTIC. Many have observed that this has become one of the most long-suffering of the overworked words, but I doubt if anyone has said so more pungently than the president of the Moore-Cottrell Subscription Agencies: —

I was employed in the Curtis magazine organization while Edward W. Bok was editing the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Mr. Bok voiced a pet aversion with a phrase that always stuck in my mind: 'words that pester the ear.' He held that there were silly fads in words just as there are in manners and dress, and that these word fads, through overwork, soon die a natural death.

Take *realism*. This seems to have been popularized by jejune textbooks having to do with the rising cult of the 'social sciences.' Some college graduate gets a job at writing editorials for a newspaper and proceeds to pepper them with the various forms of the word. They seem to have one on the *New York Herald Tribune*. Any time he can't build an editorial around *realism* it's just too bad. A couple of days ago he ended one on the current European crisis with (believe it or not) 'What we now need is *realism that is more realistic*.' . . . Everybody who lines up with the writer's own political beliefs is a *realist*, while anyone that differs with him is, to use one of Walter Lippmann's favorites, *unrealistic*.

— ROSCOE PEACOCK, *North Cohocton, New York*

I myself recently overheard snatches of a conversation that yielded this exchange: 'But would you say that he has a *realistic* mind?' and the answer, 'Oh, *definitely*.'

WILSON FOLLETT

The
Atlantic Serial

WHAT
LUCK!

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
A. A. MILNE

CHAPTERS 18-31





WHAT LUCK!

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A. A. MILNE

A. A. MILNE had the good luck to grow up in a family which was remarkable both for its courage and for its happiness. His father, John Vine Milne, was a schoolmaster after the heart of Erasmus, and so successfully removed from orthodoxy that he felt it a mission to make education an interesting art. His own products, Barry, Ken, and the irresistible youngest son Alan, took to his system like ducks to water, and as the father's school flourished, so did the boys.

Ken and Alan Milne were brothers inseparable. They both won scholarships to Westminster, and there the two sunk happily into the fascinating extracur-

ricular society of an English college. Thanks to his wit and a facility in expressing himself, the younger moved out ahead: Alan took honors at Westminster, while poor Ken was articled to a London solicitor.

Meantime the brothers amused themselves by writing light verse for *Punch*, and, when *Punch* was not hospitable, the verse went into the school magazine instead.

'All this was fun,' writes A. A. Milne, 'but it never occurred to me that it might be a lifetime's occupation.' For it had been assumed that he was to be a mathematician, get a Cambridge First in the Mathematical Tripos, and so graduate into the heroic world of the British Civil Service.

But printer's ink had already begun to work its spell, and one day A. A. Milne announced to the Captain of the College that he was going up to Cambridge to be editor of that famous journal, the *Granta*.

WHAT LUCK!

The Autobiography of A. A. Milne

XVIII

WHAT distinguishes Cambridge from Oxford, broadly speaking, is that nobody who has been to Cambridge feels impelled to write about it. If it is not quite true that everybody has at least one book inside him, it seems to be the fact that every Oxonian has at least one book about Oxford inside him, and generally gets it out. Oxford men will say that this shows what a much more inspiring place Oxford is, and Cambridge men will say that it shows how much less quickly Oxford men grow up, and we can leave it at that. But it explains why this bit will have no particular interest for those particularly interested in Cambridge. Just as the practised public speaker singles out one man in the back of the audience and speaks solely to him, so I have singled out one hypothetical reader who is interested in me, and am writing solely for her. To-morrow, when she goes to the library, she can change this for a book about Oxford, and discover what University life is like.

One of the happy discoveries which I made was that I need not be hungry again. After seven years of starvation at Westminster it was delightful to be ordering one's own breakfast and lunch. Even when one dined in Hall and left oneself to the authorities, one was safe.

On my first evening a waiter leaned over my shoulder and addressed a shy freshman opposite in the unusual words: 'Capercaillie or beef, sir?' 'Capercaillie' is pronounced like Cholmondeley

and Cirencester — wrongly first time. The dialogue went like this: —

WAITER. Capercaillie or beef, sir?

FRESHMAN (*startled*). What?

WAITER. Capper-Kelly or beef, sir?

FRESHMAN (*very pink*). Er — I didn't — er —

WAITER. Kepper —

FRESHMAN. Beef, please.

The rest of us hit upon some standard pronunciation, I forget what, and avoided the beef. It is always difficult to know what to do about other people's pronunciations. I had to make arrangements with a mathematical coach, a Scotsman called Walker. I played football every afternoon, and didn't feel inclined to work immediately afterwards, so proposed to go to him in the mornings at some hour when I wasn't at a lecture. We discussed what subjects we should do together, and then he said, 'And will ye come in the for-r-r-r-noon or the after-r-r-r-noon?' My three-quarter English blood boiled at the idea of saying 'for-r-r-r-noon,' politeness forbade me to say 'morning,' so I went to him in the afternoon, and never ceased to regret it. My previous coach, who had discovered that it was no good, was E. W. Barnes. There we were, working away like anything at Differential Equations, and now he's the Bishop of Birmingham and I write plays. Somehow I never thought of him as a clergyman; probably he never thought of me as a dramatist. Certainly he never thought of me as a mathematician.

I did all the usual things in my first term. I bought two pipes, silver-bound, in a morocco case. I started a banking account, and established my check signature as 'Alan A. Milne.' So it has remained; with the result that any letter addressed thus proclaims itself at once a bill, receipt, or charitable appeal. This has been very useful. I had breakfast with the Master of Trinity, the famous Dr. Butler. It was he who came into the breakfast room one wintry morning where half a dozen nervous freshmen were awaiting him, glanced out of the window, and said genially: 'Well, well, we have a little sun this morning' . . . and the most nervous freshman who answered: 'I hope Mrs. Butler is all right.' I kept lectures, cut chapels, got up as late as I could, was called on by strangers, and, shyly, returned calls. I also played outside-left in the Freshmen's Match and a silent Greek maiden in *Agamemnon*.

While this was going on, A. K. M. was sending in a set of verses each week to the *Granta*, and receiving them back again. It was not until the beginning of my second term that we had our first contribution accepted. Ken invented a nonsense verse, a little in the Limerick vein, which, once found, provided us with an easy formula for humor. We hoped that the result would come to be known as Milnicks, but it was not to be. Here is an example: —

He was a violoncello
And she was a wedding-bell.
He loved 'not wisely' (*Othello*)
But she didn't love 'too well.'
One day she addressed him as 'Fellow!' . . .
And they buried him there where he fell.

This was the first of half a dozen such tragedies, the last of them having a more human note.

He was an ardent philosopher
And she was a girl of physique.
He said he was dying because of her,
But she told him she couldn't stand cheek.
Then he recklessly said it was cross of her . . .
And he hopes to be well in a week.

A day or two after these verses came out, Trinity, Cambridge, was playing football against Trinity, Oxford. On our way back from Oxford we stopped inevitably at Bletchley, and went into the refreshment room for a drink. And while I was shyly drinking my ginger beer, and wishing that I liked beer and whiskey more than I liked rice pudding, which was not at all, I heard no less a person than the Captain of the Side say to no less a person than one of the 'blues' in the side: 'Did you see those awfully good verses in the *Granta* this week — a new sort of Limerick by somebody called A. K. M.?' I plunged a glowing face into the ginger beer. This was authorship. If only Ken had been next to me, so that we could have nudged each other and grinned, and talked it over happily together afterwards. Well, I would write to him to-morrow.

It was unlucky for poor old Ken that our verses were appearing in the *Granta* and not in the *Weymouth Times*. As we went on contributing, it gradually became accepted that I alone was A. K. M., disguising myself under these alien initials, presumably from modesty. A few friends knew the truth, but to others a brother in Dorsetshire seemed as remote from reality as a Bunbury in Shropshire or the dog that you go to see a man about. Our contributions came out regularly now, and from time to time somebody would say, 'I liked your last thing in the *Granta*' — of which a shy smile seemed the appropriate acknowledgment. To go on, 'Well, actually I have a brother down in Dorsetshire,' sounded like the beginning of a new and irrelevant anecdote desperately in need of an audience. With an apologetic nod the other hurried on his way.

Ken may have guessed that this was happening, though I don't think he would have resented it, but it made little difference; for, at the end of the summer term, he announced his withdrawal from the partnership. His reason was that I

could do 'this sort of thing' just as well without him, and that he would prefer to try some other sort of thing without me. In short, his heart wasn't in frivolity; he wanted to be more serious. He put it, as he would, charmingly, making it seem that there had never really been a 'K' in A.K.M., making it seem that I had been generously carrying him on my back for two years. This was so completely untrue that I protested violently against any idea of separation; indeed, I felt miserable at the thought of it. It was in his second letter that he confessed to a wish to be alone.

Well, it was for him to say. If he wished it, he should write essays for the *Cornhill*, while I wrote nonsense for the *Granta*. And good luck to both of us.

The *Granta* was nominally the property of the editor, but in practice his rights did not extend much beyond the nomination of his successor. The printer managed the business side of it and told the editor what (if any) the profits were. When, as editor, I was told what the profits were, I looked forward eagerly to receiving my first literary earnings. After looking forward eagerly for some weeks I applied for the money, and was informed that, until all the advertisement revenue had been collected, I was heavily in debt to the printer, and that an immediate settlement could be made on these lines if I wished it. I replied coldly that I was 'putting the matter in the hands of my father's solicitors' (my brother Barry), whereupon a check for my first literary earnings arrived. What the rights and wrongs of it were I don't know; but it seemed to me all against tradition that, as between Town and University, the University should be kept waiting for its money.

The editor at the beginning of my second year was a Trinity man whom I knew slightly. Under his auspices the initials of which I have since grown rather tired made a first appearance. The verses above them were not noticeably

improved, or, I think, weakened, by the substitution of a second 'A' for the absent 'K.' But there was, uniquely, a contribution in prose (of no great merit) such as would not have been made in collaboration. I wrote it rather diffidently, wondering if this was the way to write. While I was still wondering, I received a letter from the editor, not, as I expected, saying 'Better stick to verse,' but making the incredible suggestion that I should take over the editorship in the following term.

This was almost the biggest surprise of my life. The most surprising thing was that he took twenty pages to elaborate his theme, the pleasure and profit to be derived from editorship and my supreme fitness for the job, when four words, 'Will you be editor?' would have been enough. I suppose that I was the only possible person in sight, and he had to be sure of getting the paper off his hands somehow. It was a little disappointingly easy. There is no fun in saying 'I will' grandly, and then being as good as told that, willy-nilly, you've got to.

Well, anyway, I was editor.

XIX

A Cambridge friend had asked me to spend a few days with him after Christmas, and I had accepted his invitation cheerfully, even after hearing that the entertainment would include 'private theatricals.' I imagined myself, with the rest of the house party, amusing a few friends in the drawing-room, my own part being one of those silent impersonations whose range, extending as it did from a Greek maiden to a monkey, could embrace almost anything. More attractive was the thought that I might write the dialogue for the others to speak, or compose the lyrics for some homemade pantomime. At the least I should be helpful as prompter or scene shifter. It was an appalling shock to find that we had taken the Ipswich Town

Hall, and that in the one serious play in a triple bill I was to be the wounded hero.

Years later I wrote a series for *Punch* called 'Little Plays for Amateurs.' This might have been one of those. The hero can be (as you please) a Frenchman in the Franco-German War, a Roundhead in the Civil War, or a Southerner in the War of Secession. Wounded after the appropriate battle, he drags himself to the house of his beloved, to find a German, a Cavalier, or a Northerner billeted there; and not only billeted there, but making unacceptable advances to the heroine.

One steps lightly into a play like this, thinking that one is going to be the hero, only to discover in the big scene that it is the other man who is up-stage all the time, sacrificing duty and his own feelings to the call of an unrequited love. Personally I didn't mind being downstage, if I couldn't be at home. Owing to the fact that I was wounded, the heroine and I had a passionate love scene on the floor, with my head among the footlights — which was no position in which to remember a long speech describing my emotions during the Battle of Sedan. However, I did my best. Only one line was unforgettable: 'All through that long night I thought of thee.' She moved my head out of the footlights and stroked it. I said again, 'All through that long night I thought of you — thee,' wondering what came next. Fortunately it was the German colonel, a little early on his cue. Having informed me that I was his prisoner, and that escape was impossible, he left us. It was a desperate situation, but all was not lost; a secret passage in which the heroine and I had played as children offered a way out. She helped me to my feet, and we had an affecting farewell scene. 'All through that long night,' I said — 'Quick — quick,' she cried, 'you must go!' She led me to the cunningly hidden door. 'Farewell, beloved,' I said, and, opening the door, stepped

into the arms of the Colonel. He informed me briefly that I was his prisoner and left us. The position now seemed hopeless, or would have seemed so in any other play. Fortunately we remembered that on the other side of the room there was a second secret door, leading to a second secret passage, where also we had played as children. We had another farewell scene, which I took more gayly, realizing that in five minutes I should have left the stage forever, and was editing the *Granta* next term. Flinging back the door, I cried, 'Good-bye, my love,' and stepped into the arms of the Colonel again. It was very discouraging. I remembered suddenly, with a start of dismay which was effective, that there was another performance to-morrow night. The Colonel took the centre of the stage and made his great speech of renunciation, giving me both little Renée and my freedom. All I wanted just then was to leave Ipswich.

But even at Ipswich one could get ready for next term. Alone in my bedroom, the Franco-German War forgotten for a few hours, I wrote a ballad. It began: —

Oh Mary, my Mary, come over the sea!
I am thinking of you, are you thinking of me?
Thy are thinking of him, he is thinking of thee —
(Oh Mary, my Mary, come over the sea).

All through that long night I thought of Mary, and by morning I had written my first contribution for the new *Granta*. I submitted it to myself as editor, and accepted it. We had begun.

XX

It was the custom for undergraduates to meet their Tutor on the first day of term, not to present but to receive an address of welcome, and to be informed of any new College or University regulations which might concern them. On the first day of Lent Term 1902, our Tutor so addressed us, and then added, 'Well, that's all, thank you, gentlemen. Mr. Milne will remain behind.' The

others went out, wondering what I had done. So did I.

He told me. In effect the conversation went like this: —

'I hear you are editing the *Granta* this term?'

'Yes.'

'Well, you can't.'

'Why not?'

'You had no business whatever to commit yourself to anything like that without consulting me.'

'Oh! Well — may I?'

'If you had consulted me, as you ought to have done, I should have forbidden it.'

'But why?'

'You're a mathematician —'

'Not a very good one.'

'And the College pays you for being a mathematician —'

'Not very much.'

'And from what I hear you will have to work a great deal harder, even as it is, in order to get the degree that is expected of you. And this is the moment which you choose to take on other responsibilities —'

'I always meant to edit the *Granta*. I simply must.'

'I warn you that the College may decide to withdraw the money it pays you —'

'I simply must. I always meant to.'

There is a long pause. I am not looking heroic. I am looking sulky and stubborn and uncomfortable.

'I'd rather do it,' I mumble, 'than have the money.'

'And you think you can edit the *Granta* and do your legitimate work properly?'

'How many hours a day do you call "properly"?'

'I should expect at least six from anyone with any pretensions to be a scholar.'

'All right. Six.'

'Very well, then. You will keep a record of your working hours, and show it to me every week.'

So there it was. It is funny to think that my 'working hours' then were the stern laborious hours when I wasn't writing.

The constant weekly features of the *Granta* were the editorial, 'Motley Notes,' 'Those in Authority' (biographical sketches of the leading lights of Cambridge), Union Notes, Theatrical Notes, and comments on all the athletic activities of the term. The rest of the paper was filled with 'humorous' articles and verses.

The union and sporting notes were written by our special correspondents. There was a tradition that they were entitled to two pounds a term for this, and another tradition that they never asked for it and never got it. Tradition was upheld in my time, save once by a football 'blue,' who was big enough to know better. I paid him as cheerfully as I could. 'Those in Authority' chose their own biographers. An exception was made in the case of Edward VII, whom I put 'in Authority' in the May Week number of the *Granta*. 'Little or nothing is known of his early life,' I wrote, 'but it is believed that even in this stage of his career he evinced that love for the drama which was destined to make him President, and afterwards Patron, of the A.D.C. Anyhow there is evidence to show that he frequently came on at Her Majesty's and the Court about this time, while the Princess of Wales first saw him in 1862 with the part of Leading Gentleman, a part to which he has always lived up.' I meant to send him a specially printed copy, but finance or laziness intervened.

One of the privileges of editorship was the possession of a free pass to the theatre. Even in those days I realized that dramatic criticism demanded no quality but enthusiasm, and that the man who saw *The Belle of New York* twice on his first Saturday at Cambridge could provide all the enthusiasm necessary. But it seemed that the manager of the New Theatre wanted more than enthusiasm:

he wanted a definite promise in advance that his productions would be treated with more tenderness than they had been in the past. There was, of course, no reason why he should give me, or anybody else, free seats if he didn't think it was good for business, and equally no reason why I shouldn't buy my own seats and criticize his plays if I thought it was good for the drama; but, as I explained with dignity in the next number, for the *Granta* to take its revenge in this way, 'though apparently more expensive, would in fact be rather cheap.' So Theatrical Notes were abandoned.

Normally the editor wrote the leading article and 'Motley Notes,' and depended on outside contributors for such stuff as jokes are made of. I took what I think must have been the mistaken view that no contribution to which I would not proudly have put my own initials was worth inclusion. The result was, human nature being what it is and authors what they are, that I couldn't depend on anybody. When one more set of verses was wanted for the next number, and X.Y.Z.'s 'Ode to My Tailor' filled the space exactly, the fact that I was pledged to *Electrodynamics* for the next two hours did not prevent me from wondering whether I couldn't have filled the space as exactly, and even more delightfully, myself, if I had had the time. Naturally on these occasions one takes an exaggerated view of the possibilities. Pushing Loney's *Electrodynamics* a little to one side and rattling a pencil against my teeth, I allowed various ideas to wander through my mind, the conclusion three hours later being a set of verses signed A.B.C. which endeared itself to me as X.Y.Z.'s had never done. No doubt it was better only in my own opinion, but, as editor, whose opinion could I consult but my own? Making a note that I should have to do eighteen hours' mathematics to-morrow, to get back to schedule, I went to bed. Life was very full just then.

In the first number I began a series of

dialogues which ran through the term. This series might be called the precursor (if anything as frivolous may be so dignified) of a series which appeared later in *Punch* called 'The Rabbits.' I don't want to read 'The Rabbits' now, but I can do it without feeling uncomfortable. These earlier dialogues fill me not only with unease, but with a profound surprise that they led me anywhere. Yet they did, in fact, lead me away from the Civil Service, schoolmastering, chartered accountancy, all the professions which I might have followed, into the profession of writing.

XXI

It was in the first week of the following term that I opened unsuspectingly a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Granta*. It was from R. C. Lehmann, founder and ex-editor, and now for some years on the staff of *Punch*. He asked for the name of the author of a certain series of dialogues, 'of which I and many others in London have a very high opinion,' in the hope that, if it interested him, 'work of a similar nature might be put in his way.' I gave him my name.

The undergraduate of to-day will find it difficult to appreciate the thrill which I received from this letter. It must be remembered that in those days there was no 'popular press' to keep the universities 'in the news.' Undergraduates were not asked to tell a million suburban readers what was wrong with Oxford, or why they had decided to give up religion. They came into the London eye only on Boat Race night, when it was the magistrates who told them what was wrong and what they should give up. London was not interested to know 'what the young man of to-day is thinking.' Youth, no doubt, would be served, but custom demanded that it should be served last. When it had a beard and was more than a youth, then let beards be wagged.

I had no beard; I was twenty and very

young for that; 'people in London' were talking about me. I was thrilled. There was only one person to whom I could communicate, and with whom share, that thrill. I wrote at once to Ken.

How easy I have found it to go through the world making on equal terms friends, acquaintances, enemies, and to have the persistent feeling that the only side of the equation which matters is my own. I meet Smith, I like Smith; that is all there is about Smith. I meet Jones, I detest Jones; that goes for Jones. What do they, in return, feel about me? That is their own concern. But for some reason which I cannot explain I assume that their feelings are not so definite as mine, nor so well considered. Is this because they feel less deeply than I, or because I am less worth consideration than they? I have never answered that question. The answer lies in the usual tangle of superiority complexes, inferiority complexes, conceits, modesties, mock-modesties, and vanities of which modern man is composed.

Through the rivalries of our childhood and boyhood I had tried to be 'nice about it' to Ken. It did not occur to me that he was trying, with complete success, to be nice about it to me. He was nice without effort, simply because he was not so much interested in our rivalry, because (I could almost persuade myself) he didn't even know that we were rivals, and that I had beaten him again. How could it be a humiliation to him who showed no signs of being humiliated? All these little 'victories' and 'defeats' meant no more to Ken than the winning or losing of a game of beggar-my-neighbor.

I was wrong. He wrote now to congratulate me. No friend could have been more honestly delighted, no lover have paid more reckless compliments. And then for the first time he brought our rivalry into the light, showing what it had meant to him from those earliest days until now.

'Whatever I did, you did a little

better or a little sooner. . . . And so it went on. Even after all this, I could still tell myself that I had one thing left. I should always be the writer of the family. And now you have taken that too. Do I mind? Yes. No. My head is bloody but unbowed. I have got a new frock coat and you can go to the devil.'

Jenny kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in;
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in!
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,
 Say I'm growing old, but add,
 Jenny kissed me.

Throughout his life I never lost Ken, nor he me. Time, you thief, who love to get sweets into your list, put that in.

The immediate result of Rudie Lehmann's letter was the suggestion that I should write a series of sketches for *Punch*. Obviously this could not be attempted until term was over, but it was attempted then with discouraging results.

Nobody had said to me, looking at a copy of *Punch*, 'You ought to edit that one day,' and if anybody had I should undoubtedly have answered, 'I will.' But there seemed to be many ways of editing a paper. This series of half a dozen articles went backwards and forwards between me and the assistant editor, Owen Seaman, for some weeks, until at last they were all to his liking. They reached the editor, Burnand, at the beginning of October. Nothing more was heard of them until May, when I made apologetic inquiries of Rudie. He wrote to Burnand, who replied that he had been very busy with his autobiography lately, and hadn't had time to give them the anxious consideration which they deserved, but that he would be going down to Ramsgate for the weekend and hoped to be able to read them in the train. Rudie waited another month or two (Burnand having met a friend on the train), and then got them away from him, and sent them to a paper called

John Bull which had just been started as a 'rival to *Punch*.' This editorship seemed to be in more lively hands, for the series was accepted at once; but the financial arrangements were equally volatile, and the paper went bankrupt at once — whether before or after the first of my articles appeared I never discovered.

But at the moment the whole of this was hidden from me. I was beginning a second term's editorship of the *Granta*, and I was about a hundred hours down on my mathematical timetable. So, reluctantly but, as it proved, wisely, I installed a co-editor, Vere Hodge, and made him do all the work which I didn't like. Editorials flowed from his pen as they had never flowed from mine. There was no space, of whatever length or breadth, which he could not turn to print. Between us we covered the paper. I wrote whatever I wanted to write, or could reasonably find time to write, and left him to fill up. Probably he thought that he was writing what he wanted to write, and leaving the blank spaces to me. It didn't matter. We worked happily together and the space was filled. There was a faint aroma of culture about us now, Hodge being a classical scholar.

XXII

Ken and I went to the Lakes together in August, staying at a farmhouse at Seathwaite. We had decided to do a little rock climbing. We knew nothing about it, but had brought a rope, nailed boots, and the standard book by Owen Glynn Jones. The climbs in this book were graded under such headings as Easy, Medium, Moderately Stiff, and Extremely Stiff. We decided to start with a moderately stiff one, and chose the Napes Needle on Great Gable, whose charm is that on a postcard it looks Extremely Stiff. Detached by the hands of a good photographer from its context, it becomes a towering pinnacle rising a thousand feet above the abyss. Roped

together, since it seemed to be the etiquette, Ken and I would scale this mighty pinnacle, and send postcards to the family.

We were a little shy about the rope when we started out, carrying it lightly over the arm at first, as if we had just found it and were looking for its owners, and then more grimly over the other arm, as one who makes for a well down which some wanderer has fallen. The important thing was not to be mistaken for what we were: two novices who had been assured that a rope made climbing less dangerous, when in fact they were convinced that it would make climbing very much more so. There was also the question of difficulty. To get ourselves to the top of the Needle would be moderately stiff; but it was (surely) extremely stiff to expect us to drag a rope up there too. I felt all this more keenly than Ken, because it had already been decided, anyhow by myself, that I was to 'lead.' Not only had I won the Gymnastics Competition Under 14 in 1892, but, compared with Ken's, my life was now of no value. Ken had just got engaged to be married. If I led, we might both be killed (as seemed likely with this rope) or I might be killed alone, but it was impossible that I should ever be breaking the news to his lady of an accident which I had callously survived. I was glad of this, of course; but I should have liked it better if it had been I who was engaged and Ken who was going to be glad.

We scrambled up the lower slopes of Great Gable and reached the foot of the Needle. Seen close, it was a large splinter of rock about sixty feet high, shaped like an acute-angled pyramid with a small piece of the top cut off, leaving a flat summit which could just take Ken and me and (we supposed) the rope. We had practised tying ourselves on, and we now tied ourselves on. We didn't even shake hands. I just started up, dragging the rope behind me.

The Napes Needle has this advantage

over, from what I hear, the Matterhorn: that the difficult part is not really dangerous, and the dangerous part is not really difficult. The dangerous part, as one would expect, comes at the top. One begins by forcing oneself diagonally up a flat slab of rock, the left leg, from knee to ankle, wedged in a crack, and the rest of oneself as free as a trolley bus to follow the left leg upwards. Only the reassurance of the book, as shouted up to me by Ken, that this, though difficult, was not dangerous, kept me at it. No doubt my leg *was* jambed — no doubt about it, as I found when I tried to move it; no doubt I couldn't roll down the mountain without it, but the rest of my body felt horribly defenseless, and every nerve in it was saying, 'This is silly, and one should stick to Essex.' With a sudden jerk which made all that the book said ridiculous, I loosened my leg and got it in a little higher up. The very slave of circumstance and impulse, like Sardanapalus, 'borne away with every breath' a little farther from Ken (which meant twice as far to fall), I puffed on . . . until a moment came when I could go no farther. Knee still in crack, heart still in mouth, body still *in vacuo*, I sidled backwards to Ken.

'It's no good. Sorry.'

'Were you really stuck?'

'Absolutely. There's more in this than we thought.'

'Shall I try?'

At some other time I might have said, 'My dear man, if I can't, you can't.' At some other time I might have said, 'For Maud's sake, no!' At this time all I said was, 'Yes, do.' I wanted to lie down.

In a little while he was back with me, and we were studying the Easy group.

'All the same,' said Ken, looking up at the Needle again.

'All the same,' said I.

'Think of Bruce.'

'I think of nothing else.'

'Say "I can do it."'

'I can do it.'

We got up.

'Suppose I came up behind you and pushed a bit?'

'What's the rope doing?'

'Hanging about.'

'Is that right?'

'Well, I don't see what else it *can* do.'

'Nor do I. I don't like the look of the dangerous bit at the top, do you?'

'It may look better when we get there.'

'Yes. Well, let's get there. Dash it, we can't just carry the rope home again. Come on.'

It was a little easier this time. I felt more like a tram and less like a bus; I got to the sticking place and waited for Ken's hand to reach my foot. With its support I straightened my knee and got a handhold higher up. We went on doing this until Ken had reached the sticky place, by which time I was in sight of home. Soon we were sitting side by side on a broad shelf, puffing happily. The 'difficult' part was over.

There remained a vertical slab of rock in the shape of the lower four fifths of an isosceles triangle. It was about fifteen feet high, and there was a ledge like a narrow mantelpiece halfway up. Owen Glynne Jones (who may have been a nuisance in the home) made a practice of pulling himself on to mantelpieces by the fingers, so as to keep in training, and no doubt it is in the repertory of every real climber. We were merely a couple of tourists. When in doubt we collaborated. Ken reached up to the ledge and grasped it firmly, and I climbed up him. When I was standing on the ledge, my fingers were a couple of feet below the top.

In making these climbs it is impossible to lose the way. Every vital handhold is registered in the books, every foothold scored by the nails of previous climbers. To get to the top I wanted one more foothold and one handhold, and I knew where they were. I shuffled to the left and looked round the corner.

On the precipitous left-hand face of the pyramid, a little out of reach, there

was an excrescence of rock the size and shape of half a cricket ball. That was the handhold. Just within reach of raised foot and bent knee a piece of the rock sloped out for a moment at an angle of forty-five degrees before resuming the perpendicular. That was the foothold. I should imagine that the whole charm of the Napes Needle to an enthusiast rests on that forbidding foothold. To a non-enthusiast, as I was at that moment, the whole charm of a foothold is that it holds the foot solidly, at right angles to whatever one is climbing up. This didn't. Could one's nails (and Jones) be trusted? When all one's weight was on that slippery-looking, nail-scratched slope, while one grabbed for the cricket ball, did one simply disappear down the left-hand face, leaving Ken with a lot of rope and no brother, or did one's head appear triumphantly over the top? That was the question, and there was only one way of finding the answer.

After all, there must be something in this rope business, or people wouldn't carry ropes about. If I fell, I could only fall thirty feet. It was absurd to suppose that I should then break in half; there was no record of anyone having broken in half; no, I should simply dangle for a little, assure Ken's anxious head that all that blood he saw everywhere was only where I had hit myself on the way down, and then climb gayly up the rope to safety. All this was just the give-and-take of the climber's life. All those scratches were just signs of where other people had slipped, disappeared, and come laughing back. Without the rope one would be a dead man, but with it the whole climb was child's play . . . or just plain folly?

Oh, well . . .

It was delightful to sit on the top of the Needle and dangle our legs, and think 'We've done it.' About once every ten years it comes back to me that, in addition to all the things I can't do and haven't done, I *have* climbed the Napes Needle. So have thousands of other

people. But they, probably, knew something about it.

XXIII

My last year at Cambridge was sacrificed to the Mathematical Tripos. The sacrifice was in vain. I had hoped that I might just get a Second, but it was not to be. As I wrote later, summing up my life:—

The work we did was rarely reckoned
Worthy a Tutor's kindly word,
For when I said we got a Second,
I really meant we got a Third.

It sounds well to say that one has got an Honors Degree; it looks well to write B.A. (Maths. Honors) after one's name; to a maiden aunt one can explain how well her nephew has done. But one cannot explain a Third Class to one's father. Father was so bitterly disappointed that for a week he did not talk to me. When I mentioned this the other day to a young friend who was waiting anxiously for the result of his Tripos, he said enviously: 'Good Lord, I wish I could be sure that *my* father wouldn't talk to me for a week.' But in our family we dreaded Father's unhappy silences much more than we dreaded his anger.

We sat one August evening on a garden seat at the end of the croquet lawn, Father and I, facing the less Elizabethan wing of the house. Father had his notebook out, and was checking figures: adding this up, subtracting that, and telling me the result. Twiddling the head of a croquet mallet between my feet, my eyes on the ground, I said 'Oh, yes,' and 'Yes,' and 'I see' in a reserved, rather obstinate voice. We were settling my future.

Father was convinced now that I was not good enough for the Civil Service. If there was a doubt in his mind, it was whether I was good enough to be a schoolmaster, to carry on this great preparatory school which he had built up. Still, he would give me the chance. A year in Germany studying the latest educational systems, a year or two at a

public school, then to Streete Court, first as assistant master, then a junior partner, finally in full control. He had it all worked out in his notebook: the salary I should get at first, my share of income as partner, the allowance to be paid to him when he retired, the compensation to be made to my brothers for inheriting the whole patrimony, the value of the inheritance in fifteen years' time when I should be my own master, all obligations discharged. Blue-black ink, red ink, little ticks in pencil, as he checked each item: a labor of love and pride and hope that morning in his study, while I fooled about on the fashionable beach with the prettiest of the many pretty visitors to Westgate.

'Well, dear, what do you think of it?'

'It's all right. It's very generous.' I said it reluctantly. The prettiest of the pretty visitors lived in London. I was going to Germany. It seemed wrong.

'Well, you must think it over. I don't want to hurry you.'

In front of us was the long north wing, with the big schoolroom which Father had added to it when first Streete Court had climbed beyond that obstinate twenty-mark where it had stayed so long (and, it seemed, so hopelessly) . . . into the thirties and then the forties . . . and then the fifties: until now it could hold its own with all the fashionable schools of Thanet, this dream of the little Kilburn schoolmaster, B.A. (Lond.), with his old-fashioned clothes and his old-fashioned beard. He leant back, his notebook on his knees, looking over the quiet lawns to all the ugly schools through which he had struggled on his way to this loved place, and again he was on his knees to God, as he had been every night of his life, in gratitude for the fulfillment to which he had been led.

'Father?'

'Yes, dear?'

'I think I — I think I — I'd like to try to be a writer.'

'It's for you to decide.'

'Yes . . . I think I have decided.'

Father closed the notebook and put it back in his pocket. How much of heart-ache was hidden in it and put away forever?

'How do you mean to set about it?'

'I thought I'd just go up to London and — and write.'

'Write what?'

'Well — anything. Everything.'

'We can't all be Dickenses, you know.'

'Dickens isn't the only man who has made a living by writing.'

'Even Mr. Wells had to do other work for a long time before he could support himself by writing.' Father had called him 'Mr. Wells' to me when I was eight; he would go on calling him 'Mr. Wells.'

'Wells hadn't got any money. I've got three hundred pounds or so. Haven't I? I mean you said — I mean I know it's your money, and it's awfully good of you, but you did say — I mean the others had a thousand pounds.'

'I think it's three hundred and twenty pounds. Of course that would give you a start.'

'But, Father dear, three-twenty — just think, I could live for three years on that if I had to, and do you mean to say that in three *years* I couldn't — why, I nearly had a whole series in *Punch* when I was still at Cambridge — I mean everybody thought I was going to, and it isn't as if — I mean I *did* edit the *Granta*, and people *do* read the *Granta* in London. Besides, there's —' I stopped suddenly.

'What, dear?'

'Nothing. Anyhow, I *know* I can do it. Three years!' In three years I could be editor of *Punch*, of the *Times*, of — should I? Yes, for Ken's sake — of the *Cornhill*, of anything you like, my dear Father. Look at me. There is nothing I can't do.

'Then you want to go to London and take rooms there. Would you live with Barry?'

'Good heavens, no. Sorry. Ken will be in London this year, but I wouldn't even live with *him*. I *must* be alone.'

'You do understand, don't you, that you have no more money to come after this three hundred? And it will be too late then to be a schoolmaster. You'll just have to be a bank clerk.'

It had always been held over us — I don't know why — this threat of servitude in a bank. Other sons might be told that they would have to enlist, or emigrate, if they failed in their chosen profession; even to sweep a crossing; but from childhood we had been taught that it was in banks that human driftwood ultimately grounded. What qualifications were necessary for a bank clerk other than that of being a disappointment to his father we never discovered.

'Of course,' I agreed. 'But I can do it. I know.'

Father went in to tell Mother. I went in to write a letter. What I had been about to say was 'Besides, there's Harmsworth.' But I thought that I would write to him first, just to make sure.

XXIV

Alfred Harmsworth had been a boy at Henley House. He was one of those boys who seem full of intelligence out of school hours and devoid of intelligence in them. A master's natural deduction is that the boy is idle; 'Could do better,' he writes in his report. Father didn't condemn Harmsworth as idle; he condemned himself for not being able to discover where this obviously clever boy's interests lay. Harmsworth came to him one day and asked if a school paper could be started, because other schools had them, and he knew a little printer who — Father said that a school paper was a good idea, but it took up too much of a headmaster's time. Perhaps one day when he was less busy —

'That's all right, sir,' said Harmsworth eagerly. 'I'll do it all. You shan't be bothered, I promise.'

Now I think that nine headmasters out of ten would have pointed out that, even as it was, this boy was continually failing to pass the necessary examinations, and that there was an obvious use which could be made of his spare time. Father was the tenth headmaster. Here, at last, was something which the boy was keen on doing. Then let him do it. So the first number of the *Henley House School Magazine* was published: 'Edited by Alfred C. Harmsworth.' On that day, one may say, the Northcliffe Press was born.

Harmsworth, as the world knows, was a very brotherly man. Almost as soon as he was earning a living for himself he was earning a living for a multitude of brothers. At about the time when he was giving us pennies at Penshurst Place, he was particularly concerned with the education of a younger brother, Albert. While we were buying ourselves sweets in Penshurst, Harmsworth was telling Father of the struggle he was having to educate and bring up his family. Every penny that his *Answers to Correspondents* brought in — and as yet nobody knew whether it was to be success or failure — must go back into the paper; and yet here was young Albert —

'I'll take him for you,' said Father. 'When *Answers* is a success, you can pay me my fees, but we'll say nothing about them for the present.'

'And suppose it isn't a success,' said Harmsworth, not supposing any such thing.

'In that case we'll go on saying nothing about them.'

So Albert came to Henley House, and a delightful boy he was. Quite a good bowler too: off-break. And when, after a few anxious months, *Answers* was fairly on its feet, Harmsworth, with many expressions of gratitude, discharged his debt.

The first country house which Harmsworth bought when he was approaching millionairehood was at St. Peter's in

Thanet. A few miles away, struggling to keep his school above water, was Father at Streete Court. Father, in adversity and prosperity alike, was grateful to God for His mercies, but he was too simple and modest to expect much from his fellow men. Yet even he was a little hurt (when he thought of it) that the Great Man next door never drove over to see his old schoolmaster, never gave so much as an English Essay Prize to his old school. However, that was the way of the world.

But there came a day when, for the first time, he did appeal to Harmsworth for help. He was anxious about the lease of Streete Court. The freehold was not his, and any buildings which he put up — such as the gymnasium and, later, a sanatorium — became the property of the landlord, and the subject, at the end of each seven years' lease, of additional rent. It was essential that he should buy the freehold as soon as possible. The price asked was about £7000.

Father had nothing. There was only one person who could help him. A letter was written to Harmsworth asking him to buy Streete Court and become Father's landlord until the day when Father had saved enough to buy it back from him. In this way Father would have, at any rate, security of tenure. Harmsworth replied that he had so much of his money tied up, and so many claims upon it, that he was unfortunately unable . . . and so on.

Father said nothing. It was the first occasion in his life on which he had asked for help, and he felt sad and silent and ashamed. Mother said a good deal. Harmsworth became 'that man.' Even as a boy he had always been — all the things he wouldn't have been if he had answered the letter differently. If I had said aloud, 'Besides, there's Harmsworth,' Father would have shaken his head and said with a little smile, 'Oh no, dear,' and Mother would have laughed scornfully and said, 'That man!'

But I didn't feel quite the same about

it. I did understand that one might be a millionaire and yet not want to invest £7000 in a particular way at a particular moment; I thought that, however good a schoolmaster Father had been to Harmsworth, it was, after all, his job to be a good schoolmaster. One isn't grateful (at least, I never see why one should be) to a doctor for curing one's influenza or to a baker for selling good bread. I thought that Father and Mother overestimated the affection and gratitude which old pupils should feel for them. And though it was true that Father had been exceptionally kind to Harmsworth in the matter of his brother, was it not precisely to Father's son that Harmsworth would wish to repay this kindness? How delightful for both of us. For, to a young man who knew nobody, 'knowing Harmsworth' was the best of all introductions to Fleet Street.

So I wrote to him.

It was a difficult letter to write, and I don't suppose I did it very well. I couldn't just say, 'I'm coming to London, and I want a job.' Besides, I was not sure that I did want a job. I wanted to be a free lance, with (it sounds unpleasant, but it must have been in my mind) a pull over other free lances as regards the Harmsworth papers. Most of all, I wanted some word of encouragement which I could show to Father and Mother as assurance of my capacity to earn a living; as proof also, perhaps, that I had been right and they wrong about Harmsworth. What, in fact, I said to him was that, after editing the *Granta*, I was coming to London to write, and I hoped the fact that he had patted my head as a child wouldn't influence his editors against any articles which I might send to them. Silly, but the best I could do.

The answer came a fortnight later. It said that, in Sir Alfred's absence abroad, my letter had been forwarded to Mr. Philip Gibbs, the Literary Editor of the *Daily Mail*, 'to whom the articles you mention should be sent.'

I did not show this letter to Father; I

did not send any articles to Mr. Philip Gibbs. I felt as Father had once felt — ashamed of my own letter. Whether Harmsworth received it and returned it with instructions to the office, or whether he knew nothing of it, I never heard. I told myself that I had really only written to 'that man' for my parents' sake, and that I was glad the great name I was going to make for myself would be made without his or anybody's help. I pictured him on his knees a few years hence begging me to edit *all* his papers for him. Proudly I should refuse. . . .

Actually I did once refuse — but he was not really on his knees.

XXV

With Mother's help I furnished two rooms in Temple Chambers at the bottom of Bouverie Street. This, I thought, would be convenient when I became editor of *Punch*. Breakfast was provided at a price; I lunched at an A.B.C. and dined at The Cock in Fleet Street. When I was not eating I was writing: no day without its thousand words, sent off to this paper or that. I was, proud thought, a free lance. To-day such apprenticeship seems less usual. Wordsworth, in what one might be forgiven for not recognizing as deathless poetry, writes of his 'instinctive humbleness maintained even by the very name and thought of printed books and authorship.' Humbleness is now better under control; 'the dread awe of mighty names' has been 'softened down,' and the young graduate begins his career at once as gossip writer or critic. Perhaps it is as well; for how else could he live whose traditional playground, the evening press, has been torn from him? In my day there were eight fields open to his practice. Now there are but three, and even in these three he may not intrude on the reservations of the qualified. For to-day genius is rewarded rather than encouraged. The 'mighty name' is acquired as a going concern.

What makes it go is of no moment to the editor.

I knew nobody in Fleet Street, but Rudie Lehmann had given me introductions to T. A. Cook of the *Daily Telegraph* and J. B. Atkins of the *Manchester Guardian*. Cook had one piece of advice for me: 'Never accept less than two guineas a thousand'; and to any free lance of to-day I will add: 'Never accept advice like this.' The important thing at first is to be printed. In those days a guinea a thousand was the usual rate, and I was thankful to get it. So far I hadn't got it. Atkins asked me to lunch. He was friendly and charming, and sorry that he couldn't do much for me. He did what he could. He sent me a press invitation to the first appearance in England of Consul, the Man Monkey, and another to a meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society. I did them both in one afternoon. Consul's performance struck me as the more human, but there wasn't much in it. I may have muddled the two 'stories' up. However it was, both Atkins and I realized that I was not meant for a reporter.

Meanwhile my first free-lance contribution had been accepted. Sherlock Holmes had just 'returned' in the *Strand Magazine* after his duel with Moriarty. I wrote a burlesque of this, which I sent to *Punch*. *Punch* refused it, and I sent it to *Vanity Fair*. I can remember the last two lines of the dialogue between Holmes and Watson: —

'And Moriarty?' I said. 'What of him?'

'There was no such man,' said Holmes. 'It was merely the name of a soup.'

To my delight the 'stamped addressed envelope enclosed' did not come back at once, and I was hopeful that, when it did, it might contain my first proof. Ken was now in London, a qualified solicitor just entering his first office. We were dining together at a nondescript club which he had joined. Waiting for him in the smoking room, I picked up *Vanity Fair*, wondering on which page of it, one day,

my article might appear. To my utter disappointment, I found that somebody had forestalled me; somebody else had written a Holmes parody. No doubt people were doing it all over England at that time. Jealously I read the opening paragraph. Dash the man, he had even got my first joke, about the Persian slipper! I read on . . . and then suddenly with beating heart glanced at the end:—

‘There was no such man,’ said Holmes.
‘It was merely the name of a soup.’ A. A. M.

First pale with the shock of it, then red with embarrassment, I glanced nervously round the room. My secret was out. Was everybody looking at me? Even now, when I see my name in the paper, I feel that the world is intruding unduly on my privacy. I ought to be anonymous; we all ought to be anonymous. When I give my name in a shop, I give it with an ill grace. This first appearance of my initials in a London paper which all London could read filled me with a ridiculous shame. Only for a moment, of course. Then I read the article through lingeringly: line by matchless line, loving every beautiful word of it.

I read it through twice more before Ken came; once as the old gentleman in the next chair, once as his wife for whom he would go out and buy a copy, as soon as he had read it. It seemed just as good to them as it had to the author. Then Ken came in. He was, of course, as excited and happy as I. Since I was now a millionaire, we resolved to celebrate the event. After the best dinner the club could provide, and a bottle of something to ‘wash it down’ (as other writers were saying) we went to the St. James’s Theatre and saw George Alexander in *Saturday to Monday*. In the Royal box sat King Edward and Queen Alexandra; in the next box sat George and Mary, Prince and Princess of Wales. I tried to think that they too had just read *Vanity Fair*, and had felt that the occasion

should be celebrated. Anyhow there they were; it was a great evening. At the end of the month I received my first check, which was to pay for all this. Fifteen shillings.

XXVI

These were the great days of Tariff Reform. Joseph Chamberlain was stumping the country; Arthur Pearson, his chief henchman, was putting fresh heart into the readers of the *Daily Express* and the *St. James’s Gazette* by telling them that Tariff Reform meant Work for All — or if they preferred it, as they probably did, Games for All, Pianos for All, Bicycles for All, and Cheaper Wool. In the music halls Mrs. Brown Potter was reciting the Tariff Reform National Anthem, which went, as far as I can remember it, like this:—

‘I pledge my word the Empire wants Protection,
I pledge my word that by (pom-pom) Protection we shall gain;

I pledge my word ‘twill cure all disaffection
(or win the next Election — or something)’:

These are the words of Joseph Chamberlain.

What (if anything) this lacked in imperial vision or economic argument was forgotten in the beauty of the reciter and a communal feeling of ‘Good old Joe!’ It is doubtful whether it made any converts.

Up to now I had not taken much interest in politics. Until the age of ten I had been a Gladstonian Liberal. Then, on one never-to-be-forgotten evening, Papa came into the sitting room and announced to his family that for the first time in his life he had voted against Mr. Gladstone. He sat down, breathing heavily, and Mama and Ken and I became Liberal Unionists. So we remained until I came to London.

Now it happened that in the *St. James’s Gazette* one evening there was an article on ‘the miserable existence of the usher in a preparatory school.’ This was almost the only subject on which I had any special knowledge. I wrote a reply to it which was printed, and earned

my first real guinea. This settled my college for me. I would graduate in letters at St. James's as had Barrie in Pall Mall, as 'Saki' was now graduating at Westminster. Always every week, sometimes every day, I sent up an article to the *St. James's*. No need to wait for a proof; I dashed out and bought a copy next day, to see where my contribution was. Looking for it in vain, and feeling that if one is looking for a thing one may as well look thoroughly, I read every word of the *St. James's* every evening, leading article and all. And in this way, inevitably, I became a Free Trader and a Liberal.

Father had kept on friendly terms with H. G. Wells and they often wrote to each other. Wells had asked me to Sandgate that summer; had read some of my *Granta* articles; and had said, charmingly but incorrectly, that they were just the sort of thing with which he himself had begun, save that my touch was lighter than his. I was prepared to believe most things, but not this. It was much more of a thrill to be shown the manuscript of the book he was then writing, a novel called *Kipps*. He was now coming up to London for a few days, and asked me to dine with him at the National Liberal Club. I went eagerly.

He was, as always, friendly and helpful. He advised me never to accept a job on a paper, but to remain a free lance. Since there was now no chance of anybody offering me the servitude of a regular job, I promised to retain my liberty. He said that I must join a club, so that by reading every sort of London and provincial paper I could keep in touch with the needs and ways of editors. 'In fact,' he said, 'you'd better join this. I suppose you're a Liberal — your father's son.'

I assured him that I was a Liberal, but not for the reason suggested. Father, I implied, had rattled on us. I also told him that there was nobody in London whom I could ask to put me up for this or any club.

'Good,' he said. 'Then I'll propose you and we'll get Archer to second you.'

'William Archer?' I asked in awe.

'Yes. You'll have to meet him, of course. I'll arrange it.'

A day or two later, at some horribly early hour on a cold November morning, I breakfasted with Wells and William Archer. Archer had more gravity than any other man I have met. In his grave handsome presence it was useless to remind myself that Stevenson had once been delighted by the humor of his letters. One felt that humor in his presence would have as little chance of establishing itself as would some practical joke on a bishop during the final blessing. Nor was it more hopeful to be intelligent. Archer, one felt, knew it all, and had rejected it.

They talked — wisely, profoundly, unceasingly; together they seemed as old and as wise as God. From time to time one of them would look to me for support against the other, and whichever looked first would get my support: a firm 'Er — yes' or 'Er — no' or 'Well, I suppose in a way it is.' It wasn't helpful. Contemplating myself from outside, I got the impression of somebody who could do nothing but eat. With every mouthful I felt younger and more stupid: it didn't seem possible that there could be any club for which Archer would not blackball me. However, when he had finished his breakfast, he filled in a form to say that he had known me intimately for several years, in the course of which I had proved to be a most entertaining companion. I was elected.

For many years afterwards Archer and I would meet at the Club. Neither of us had thought of this, and we didn't know what to do about it. He was as shy of me as I was of him. We said 'Hallo!' or 'Good evening' gayly, as if each of us had much to tell the other. In the silence which followed, the gayety slowly died away. After a period of intense thought a smile would light up our faces, and we would say simul-

taneously: 'Have you seen Wells lately?' Wells was safely in Sandgate, away from all this, and we hadn't seen him for some time. We said so — simultaneously. Then he would say, 'Well — er —' and give a little nod, and I would nod back and say, 'Well,' and we would hurry away from each other. I find that if I start wrong with anybody I never get right again. We were fellow guests at E. V. Lucas's house in the country once, and I hoped that this would bring us together; for a man may be tongue-tied in a drawing-room but sing his heart out under the open sky. Something, however, — possibly the fact that Archer wore a bowler hat all the time, — kept us spiritually in London. We returned there in the body on Monday, fortified by the knowledge that our repertory now included an inquiry as to when we had last seen Lucas.

XXVII

Back at Westgate, Father and Mother were getting anxious. I suppose it would be fair to say that the average Victorian father expected little from his son as an individual and everything from him as his father's son. As a tribute to Father, the editorship of the *Times* would be a reasonable offer to make to me; as a reward for a young man who had slacked his way through public school and University, the offer was unlikely. So, however certainly with one half of his mind he was aware that my progress must be slow and difficult, with the other he was prepared for miracles. Surprisingly, there had been no miracles. Three months had gone by, and I had earned five pounds. What could he do about it? Only one thing. He wrote to 'that man.'

The first news which I got of this was the enclosure in one of Father's letters of Harmsworth's reply. It is always a temptation to glance at the enclosure in a letter before reading the letter. Unsuspecting I read: 'Dear J. V. Very well, I will see your boy for you. Tell him to

ring up my secretary and make an appointment.' I was sick with indignation. How dare Father do anything so stupid? It was already settled that Harmsworth was to come, hat in hand, to me, not I to him. I didn't want him; I was getting on perfectly well by myself; I had earned over five pounds, and my last contribution to the *St. James's Gazette* was so good that it was bound to be accepted. Over six pounds, then. Why should Father humiliate himself, and me, like this? At least he should have consulted me first. Then I would have told him of my own letter, and he would have seen how impossible it was.

Well, it was too late now. I had to go. I was shown into the Great Man's room; I sat down nervously; he spoke to me. He said that he was going to send me along to two of his editors. 'I have been careful,' he said, 'not to let them know that your father is one of my oldest and greatest friends' (and I told myself that Mother would like this) 'because I want you to make your own way. So now it's up to you.' A page boy was summoned, and I was led away.

First to Mr. Arthur Mee, who, it seemed, had succeeded Mr. Philip Gibbs as editor of 'the articles you mention.' He told me that if I cared to send in contributions to the *Daily Mail* I could address them to him personally. I was in no mood to realize that this was a valuable concession; I felt that it just left me where I was before. We passed on to the next editor. I have forgotten his name, but still have a memory of shirt sleeves and a half-smoked cigar. He was that sort of editor, and he was responsible for some twenty 'comics,' boys' papers, and what not. Humorous writers, he assured me with his feet up, were in demand, but I must realize that his public did not want anything subtle or refined. 'Funny stories about policemen — y' know what I mean. Umbrellas, knockabout — that sort of thing.' I assured him that I knew what he meant.

I left the building. I walked across the road to Temple Chambers. Telling myself that I mustn't let Father think that his help was in vain, I sat grimly down and began to write a funny story about a policeman; not subtle, not refined — knockabout. I wrote four hundred words.

I think I can say truthfully that those are the only words I have ever written which I did not write for my own pleasure. At the four-hundredth word I stopped, read them through, and with a sigh of happiness tore them into pieces. I was back on my own again; making, as Harmsworth said, my own way.

Punch remained my goal, and I was no nearer to it. Every week I sent something in, and every week it came back again. It was difficult to know what to do with the rejected contributions. If the *St. James's* didn't like 'Spring in the Black Forest' (twelve hundred words), there was a chance that the *Westminster* might love it; and if the *Westminster* hated it, then it might be just the thing for the *Globe*. One could go on hoping; and hope was what, of all things, I wanted. But it was difficult to feel any hope about a six-hundred-word sketch which *Punch* had rejected. There seemed to be no place for it but the waste-paper basket — a place, no doubt, entirely suitable. Luckily a new weekly paper called the *Bystander* was prepared to accept verse. Its editor was not quite such a formalist as Owen Seaman; a cockney rhyme did not sear his soul; and even though he paid no more than a guinea for a set of verses, yet the thought of a guinea consolation prize was encouragement enough. I continued to send in verses to *Punch*.

There was a legend in those days that the contributor of any joke to *Punch*, illustrated or not, received five pounds for it. In April I made my first contribution to the paper, a four-line paragraph. I might get five pounds, and if so I was a made man; but was it possible, on the

strength of one paragraph, to say that I 'wrote for *Punch*'? Hardly. However, I had little time in which to wonder. In the following week the miracle happened, and a set of verses forced itself past Seaman into the paper. I was a real *Punch* contributor at last. To consolidate my position still more thoroughly, I had a small prose contribution, a narrow column, in the next number. All was well. I had proved that I could earn a living by writing. I would be editor of *Punch* one day. I was the happiest man in London.

Punch, like most papers, pays its contributors every month. At the beginning of May it sent me a check for my three April contributions. The check was for sixteen shillings and sixpence. It didn't seem to make sense. I wrote to Rudie Lehmann asking him what it meant. He replied: 'My dear boy, it's a damned disgrace. I am writing to Phil about it.' This was Phil Agnew, one of the proprietors of *Punch*. Phil replied, in effect, that the honor of writing for *Punch* was considered to be sufficient reward at first, but that when the honor began to wear off, then I should begin to get paid more.

Well, I had had the honor, and I couldn't afford to sustain it. There was no object now in sending contributions to *Punch*. I renounced the editorship.

Fortunately a renewed attack on the *St. James's* met at last with success. I took an imaginary girl to the Zoo, to the Tower, to Earl's Court, whence we proceeded together into print. In July I went round to the *St. James's* office to demand regular work. I saw myself as its literary or dramatic critic. The editor suggested that I should come into the office during August and write some of its 'Notes of the Day.' I pointed out that these were mostly political, and that I was a Liberal. 'That doesn't matter,' he said. 'We'll tell you what to write.' I replied coldly that nobody could tell me what to write. He said,

'Good afternoon.' A little later he left the *St. James's* to edit a Liberal paper. Don't ask me what his politics were. I wouldn't know.

Country Life wanted an assistant editor. So did the *Hibbert Journal*. I applied simultaneously to both. To *Country Life* I quoted my games record, my editorship of the *Granta*, and my early collections of birds' eggs and butterflies. To the *Hibbert Journal* I quoted my profound interest in philosophy and theosophy, my early collections of birds' eggs and butterflies, my games record, and my editorship of the *Granta*. Neither application was successful.

Then in August I wrote what I thought was a very funny dialogue about Hackenschmidt and Madrali, those famous wrestlers. I had, in fact, seen them wrestle; had paid four pounds ten for a seat; had arrived sixteen seconds late, and thus missed the first bout of fifteen seconds, but saw the whole of the second bout of a minute and a half. An expensive evening, to which some paper ought to contribute. The editor of the *St. James's Gazette* refused to; so did the editor of the *Westminster*; so did every other editor in London. I dropped the dialogue sadly in the waste-paper basket. Life for a moment seemed very drab.

Suddenly I remembered that there was a paper called *Punch* which paid a few shillings for articles. Since nobody else wanted my dialogue, and since even half a crown — and I could hardly get less than half a crown — was, as they say, half a crown, I pulled it out of the waste-paper basket, dusted it, and sent it to *Punch*. *Punch* printed it. *Punch* sent me a check for £2.5.0.

All was well again. I had proved that I could earn a living by writing. I would be editor of *Punch* one day. I was the happiest man in London.

September saw the end of my first year as a writer. I had earned twenty pounds, and spent the whole of my patrimony.

XXVIII

Father 'always used to say' (and the phrase was almost literally true of Father) that Nature meant him for a millionaire. He had a gift for extravagance. I inherited it from him. But the extravagance was combined with a Scottish common sense and a Presbyterian horror of getting 'wrong' about money. We set our standards within our income and then enjoyed ourselves carelessly. Having thought once and for all as to what we could spend, we never thought twice about spending it. To-day I could be happy without a car, I could be happy without a country cottage, but I shouldn't be happy if I couldn't be reckless about golf balls, taxis, the best seats at cricket grounds and theatres, shirts and pullovers, tips, subscriptions, books, and wine lists. What it comes to, I suppose, is that I prefer a dribble of smaller extravagances to one big extravagance. And when my income demanded that I should go without all the things which I have mentioned above, then I was quite happy being reckless about buses and butter.

So, having three hundred pounds in the bank, I spent it in my own way. A good deal on tobacco; hardly any on drink. Hansoms to Lord's, for only by hansom should one approach Lord's (ah! how much Lord's has lost since hansoms went out); but the tops of buses (and how much London has lost since the tops of buses went in), buses everywhere else. Subscription dances. Football and cricket on Saturdays for Old Westminsters. Dinners and plays with Ken while I was still rich. I spent nothing, but the money went.

Ken had dragged out a miserable two months in an office off the Strand, discovering that the flaw in the process of becoming a solicitor was the fact that inevitably you became a solicitor. He hated it. One day he heard that there was a department in the Civil Service for which qualified solicitors only were

eligible. With one profound movement he shook off, perhaps for the only time in his life, his acquiescence; resigned; worked hard for two months, and passed into the Estate Duty Office. He was safe. He had achieved a future. Every day at one o'clock I walked down Fleet Street towards the Strand, and he walked up from Somerset House towards Fleet Street, and we met and had lunch together. I wrote of him once: —

There are who daily in the safe retreat
Of some Department gather round and bleat
Scandal and Art until it's time to eat;
Return at three, and having written 'Dear
Sir, your communication of last year
Duly received and noted' — disappear.

His only criticism of this was that they began their letters 'Sir,' not 'Dear Sir.' But this was before the war. In the war, and afterwards, he worked himself to his death.

Now I should be able no longer to walk down Fleet Street to meet him. I had only twenty pounds in the bank, and I must find cheaper lodgings. I advertised for 'two unfurnished rooms with use of bath, central,' received news of furnished bed-sitting-rooms in Ponders End and maisonettes in Park Lane, refused all interest in anything from St. John's Wood, and came at the end of September to Chelsea. Wellington Square, Chelsea, is now becoming fashionable; when I tell my friends that I used to live there they think that I have come down in the world. It was not so fashionable in 1904. I lived in a police sergeant's house; I paid ten shillings a week for the two rooms at the top of the house; and the bathroom to which I traveled every morning had been, until lately, a sort of conservatory linking up the back yard with the ground-floor passage. There was an incandescent mantle and a smell of gas in the sitting room, there was some sort of music-hall singer in the floor below, there was a variety of police sergeant's children on the stairs. I paid sevenpence for breakfast, and had my other meals out. The

sergeant's wife was a big, friendly soul, motherly (as she might be, with the practice she had) and embarrassingly kind. Her husband had been the champion revolver-shot of the Empire, or something like it, and the two targets, right and left-hand, which hung framed in the hall explained why. I was very happy at Wellington Square, and life was exciting.

Punch was a little more remunerative now. I had an occasional essay in the *Daily News*, for which I received two guineas instead of the usual guinea. Once I got three guineas for a story in the *Westminster Gazette*, my top price so far and therefore to be celebrated with Ken in some way, and reduced, in effect, to two guineas. And then on January 17, 1905, I went to the bank to draw out my weekly two pounds. Two pounds just about saw me through: fourteen shillings for rooms and breakfast, another fourteen for lunches and dinners, and two shillings for coal — leaving ten shillings a week for teas, buses, stamps, stationery, doctors, dentists, games, clothes, holidays, and club subscriptions.

It was the club subscriptions which put me out. I had lunched with Ken, my bank being in Fleet Street, and he came in with me to get the money. I was telling him proudly that I had a balance of nearly six pounds. The cashier took my check, went away, and came back with the manager. The manager broke it to me kindly that I was overdrawn. I protested. He reminded me that I had signed a Bankers Order for the National Liberal Club subscription of six guineas, which had just been paid. I said, 'Oh!' There didn't seem to be anything else to say. We waited. He asked if I should be paying any more money in immediately. Normally I could have said with absolute conviction, 'No,' for there was no hope of getting anything from a paper until the end of the month. Then I remembered that to-morrow was my birthday. Father had sent me a fiver last year. Would he do it again? Prob-

ably. I announced with dignity that I should be paying in the tremendous sum of five pounds to-morrow; and my check was cashed.

The fiver arrived next morning, and to my dismay another one followed it a few days later. Rudie Lehmann, who was in a way responsible for my coming to London as a writer, took a delightfully friendly interest in my struggles and had to be given the latest bulletins. I wrote what no doubt I thought was a humorous account of the bank incident, and he replied with a check for five pounds 'to be repaid when your balance is on its legs again.' It was extraordinarily kind, but I didn't want the money, and I hated the idea of borrowing from anybody. So I waited a week or two, by which time a balance might be considered capable of getting on its legs, and then repaid it.

From now on I had nothing but what I earned each month. I wanted a hundred pounds a year, eight guineas a month: say three from *Punch*, two from the *News*, one from the *St. James's* — that ought to be possible. It left another two guineas to come from all the other publications in London, except the *Hibbert Journal*, in which I had now lost interest. Well, that also ought to be possible. What about the *Evening News*, to which I had never sent anything? I sent something to the *Evening News*. C. E. Burton, the Literary Editor and most prolific verse-writer in London, asked me to come and see him.

'I liked your article; it's going in to-morrow.'

'Good.'

'It was funny without really trying.'

'That's what it tried to be,' I confessed.

'How would you like to write us an article like that every week?'

'I should love it.'

'Good.'

I waited. Nothing happened.

'Er — what would the — I mean, what do you —'

'Oh, a guinea.' He said it cheerfully. I said nothing. Doing his best for it he added, 'Every week.'

'It isn't very much.'

'But how reassuring to have one *every* week. Think how glad Amelia would be.'

Amelia was the girl I took into the *St. James's Gazette* with me from time to time — also for a guinea. I blushed; not with embarrassment at the thought of Amelia, who didn't exist just then, but with pride to think that she had become real to somebody else.

'Couldn't you possibly make it thirty shillings, so that we could feel that I wasn't like the ordinary contributor?'

'I see your point. So let's say twenty-five. You could feel like that quite easily on twenty-five.'

'Yes, rather. Thanks very much.'

It didn't need three years at the Mathematical Tripos to tell me that I now had sixty-five pounds a year. I had already decided that I was going to get thirty-five or more from *Punch*. So what? Obviously a dash to Somerset House to catch Ken before he left, and a cheap dinner together. My hundred pounds a year was assured. We must celebrate.

XXIX

Father was sixty in March. At sixty he would retire. He was doing this for Mother's sake: 'You know what your mother is. As long as there is any work which she can do, she has to do it. Look at the way she still does the carving! It's too much for her at her age. She has had a very hard life. Now I want her to have a rest.' And Mother said: 'It's all a lot of nonsense, dear. You know what your father is. I've never had a day's illness in my life. But your father isn't really strong. He has had a very hard life, he's earned a rest, and I shan't say any more about it.'

Father looked forward to their years of leisure more than Mother did. Except in the arts, there was almost nothing, or so it seemed to him, which he could not

have done, no position of responsibility which he would have been afraid to fill. Sometimes he would tell us of his plans in the event of finding himself Prime Minister, Lord Roberts, or the President of Marylebone Cricket Club: flights of imagination which borrowed reality from the fact that the conversations between Father and the necessary executive were always in *oratio recta*. 'I should send for the Chief of Staff and I should say "Now look here." . . .' One heard the click of heels in response and the prompt 'Very good, sir.' Though unlikely to be offered any of these posts, he was now at least available for them. He was only sixty: there were many ways in which he might discover himself. At any rate he could hear good music at last.

No doubt schoolmasters hear, or overhear, a great deal of bad music, but it is a mistake to suppose that the world of good music is closed to them. For some reason Father assumed that Covent Garden and Queen's Hall were not available until one had retired from active work and had gone to live in the country. I don't think that he had ever been, or ever did go, to a good concert; I am sure that he never saw an opera; yet somehow it was fixed in his mind that all his life he had been starved of music against his will. I have a recurring dream in which I am trying to put on my pads in order to go in to bat, and cannot, cannot, cannot get the buckles to fasten. As in a dream Father saw himself continually making for the Albert Hall and continually being thwarted. Now, at last, he would be able to get there.

All through that spring term members of the family were looking for its new home — somewhere off the beaten track, so that it would be cheap and the countryside unspoilt; somewhere not too far from London, so that any of us could come down for week-ends. A combination of these virtues was not easily found. It was left to Ken and me to make the great discovery: in a village with the unsophisticated name of Steeple

Bumpstead — Essex, if you liked Essex; on the borders of Suffolk, if you didn't. Father, who had lived and taught in Essex as a young man, did not wish to be reminded of it. So at the beginning of April he said good-bye to Streete Court, leaving behind him a name which is still remembered, and the address for any who cared to write to him: 'Broadgates, Steeple Bumpstead, nr. Haverhill, Suffolk.'

Ken and I went down for Easter. On the Monday, Steeple Bumpstead Cricket Club opened its season in the fields between our garden wall and the churchyard. The cows were driven off the pitch, anything which they had left behind was removed, and a wicket was marked out. If Bumpstead lost the toss, the bearded and burly owner of the cows would open the bowling with a fast underhand which included everything from a long hop to a yorker in one ricocheting delivery. To-day being Bank Holiday, and the morning empty, the village had drifted early on to the field with bats and balls, perambulators and dogs, and while the younger members practised unofficially in corners, their seniors stood about between the creases and discussed life. In the course of their discussion a sudden dispute arose between the local policeman, in uniform, and a casual soldier, also in uniform, as to their respective merits in the cricket field. Mere assertion not seeming enough, however emphatic, it was suggested by partisans that they should settle the argument in a single-wicket match. The soldier thought it unnecessary.

'Im?' he said scornfully. 'Why, 'e'd never get *me* out.'

'Nor 'e wouldn't get me out neither,' said the policeman.

'*Me*? Not get '*im* out? I'd do the 'atrick on him if 'e only 'ad one stump.'

'So would I. That's what I'd do.'

'I'd knock 'im into the churchyard,' said the soldier. 'So I would. Right into the churchyard *and* over the church. Every bloody ball.'

'So would I too,' said the policeman. 'Into the churchyard *and* out of it. And don't you come swearing at me, when there's ladies and young children present. That's obscene language, that is. And I don't mind telling *you*, young man, that I'd knock every bloody ball — every ball o' yours, right over the church *and* over the church and all, so I would. *You!*'

Still talking, they were led away by their supporters, and presently the policeman was standing, bat in hand, at one end of the pitch, and the soldier, ball in hand, at the other. 'Play,' said the umpire.

Twenty minutes later the policeman was still at the wicket. His score was 0. At least three balls had come within his reach, but he had missed his opportunities. Tired of batting, he declared his innings closed. Half an hour later the soldier was still at the wicket. His score was 0. He had not had so many opportunities as the policeman, and he had missed them. His innings was declared closed by the hysterical spectators. The policeman went in again. Ken and I, equally hysterical, left the garden wall for the luncheon interval.

On the way back to London next morning I was thinking of this match. 'You might make a joke about that,' said the Gnat at every opportunity, and I was equally on the lookout for articles. Having written this one, I felt that it was worth more than twenty-five shillings, more even than the two guineas the *News* might give me. Why not try, as I never had, the *Daily Mail*, which was reputed to pay enormous sums? So I tried it. The article was printed, and I was invited to call upon the editor.

'We all liked your article very much,' said Marlowe.

I tried to look modest.

'The Chief tells me that your father is one of his oldest friends.'

I tried not to look cynical.

'How would you like to come in here and edit Page Four?'

I should have thought that he was being funny if I had not heard that this was the Harmsworth way. Page Four — the leader page — with the special articles! Arthur Mee had followed out after Philip Gibbs; a vacancy; try somebody young. Quick come, quick go.

'I should like to very much, but I'm afraid I couldn't until the end of June.'

'How's that?'

Well, at the end of April I was going up to the Orkneys for two months, to coach a distant connection of the Limpsfield uncle's, a boy of fifteen whose health was keeping him out of school for a term. It had seemed a delightful opportunity, giving me all that I wanted just then: a remunerative holiday, new experiences, copy, and an acquaintance, welcome to one who had never been north of Scarborough, with my ancestral country. How gladly would I have sacrificed it all now!

'It's all fixed, is it?'

'Well, yes. I said I would.'

'End of June, what? I dare say we can keep the place warm for you. Can you write up there?'

'Oh, rather. I mean to.'

'Well, send us some more articles, and we'll keep it open until you come back.'

I floated out of his room; I floated down Fleet Street. I had got a job! On one article! Incredible! If only I could take it on at once — if only the Limpsfield uncle had never married — if only I hadn't been such a fool — But never mind. At the end of June I should be an editor. Silly young men would write silly young letters to Harmsworth, and their silly private letters would be 'handed on to Mr. A. A. Milne, to whom the articles you mention should be sent.' Perhaps I would see them, if their fathers were importunate enough; tell them kindly, with my feet up, that they could send their contributions to me personally and not to the editor. And every week I should print a brilliant article by myself, just to show them how it should be done.

None of this happened. I sent an article in as soon as I got to Orkney. My place-warmer wrote that he didn't think it suitable for the *Mail* (how wise he was), and that he had handed it on to the *Evening News*, for whom, he understood, I was writing. This seemed to me such impertinence that I sent in no more articles. Nor did I hear again from Marlowe. My association with the *Daily Mail* was ended.

XXX

I have said that once every ten years I remember with pride that I am one of the many, or not so many, who have climbed the Napes Needle. Once every twenty years I remember, not exactly with pride, but with a slight lifting of the chin, that I am one of the few, or very few, who have spent a night alone on a desert island.

There the island was, perhaps a few hundred acres of it, half a mile from the mainland, its only inhabitants sea fowl. We landed one afternoon and walked about it; found an eider duck's nest, surprised a few rabbits, and rowed home to tea. At dinner that evening, I said that I should like to stay there one night. Nobody knew why; I didn't know why myself, but I supposed that there 'might be an article in it.' Sometimes we fished at night. It was easy for the others to drop me on the island after the fishing and to send somebody over for me next morning. I landed with a rook rifle, a rug, and a flask of brandy.

There was no shelter anywhere. I wrapped myself in my rug and snuggled down into the heather. As long as I lay still the world was still, but every movement of mine filled the sky with the deep-breathed sound of wings, as if a sudden storm had blown up and died away again. The night was too dark for sight, but the nearness of all that life was faintly menacing. I turned from one cramped position to another as quietly as I could. . . .

The dawn came early and with it a gentle rain. I drank the brandy. The brandy had been part of the joke; like the rifle, a concession to romance. Now I was glad of it. Rifle under the arm, I walked down to the shore. I followed the coast line until I had caught up my footsteps — how many people, I thought, have done that?

I did it again. It didn't seem so original this time. I sat on a rock and looked out to sea, my rifle on my knees. Nothing happened. . . .

I decided to shoot a rabbit. Since I was using a rifle I supposed that I should be allowed to shoot it sitting. Well, it was my island and I could make my own laws: I would stalk a rabbit until I got it into a sitting posture, and then we should see. This took time, but time was what I wanted to take just then. It was appreciably nearer breakfast when we got into the required positions: the rabbit sitting up outside its hole, polishing its whiskers, I on my stomach, a suitable distance off, my finger at the trigger. I fired. The rabbit looked up at the noise, noticed me, and trotted into its hole to tell the others. I hadn't killed it, but I could tell myself proudly that I had distracted it.

I fetched my rug and went down to the landward side of the island. The gray lifeless air melted into the gray lifeless waters; I could see no land, but soon I should hear the creak of oars, and from the mist would come the rescue for which I waited now as eagerly as any authentic castaway. Soon — in about two hours — it came. I lit my tenth pipe, and went down to the beach to meet it.

Naturally I made an article out of all this. It was too long for the *Evening News*, and apparently too bad for every other paper. But the experience was not wholly wasted. At dances that autumn I would tell my partner that I had once spent a night alone on a desert island . . . and get her surprised attention for a moment.

XXXI

In April, as I should have said before, I had had my first book published. Rudie, who continued to feel responsible for me, introduced me to Barry Pain. Barry Pain, who thought in little shilling books, said: 'Why don't you make a little shilling book out of those *St. James's* articles?' I said that there weren't more than half a dozen anyway. 'Then write some more. You could call it *Lovers in London*. It would look well on the book-stalls.' It wouldn't, I thought, look as well as *Eliza*, that best of all shilling books, but it would be a good thing to have done. So I did it; Barry Pain's agent sold it for me; and it was published by Alston Rivers: paper cover one shilling, cloth cover one and six.

I got fifteen pounds in advance of royalties, which was more money than I had seen for a long time. I also got one or two reviews. The *Sheffield Daily Independent* said (and I have been interested in the paper ever since), 'The only readable part of this book is the title,' which was more damping than it knew. A few years later E. V. Lucas read it, and suggested that I should buy back the publisher's rights, add some more chapters, and republish it at six shillings. So I borrowed Mother's copy, read it, and hastily bought back all rights in it for five pounds. I didn't want to republish it in any form, but I was terrified lest the publishers might. Sometimes now I see it advertised in booksellers' catalogues. It is marked, thank God, '*very rare*.'

I had had a dozen contributions in *Punch* in the first half-yearly volume, and in the autumn I was asked (this time officially) to write a series. I wrote it. It wasn't very good, and it wasn't very bad. By the end of the year I had made about a hundred and twenty pounds, and had lived on it. It seemed that the present could take care of itself; but what of the future? Where should I be in five years' time? Normally I should

not have wondered; but I was sitting in Battersea Park, in a pair of tight boots, on a mild February day which seemed to make them tighter, and I preferred to think of anything rather than of the walk back to Wellington Square. What could I look forward to — after getting these boots off? At twenty-four one must be certain of fame at thirty. How could I achieve fame at thirty? Only, it seemed, by writing a novel — a real novel — a six-shilling novel which would be the talk of every dinner-table.

Sitting in my slippers before the fire, I resolved to begin my novel on Monday. I would retire into the country to write it, as many a young writer had retired before. I would give myself up exclusively to my novel. It would be called (this is all I remember of it) *Philip's Wife*. Why, I do not know. To prove to myself that this was no empty resolution, I wrote to *Punch*, warning it that it must not expect any contributions for the next few months, as I was retiring into the country to write a novel, a novel to which I was giving myself up exclusively. My letter went, of course, to Owen Seaman, my contacts with Burnand being limited to the one we had so nearly made in the train. A note came back from Rudie: 'Owen showed me your letter. Don't come to any decision about leaving London until you hear from him.'

Two days later, on another mild February day in another pair of boots, I made my way to the *Punch* office. I had been there once before, to have a few words with Seaman in the assistant editor's room. Probably I had suggested a visit, feeling that this would establish me more firmly in his mind as a contributor. This time the suggestion came from him, and the meeting place was the editor's room. Burnand had finally retired to Ramsgate.

The new editor made as little of the occasion as he could: in his new position he wanted somebody to relieve him of the worst of the donkeywork — some-

body who came in for, say, a couple of afternoons a week and sorted out the contributions; naturally I should be on trial at first, naturally I couldn't expect to be put on the *Punch* Table immediately; obviously this and obviously that; but what it came to, however he glided over it, was — How would I like to be assistant editor of *Punch*?

It didn't seem possible.

'The proprietors thought, seeing that they wouldn't require your full time, that two hundred and fifty pounds a year would — er — meet the case.'

That didn't seem possible either.

'As regards your own contributions, they would be paid for at double rates, and naturally we should expect you to contribute every week.'

I tried to look grateful, eager, but not surprised, while doing simple arithmetic in the head. It wasn't coming out. I put the arithmetic by for the bus, and looked grateful, eager, but not surprised.

'Normally, of course, you would send them straight down to the printer, but I think perhaps that just at first you had better let me have a look at them before they go.'

Nothing that was going to happen 'just at first' mattered now, I was so certain that I should get everything I wanted in the end. Hadn't I always said that I would be editor of *Punch* one day? Or hadn't I? I couldn't remember. Anyhow I was going to be.

'Of course,' I said eagerly to everything.

'You'd better start on Tuesday. I don't come on Monday.'

'Right,' I said, wondering how I could possibly live until Tuesday.

I left the office. It appeared on the bus that I should be getting five hundred

pounds a year. I had been living happily on a hundred and twenty or less. How delightfully extravagant one could be with five hundred a year! Could it be true? Could I have misheard the figures? Should I go back and ask for it all again? Perhaps in writing this time. No, it was true. I wanted to think of all that it would mean, of all that I would write to Father, of all that I would tell Ken, but I could not think for happiness.

Just as it had seemed wonderful to be editing the *Granta* after so short a struggle, so it seemed wonderful now to be, at twenty-four, assistant editor of *Punch*. In fact, I had no need to be so surprised at myself. My real achievement in either case was to be not wholly the wrong person, in the right spot, at the right moment. When Seaman was assistant editor, the editor was traveling about the country writing his reminiscences. The new editor proposed to live in his office chair and devote himself to his paper. The new assistant editor would have none of the responsibilities Seaman had had; his position would be one of more subjection and less dignity. Clearly, then, he must be a young man; clearly he must be a young man who was already a journalist, but not a journalist bound to another paper; he must be himself acceptable as a contributor; and, not least important, he must possess, for the editor's peace of mind, a degree of presentability such as was only conferred, it was thought, upon the whiter students of the larger colleges at Cambridge. I met all the conditions. Two years earlier I should not have been acceptable, two years later I might not have been available. Burnand resigned at the exact moment, and I had, I must suppose, the field to myself.

(To be concluded)

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Worry may spoil your life. It may keep your mind travelling in circles. Troubles are sometimes eased by facing them and thinking them through; at least, you have the satisfaction of having done your best. But worry has never solved a problem.

Isn't there a special interest that you have been promising yourself to take up? Perhaps it's gardening, making things for your home, going back to your music, photography, a scientific study, or building a workshop. Maybe it's "travelling" in your easy chair with books from the Public Library; it might be collecting stamps, coins, or old glassware. Whatever it is, revive your interest in it.

You may find your hobby in active participation in community work, church or other group affairs, or amateur theatricals. Mixing socially with congenial men and women is a dependable worry-chaser for many persons.

Few people realize the amount of physical harm caused by worry. Doctors know that prolonged worry sometimes is a factor in the development of such conditions as disturbances of the nervous system, stomach and intestinal tract, and even of the heart and other organs. Worry and fear are at the bottom of many breakdowns.

Today outside interests have taken on a new importance because so many people have more leisure than ever before. By developing your special interest or hobby, you may improve your health and add both zest and years to your life.



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THE *Atlantic*



The Vanishing Investor

DURING 1938, the new capital raised by American corporations through security issues totalled only 417 million dollars. This was only about 1/4th of the annual rate at which new capital flowed into private business during the entire decade between 1920 and 1930.

To insure a normal flow of new capital into industry, investors must not only have money to invest, but the *confidence* to invest it. To ascertain the present attitude of investors, the National Association of Manufacturers recently sent a questionnaire to thousands of investors in all parts of the country, to determine why, if they had idle funds, they were not investing them, particularly in new securities.

More than 75% of those replying said they had money available, but were unwilling to make commitments in new securities at the present time. Numerous reasons were given, but the following were mentioned in a majority of the replies:

62% said that the Government takes too much in taxes from the individual taxpayer

63% feared the possibility of labor troubles

73% feared the possibility of new taxes on industry

77% cited legislation restricting industry

83% complained that the Government takes too much in taxes from corporations.

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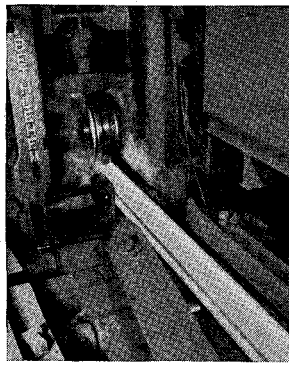
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The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

Now that vacations are just around the corner, it is a good thing to increase your store of small talk. With this charitable end in view, we propound herewith ten questions about steel and steel-making. To score 60 is highly commendable. 80 or better gives you license to expound authoritatively on one of the nation's basic industries.

Correct answers opposite page 733

1. The first iron made in this country was produced in:

- (a) New York (b) North Carolina
(c) Massachusetts (d) Virginia (e) Maine

2. In steel parlance "whiskers" are:

- (a) the thin fins of steel which cling to the point of a nail
(b) hoary jokes
(c) the barbs on barbed wire
(d) protuberances on a steel sheet

3. You may be surprised to learn it, but molten steel does not melt the iron molds into which it is poured to solidify into ingots because:

- (a) the mold walls are lined with heat-resistant material
(b) the thick walls of the mold dissipate heat so rapidly
(c) iron has a higher melting point than steel

4. When a steel man refers to a pulpit he means:

- (a) the platform from which notices are read to the workers
(b) the cab of a traveling crane

(c) the raised platform where the controls of a rolling mill are located

5. In the early days of steel-making, blast furnaces were frequently given feminine names like "Emma," "Charlotte" or "Kitty." This was done because:

- (a) of their unpredictable behavior
(b) the owner's yacht bore the same name
(c) of the high upkeep
(d) of a wish to honor the wives, daughters or sisters of iron-makers

6. Steel helped greatly in opening up the Mississippi Valley to farming and settlement when it was first used to make:

- (a) Indian fighters' muskets (b) railroad rails
(c) plows (d) roofing sheets

7. Sometimes prospectors can detect the presence of iron ore deposits by surface vegetation such as:

- (a) orchids (b) broccoli (c) dandelions
(d) spruce trees (e) poison ivy

8. The products of the steel industry range in size from 15-ton ingots to wire for hairpins. In number they reach the surprising total of about:

- (a) 750 (b) 1500 (c) 500 (d) 2500 (e) 250

9. The man in charge of a blast furnace is called:

- (a) a keeper (b) a puddler (c) a melter
(d) a boss (e) a maker

10. What steel company recently built three large American liners for service between New York and the Canal Zone?

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Bewitching

HOUR



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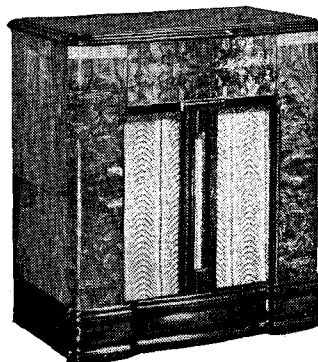
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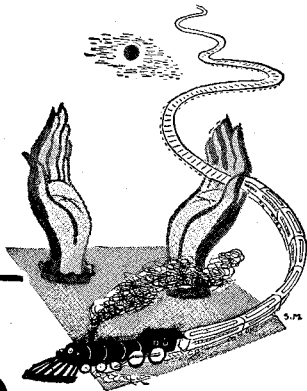
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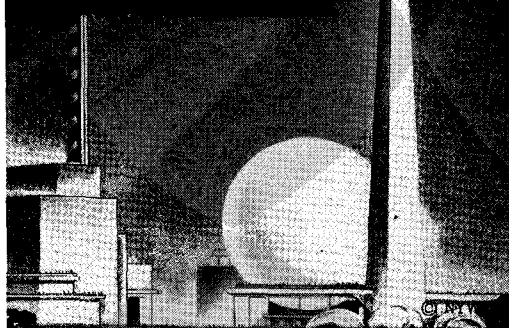
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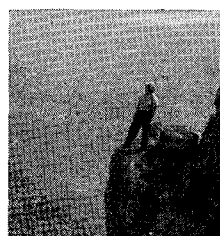
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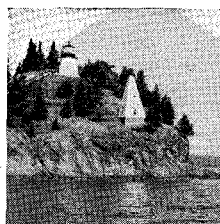
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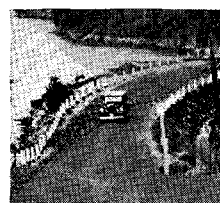
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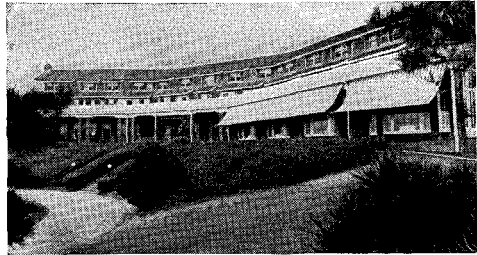
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Answers to Bethlehem Quiz

(See opposite page 728)

1. (c) Massachusetts. The first iron produced in this country was made near Lynn, Mass., in 1645.
2. (a) Whiskers are the thin fins of steel which cling to the point of a nail as it comes from a nail machine.
3. (b) The thick walls of the molds dissipate the heat so rapidly that the molten steel cools and solidifies before it can melt the molds.
4. (c) The pulpit in a steel mill is the platform from which the roller in charge of a rolling mill controls its operations.
5. (d) In honor of the feminine members of the iron maker's family.
6. (c) Plows. Invented in 1837, the steel plow enabled farmers to till the sticky soil in the Valley without frequent stops to clean the plowshare. The Cambria Plant of Bethlehem Steel Company pioneered in supplying steel for agricultural implements.
7. (a) Orchids. In Venezuela and Brazil a rare type of orchid thrives in iron-bearing soil.
8. (c) 500. The products of the steel industry fall into approximately 500 classes and into as many as 100,000 variations in size, shape and finish.
9. (d) A keeper. The man in charge of an open-hearth is called a "melter."
10. Bethlehem Steel Company.